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The End of an Epoch

THE PASSING OF THE APOSTLES OF LIBERALISM IN THE UNITED STATES

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. RICHWAGEN

IN December, 1918, Theodore Roosevelt, propped up in his bed at the Roosevelt Hospital in New York City, convalescing from a painful illness, was sitting with a writing-board in his lap. He was working out a programme for the campaign of 1920, when he expected to be the Republican candidate for President. Every kind of advice was coming to him. This variety of opinion was reflected in the editorials he was writing for the Kansas City *Star*. In those editorials it was obvious that he was feeling his way toward a platform for the party which he expected to lead. The secretive President and the cautious and ever-faithful Colonel House had been working for several years upon a charter for a league of nations. But Theodore Roosevelt in his sick-room had heard nothing of the league or its covenant. There was evidence in his editorials and his letters and his talks to personal friends that he was eager to get back to the old issues—back to Armageddon. He seemed to feel that unless Wilson made some colossal blunder in negotiating the peace treaty, Republican leadership should assume that the war was over and ask the people to forget it. Colonel Roosevelt's mind was eagerly considering a new adventure into social and industrial justice. Proposals like old-age pensions, a minimum wage, the restriction of child labor, and a stout army and navy were occupying his thought. He was thinking in terms of 1910.

Suddenly death summoned him. After that summons no one of importance in all America thought in terms of 1910. Six weeks later Woodrow Wilson, on his way home from Europe with the covenant of the League of Nations, injected a new issue into American politics. Seven months later Wilson was stricken. He had risen splendidly to world-power as the liberal leader of Christendom, because of his advocacy of the progressive side of the issues of 1910. For nearly four years he lay broken and impotent while a new battle raged about him. Then he made exit. A year after Wilson went, Senator Robert La Follette was called. Finally Bryan, who had lagged useless upon the stage, withdrew. Whereupon the American people began to realize that the national liberal leaders were gone—men who had been leading liberalism one after the other and never in the same camp, but always fighting the same foe. One after another the prompter that calls men from the stage had cleared it of all those who might possibly turn back the minds and hearts of the people to old issues and old causes. The scene changed. A great epoch in American history had closed.

That epoch was the era of Populism.

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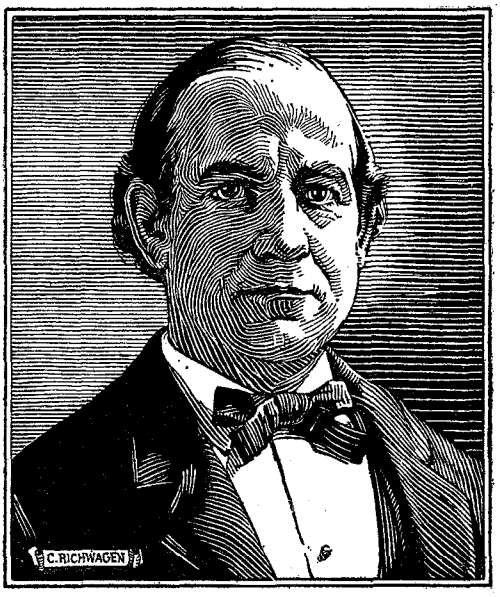
As a national cause it burst forth in 1896 when William Jennings Bryan, as the Democratic presidential candidate, led what he was pleased to call in his book describing that campaign "The First Battle." But that first battle was the culmination of many skirmishes and several local campaigns. Discontent had been in the air for two decades before 1896. Largely the discontent was economic, but somewhat political. And to understand the basis of this discontent, it is necessary to review quickly the social and economic history of America during the three decades following the Civil War. Probably the movement of population that settled the Mississippi basin from 1865 to 1895 carried more immigrants farther in three decades—farther in actual geographical distance and farther in the scale of external civilization—than any other movement of man on the globe. More than twenty-five million people crossed the Alleghany Mountains in those decades, which of itself was a notable feat. But more than half of these people had pushed into a wilderness west of the Mississippi River, put it under the plough, and established there comfortable homes. They began growing crops, organizing local governments, building cities, establishing ten States, laying half a hundred thousand miles of railroad and telegraph and telephone lines, and founding a commerce which handled more goods than the commerce of the Mediterranean. Of course they developed a strong provincial civic consciousness. They were Westerners and proud of it, these emigrants into the Mississippi basin and the mountain States. Their achievement was indeed unprecedented. In another age it would have been hailed as miraculous. But the marvel was easily attained. They were able to do their wonders—virtually eliminating time as they conquered the wilderness—with one potent weapon which no other race or generation had used; indeed, which no other generation could have found. That weapon was billions of borrowed money. Steam, quickening industry for a century before, had rolled up undreamed-of savings and profits and increments of various sorts. These resources put into the hands of the desert-builders an Aladdin's lamp. With capital from the industrial East and from Europe the emigrants had but to wish and their visions solidified into reality. So they rubbed the lamp. And lo! a brand-new, vain, bright, and ugly civilization appeared upon the prairies and in the foot-hills of the mountains. It appeared before their proud, astounded eyes. They reached for the gaudy bauble to take it, and found in the mid-nineties that it was there, most substantially there, but that it belonged to some one else. Pay-day had come on the twenty-year bonds and mortgages and other most substantial evidences of obligation.



William Jennings Bryan.

Now, of course, in various sections of the West and to a degree in certain parts of the East and also in the South under the cruel conditions of a punitive political peace, this pay-day had been coming here and there, now and then, at odd and infelicitous times. It had caused sporadic trouble. This trouble had manifested itself in local political uprisings. The Grange revolt of the seventies in Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, and the Missouri Valley was one of these disturbances. The

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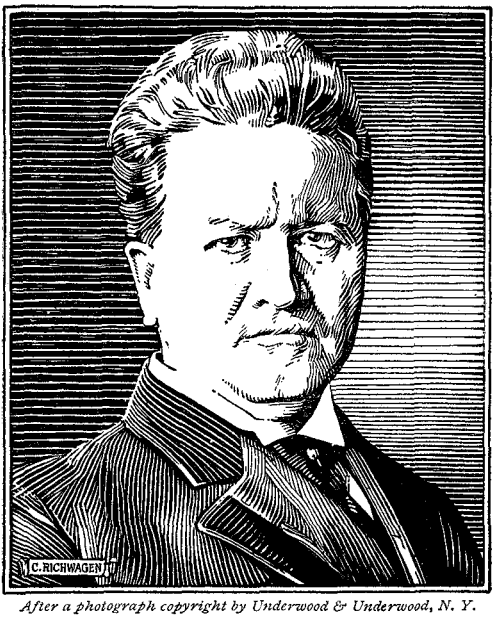
Knights of Labor in industry was another. Then along came a party trying to unite the farmer and the industrial worker. It lasted a biennium or two in the western Mississippi basin. Its adherents were known as the Greenbackers. General James B. Weaver, of Iowa, was one of their conspicuous leaders, and for a time General Benjamin F. Butler, of Massachusetts, espoused the Greenback cause. Their particular and acute grievance was that the currency had been contracted by the demonetization of silver by the act of 1873, and they contended that the debtor had to work harder to pay his debt with a few dollars in circulation than he would have to work to pay with many dollars in circulation. It was the grievance of the debtor against the creditor—the pay-day complaint.

But something may be said for this debtor. He had put his hard work into the business of building the Western civilization. He had some unearned increment, but individually not much. His labor could not be juggled and multiplied by chicane. But capitalists hired bookkeepers and quickly made millions; or made millions by rising values of real estate, and did not share the profits from the rising values with those who made the values—the emigrants settling the adjoining farms and towns. And, incidentally, many of the creditors were amiable brigands; men who had pirated their way into vast enterprises and reaped where they had not sown. These financial pirates were not owners of the capital that went into the West. They were manipulators, bankers, agents, speculators, without conscience and yet often not without vision. They overbuilt railroads and stole the investors blind. They profited by fraudulent contracts. They swindled the users of the railroads by giving secret rebates to favored shippers. Man had never done exactly what men were doing in this enterprise of building a shiny new civilization upon borrowed capital, and the old moralities would not fit the new verities. So a creditors' riot of greed and rapacity in spending the borrowed capital was followed by a season of envy and suspicion among the debtors when pay-day came.

When the Greenbackers had finally disappeared, the Farmers' Alliance arose. It seems to have started in the South among the cotton-farmers. But quickly it spread to the West, among the corn, cattle, and wheat growers. In the elections of 1888 and 1890 and 1892 the Farmers' Alliance created a rising furor.



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Robert M. La Follette.

The Populist party was formed. The demand for an inflated currency which had attracted the Grangers and Greenbackers was recognized by the Populists, but to that demand were added others. The Populists would regulate railroad rates, control stock and bond issues of public-service corporations, and would compensate labor for the accidents of industry. The political programme of the Populists was as revolutionary as their economic platform. To consider that programme intelligently we must, at least, glance at the political background from which it came. It was affected by the debtor and creditor relation as the economic background was. The voter voted an open ballot. A corruption of the ballot-box was possible, because the purchaser of a vote could stand by the ballot-box and see the

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open ballot deposited in the box. Thus a working man's ballot might go with his job, if the superintendent stood by the ballot-box and watched the workman vote, or perhaps handed the workman his ballot. Nominations were made in convention. Delegates to conventions were elected by mob caucuses, and money furnished the sinews of organization. The prizes of politics were the administrative county offices—sheriff, prosecuting attorney, and United States senators. United States senators were elected by members of the legislature. So, in county or district conventions, money often packed local conventions, and a trading slate in the convention was made in the interests of some candidate for United States senator. Congressmen were nominated in similar conventions. Money might control any convention, and often controlled many conventions. Naturally when a legislature assembled, no matter which party controlled the legislature, the members of that legislature without much personal corruption looked at issues from the creditor's side, not from the debtor's. Laws often were passed favoring the creditor.

The debtor could get little relief, even if he deserved it. Not that legislators were picked because of their bias, but because the system of nominations and elections produced naturally the kind of men in office who were innately property-minded. So the Populists, in revolt against the creditor's government, took the debtor's side, promising a revolutionary change in the machinery of politics. The Populists demanded the secret, or, as it was called, the Australian, ballot. They asked for a corrupt-practices act. They called for the abolition of the convention and caucus system and the establishment of the primary. They insisted upon the direct election of United States senators, and they urged the establishment of a system by which the people could directly initiate laws and vote on laws and refer laws to the people which legislatures had passed. Of course the Populist demands in that day seemed revolutionary, and, of course, they were denounced as socialistic, and instinctively opposed by the respectable forces of society as dangerous to the established order. And surely they were. Only experience has shown how dangerous. They abolished the established order completely, and ushered in a new order.

But that is looking ahead in the story. When the Populists first organized in 1892, their strength was localized in the West and South. There were the debtors. There the Farmers' Alliance had waxed strong overnight. In the West, while the South was in the throes of reconstruction, the Greenbackers had followed the Grangers. But in the elections of 1890, and for the two following bienniums, Populists, under various local aliases, filled state houses with governors, all over the West and South, crowded legislatures with embattled farmers, and sent a score or two wild-eyed revolutionists to Congress—three or four to the United States Senate. The wave of discontent had risen higher than it had risen under the Granger movement, or under the Greenbackers. But even then it was not alarming. Populism was the butt of the newspaper paragrapher's jokes, the joy of the cartoonist. Populist whiskers were the motive of many a ribald song and story. The wild-eyed Populist added gaiety to a dull day.

Now the dull day had its causes also. It is puzzling to look back at those causes and to consider how exactly parallel they ran to the rise of Populism. It was in the early nineties that the flood of immigration across the Alleghanies began to slow down. Suddenly railroad expansion ceased. The railroads had caught up with the population. Suddenly, also, city building ceased. Housing had caught up with the population. No more free land or cheap land was available. The settlement of the West—the greatest migration of man—was over. In the East came a violent industrial shock. Forges cooled. Furnaces slowed down. Mills slackened their pace. Banks began to fail all over the land, and in 1893 came panic and paralysis of business. The boom was spent, the great trek ended. The West had no more security to offer. The farms were mortgaged to the limit. Towns on the prairies had borrowed all they could. Pay-day had come everywhere in America. The Eastern industrial worker, out of a job, and the Westerner and South-

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erner, facing an enormous debt at a high rate of interest, a rate which each had offered to pay in the glad free abandon of an era of expansion, in that hour of reckoning had a common cause. Hard times was the binder that joined the farmer and the industrial worker. Populism no longer was sectional.

Bryan nationalized Populism, respectabilized it, turned the jibes of the humorists to denunciations from the editorial writers—and all in the twinkling of an eye. After the Populists in the Republican party, defeated in their struggle for a platform pledge for the free coinage of silver, had bolted the Republican National Convention in June, 1896, the Democratic convention met a few weeks later. Grover Cleveland was President. He had offended the Populists by resisting the effort to debase the currency with free-silver coinage, and had offended labor by sending the federal troops to Chicago to quell disturbances in a railroad strike without waiting for the governor's requisition. The Democratic party was divided. In the skirmish for control of the Democratic National Convention President Cleveland's friends lost. But his enemies were without leadership. Altgeld, the governor of Illinois, was too radical. Tillman, the Populist from South Carolina, was too bitter. Bland, the free-silver champion, lacked magnetism. The victorious majority in the Democratic National Convention was a milling herd. It had come bursting through all the inhibiting machinery of politics of the day, a mob of indignant delegates. But even in a Democratic convention it was a rampant Populism that had come raging to that convention and captured it. Then entered William Jennings Bryan, in his late adolescence—barely thirty-six, a handsome youth with flashing eyes, who had served a term in Congress, and had lectured under the auspices of the Bimetallic League over the South and West. He was a delegate from Nebraska. The chairman of the Committee on Resolutions put the debate upon the floor of the convention in the hands of this young man. Rage had choked some of the speakers in the debate, and others' voices were drowned by the jeers of the mob. Tillman, Altgeld, David Bennett Hill, and Jones, of Arkansas, all tried to talk to the resolution committing the party to free silver—which meant a cheaper dollar for the debtor—and all had failed to stir the crowd.

The young Nebraskan closed the debate. He stood six feet tall, with a heavy poll of black hair atop of that. He was graced with a lithe, supple body, and a soft penetrating golden voice. It easily filled every corner of the vast convention-hall. His voice was impassioned but never raucous. It was clear but never shrill—a beautiful organ, ingratiating, soothing, convincing. He knew his lines. He had spoken his speech many times before. And, with the "delivery" of a college orator, he put his message into the hearts of the throng. It was a short address, not more than twenty minutes long, and its climax was: "You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns; you shall not crucify mankind upon this cross of gold."

The joyous tumult that arose to greet the new young leader in the convention raged for twenty years in America.

In the campaign that followed, wherein Bryan, the Democratic presidential nominee, went up and down the land with all the authority of his exalted position, attacking the encroachments of capital in our national life, it is hard to regain the picture of the wrath that followed in his wake. In the minds of his adversaries he had committed treason in questioning the right of wealth to rule. But so strong is the party mind that literally millions of his partisans who had followed the conservatism of Grover Cleveland just as blindly as they followed Bryan's radicalism accepted the heretical dictum of Bryan without question. God needs fools. Their stale and moribund partisanship, times without end, has made dead leverage upon which He has lifted the world to heights which they could not see, could not desire, and never would attain. To those sheep-like Democratic partisans who followed Bryan were added the Populists who really believed what Bryan was preaching. Then added to the rural Populists were the industrial voters, such a section of the workers as were free under election laws to vote

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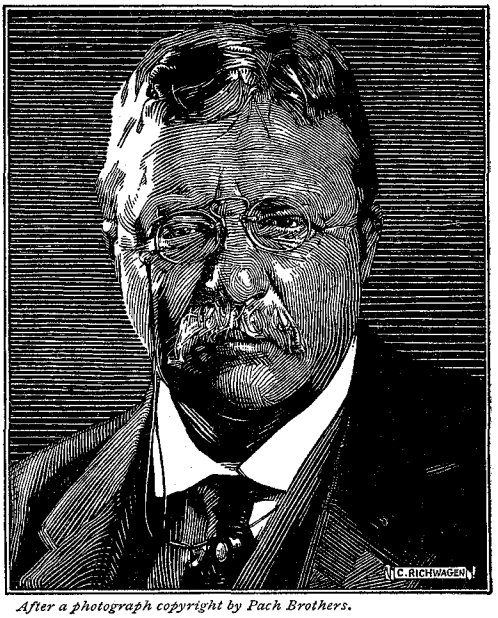
without espionage. They heard Bryan eagerly and voted for him unquestioningly.

To the business world which had controlled politics for a generation the candidacy of Bryan created a national menace. Money poured into the campaign against him with frenzied prodigality. But money probably had less to do with his defeat than any other element in it.



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Theodore Roosevelt.

The Democratic party had espoused the Populism of the hour. But in the Republican party, by reason of its faithful advocacy of a protective tariff, liberal pensions for Civil War veterans, railroad expansion, and the national banking law in the past, and its unequivocal declaration for the maintenance of the gold standard in the platform of the day, were the ultrarespectables, the guardians of the established order, the socially and financially elect. Thus a conservative force was amalgamated, ranging from the prosperous farmer of the West, the home-owning mill-worker of the East, and embracing the pensioned soldier of the Civil War upward in the social scale to the actual capitalist, large or small. This static social force afforded a bulwark against Bryanism which made the use of money spectacular and disturbing, but not really necessary.

The turmoil which rose in 1896 raged unabated for four years after the nomination of Bryan for his renomination in 1900 by the Democratic party. In that turmoil the respectable Republican party guarded by a plug-hat phalanx was a great rock in a weary land. Then came a prophet who smote even the rock, and the waters of liberalism gushed forth. He was Theodore Roosevelt, by the accident of President McKinley's death President of the United States.

Pay-day had passed. Debts were paid, outlawed, or renewed. Prosperity was abroad. The actual Populist party was wiped out. Bryanism had absorbed it. The conservatives had left the Democratic party. It was definitely a liberal party, opposed by a definitely conservative party in the year 1901, when Roosevelt came to power. But with a prescience of protective instinct the stock market of Wall Street went up to the panic line the day that McKinley died. Wall Street was panic-stricken, not by what Roosevelt had said, but by what he was. He had assailed Bryan and Bryanism more savagely than any other Republican leader. He was not tainted with the free-silver virus. Cheap money he abhorred. But he was free. He had all but openly bolted James G. Blaine, the Republican presidential candidate in the campaign of 1884. He had circulated a round robin against the alleged corruption of the army Commissary Department in the Spanish-American War. He had defied but not broken with the Republican boss of his State while he was governor. He had scorned the Republican national machine and openly jeered at many of its leaders. He had temperament and courage and could dramatize himself more dashingly even than Bryan. Moreover, Roosevelt was clearly a popular, rather than an organization, hero. So Wall Street trembled, as well it might.

During the three years in which he served as President, filling McKinley's place, Roosevelt carried out McKinley's work, but in the Rooseveltian manner. He kept McKinley's Cabinet, but Roose-

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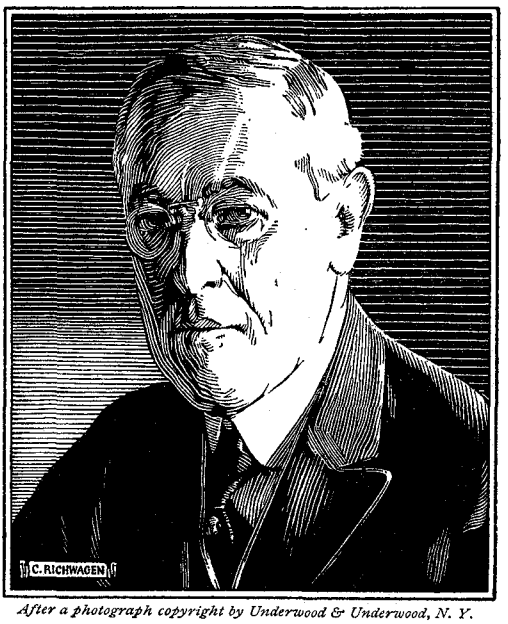
velt directed their energies. He gave color to the administration of McKinley's advisers, but, most insinuating of all, made them his friends. For with his dash and his independence and his courage he had charm. It was plain when he was elected in 1904 that Theodore Roosevelt would be President in his own name and in his own right. It also was obvious that he had broken with the high-hatted phalanx which had guarded and gilded the Republican ark of the covenant. He split his party in twain, and Bryan had riven the Democracy. Populism, driven from the skin, was in the blood of the American people. Two leaders of majority groups in the two major parties were assailing each other with unflagging energy, while they both moved the country to a common goal. President Roosevelt formulated the "Roosevelt policies." The "Roosevelt policies" caught the country. Bryan's star began to descend.

For eight years Theodore Roosevelt was the dominant leader of liberalism in America and one of the liberal leaders of his time. His vogue was tremendous. The common man knew Roosevelt all over the earth. He was the headline prince of the world. While he reigned, liberalism, which had been illicit, covert, and shunned under Populism, even under Bryanism, grew vigorously, acquired prestige. The secret ballot and the primary became universal, and the initiative and referendum captured nearly half the States and city governments of the land. The direct election of United States senators was achieved immediately after the beginning of Roosevelt's decline; yet it was from the impulse of his day. Railroads were regulated, food manufacturers controlled. Trust methods were assailed and changed. The air was vocal with caterwauling, challenges, dissent, recrimination, hullabaloo. Roosevelt rode the wave of trouble, a gallant and appealing figure, and literally, in less than a decade, all that the Sanhedrin of business and politics had feared that Bryan would bring, Roosevelt had delivered. He had "scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts; had put down the mighty from their seats and had filled the hungry." The powers of conservatism tried to create a panic. Democracy laughed. Prosperity was solid. And what was more important, the division of the profits of industry was becoming more and more equitable. The laborer was getting a fair wage, the farmer a decent return. The small-business man felt that he had a friend at court. The economic and social order of the eighties and nineties had disappeared with the political revolution which had armed the common man with power. A vast flood of self-respect came to the manual worker, and because Roosevelt hammered at what he called "malefactors of great wealth" (and he had other and more vitriolic names for plutocrats), the owners of "aggrandized wealth" (another choice Rooseveltian phrase) began to cringe. Money pulled a forelock when it approached government!



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Woodrow Wilson.

Presidential messages bristled militantly with fulminations against "the idle rich." Public addresses inveighed against "the great sinister forces of aggrandized capital." The presidential conversations were festively decorated with gorgeous phrases indicating his mischievous delight in making men squirm who laid up treasure on earth where moth

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and rust corrupt. No wonder the property-minded centurions of another day said: "This man is mad!" But he was from Harvard. He was descended from a Family. He was born in New York City. If Bryan had given to his Populism a certain caste of respectability when he was nominated by one of the major political parties, Roosevelt, a Republican, a New Yorker, a man whose father had passed in his day for a plutocrat, a President of the United States, talking a lingo more terrible than the Populists had used because he was more erudite than they—this man gave a high and righteous tone to the forces of discontent. So it came to pass that a man hinting that the lark was on the wing, "the snail on the thorn, God's in His heaven, all's right with the world," became a suspected criminal or at least an accessory to crime both before and after the fact. Smaller replicas of Roosevelt began to crowd into the Senate, into governors' mansions, into legislatures, into court-houses and town councils. How the welkin rang with their outcries! The press echoed the chorus. The literature of the period took color from the times. The poor, hunted, rich man had no hiding-place. He worked in the pillory and slept in the stocks.

When Theodore Roosevelt retired from the White House the Pharaohs thought the seven lean years were over. President Taft very gently, apparently absent-mindedly, and surely most amiably, began turning back the clock to McKinley's time. When all at once there burst forth a terrible whooping and squalling on the left. A storm of protest fell upon the land. The Rooseveltians, with their leader in Africa, were sufficient unto the day, and when their hero returned the lightning began to flash, and the cyclone was descended. Roosevelt, who had made Taft, had breathed the breath of life into him, turned upon his handiwork and slew him politically. In the Taft administration, Congress, the governors, the legislatures, and the courts were still in the hands of Populists of one sort or another. So their work went on.

In the latter days of the reign of Roosevelt, toward the end of the first decade of the new century, somewhat beyond the Rooseveltian domain, appeared the La Follette group and following. Senator Robert M. La Follette was the antithesis of Roosevelt in many important ways. Where Roosevelt was robust, enthusiastic, ruthlessly rollicking, but rarely personally bitter, La Follette was dogged, deadly implacable, uncompromising, and wicked in his hatreds, which were generally well placed. La Follette was indefatigable where Roosevelt was vigorous. Roosevelt was content with general results. La Follette loved details. Roosevelt would take half a loaf where La Follette preferred hunger and a cause unsatisfied. Roosevelt had social relations with his political adversaries. La Follette had no time for soirées of any kind, and Roosevelt loved them. So they suspected each other, and each worked in his own way.

In 1912 Theodore Roosevelt reached his climax as an American leader. During his ten years in power he had overshadowed Bryan by realizing Bryan's visions; "stealing his clothes," Bryan called it. But Roosevelt did not wear Bryan's clothes, if he did steal them. The Roosevelt policies were realizable ideals. He took the natural resources of the country from local exploiters and put them in the hands of government departments. He built the Panama Canal. He intervened for peace in the Russo-Japanese war. He put the makers of food under government inspection. He regulated the railroads, corrected many evils of the great corporations. By administration and by legislation he created new standards in the relations between Capital and Labor. He gave vigor to the civil-service rules, and secured additional legislation. He created a public opinion which held ten years after he left office, and forced through the administrations of President Taft and President Wilson such a sheaf of measures inspired by a modern attitude toward capital and society as in effect revolutionized the American ideal. Men hooted, when Roosevelt was new to the White House, that he had discovered the Golden Rule and the Ten Commandments. That is exactly what he was called to do; to furnish a new conscience that would reconstruct a menacing plutocracy into a modern democracy.

His contest for the presidency in 1912

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proved that he had a majority of the Republican party with him. He had split his party as Bryan had divided his. But Roosevelt's opponents held the organization. Bryan's friends controlled the organization. In the convention which renominated President Taft, Roosevelt captured the country, but the army escaped him. When he sought to occupy the land four years later, Roosevelt had no sinews of war. He was left naked to his enemies, who overcame him, bound him, and humiliated him. In 1916 Roosevelt, bound to the Republican chariot, was paraded across the land a prisoner of war. The great progressive States of the middle and far West deserted Roosevelt's leadership.

Woodrow Wilson, whose election in 1912 came through the accident of Republican division, won by his own right in 1916. And he won by convincing the liberals, who had followed Roosevelt for nearly a decade and a half, that Wilson was the authentic liberal leader. It was States which had been adopting the primary, the initiative and referendum, prohibition, woman suffrage, the Roosevelt policies of "social and industrial justice," the States, indeed, which had been furnishing all the little Roosevelts for the Senate, the governors' mansions, and the court-houses, which followed Wilson in 1916. They turned from Roosevelt sadly, and, of course, would have returned, but they turned rather definitely in that midyear of the second decade of the century.

But, unfortunately, the leadership which Roosevelt held for nearly a decade and a half as a liberal leader of his country was never to return to him. His followers dispersed. During the four last years of his life he attracted another group. This group he led by advocating a fleeting issue and highly personal—President Wilson's obvious shortcomings. But Roosevelt was not at his best in those days. The best Roosevelt was robustly, even hilariously, constructive. As a critic he carped without the gaiety. The joyous resilience was gone that once revealed the eternal youth in him. So far as his epoch was affected, he passed with the battle of Armageddon in 1912—a sturdy, dashing figure with the vitality of a bull, the spirit of a fawn, more curiosity than a monkey, and the prescience of an Olympian god. He had that most unusual combination in man, personal charm and loyalty. His apparent vanity was subdued by a gorgeous sense of humor, which gave him perspective on himself. No one ever said such keen things about him as he said himself; and no one enjoyed more than he the meanest quip of his enemies. He was an aristocratic democrat, with sense of no inferiority in the presence of kings, nor of superiority among servants. His faith in people and love for them was like Walt Whitman's. Yet he had a mischievous sense of Machiavellian intrigue. He was an amateur in a dozen branches of science, but an artist in politics—an artist because his craft was based on faith and hope and love. He appealed to a different stratum of society from that which Bryan addressed. Roosevelt convinced the upper middle class of the righteousness of the democratic ideal as it was being reconstructed under the programme of the Populists. He interpreted that ideal in realizable terms. His contribution to his times was an intelligent conscience.

Woodrow Wilson was the last major prophet of American liberalism in the Populist cycle. He was never an agitator for the Populism of the day as Bryan was. Yet Wilson's predestined job was somewhat like Bryan's. As Bryan used the stolid partisanship of his party to give power to liberalism, Wilson turned the hunger of the Democratic party for spoils into a constructive force that would enact into laws the programme which Bryan and Roosevelt had championed. This lively Democratic hunger gave Wilson's leadership a leverage in Congress powerful enough to lift into achievement the Populist pledges for a federal reserve act, the banking act, the establishment of the Federal Trade Commission, the Tariff Commission, the Panama tolls treaty, the law providing for an eight-hour day, and the seamen's act, which was really La Follette's measure. And more important than these measures, President Wilson made over the Supreme Court into a liberal body. The Bryan peace treaties which bind us to arbitrate before making war on a score of nations are important, chiefly because they are significant of the

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Wilsonian peace programme that was to follow. Wilson came into the presidency with less than three years of political experience. He brought to the White House the exact methods and cold manners of the cloistered academy where he had spent his mature life. But also he brought an iron will, quite personal and not of the cloister. His Machiavellian moments were not mischievous as were Roosevelt's; Wilson's machinations were deadly. His charm was reserved for his friends. For his enemies he was generous only in profuse evidence of his scorn. He won what he won, and it was much in the liberal battle, by the sheer force of his intellect illuminating the righteousness of his position. He completed the work of others—reaped where they sowed; harvested the last crops which Bryan planted and Roosevelt watered. For himself, he projected issues that others should realize. But those peculiarly Wilsonian policies which gather around world peace find him back where General James B. Weaver was—a pioneer of another epoch. With Wilson's entrance into the World War came sunset for the liberal day.

It was a lively day, and probably a great one—that thirty years' rise and climax of Populism. For the American people it came as a marvellous revealing flash. They saw that the enormous civilization which they had erected following the war between the States was a blatant, ugly, wicked thing, crassly unjust to the humble folk, which was bad enough, but that it was worse in the proud depravity of the rulers. They swaggered in their injustices. They boasted of their corruption. They made a virtue of oppression and a joke of cruel antisocial ideals. "All the traffic will bear," "the public be damned," "the conventional crime" of bribery, these and other contemporary phrases reveal the soul of the ruling classes. The clash that came at pay-day in the nineties was, of course, disgusting. Standing upon each side of the ledger, men came with rather dirty hands. But the creditor had more reason to be decent than the debtor. The creditor had involved only his money in the controversy; the debtor's life and his children's future were staked. "The widows and orphans" behind whom militant capital hid were mostly mythical. From the pay-day wrangle Populism developed into the old, old contest between the haves and have-nots. The haves maintained that the conflict was a levelling-down process. Time proved that it was really a levelling up. When the struggle closed with the Great War, the haves surely had no less, but the have-nots were vastly improved in social and economic status. Their homes were filled with undreamed-of comforts and luxuries. They drove cars. Their children crowded the high schools and colleges. The whole family packed the motion-picture houses. And instead of being class conscious and dangerous, the property sense has made the American proletariat contented and conservative—for the moment.

Of course the political struggle of the last quarter of a century, led by Bryan, Roosevelt, La Follette, and Wilson, has not accomplished all this equitable distribution of wealth so evident in our American civilization to-day. The change in the status of the manual worker has been as wide as Christendom. Mass production has helped. The genius of the Christian philosophy manifest in the age has been responsible for much of the change. Indeed, this spirit—this widening of the sense of duty in the heart of man, this practical application of the Golden Rule to the common affairs of men—has brought the "more abundant life" toward which the Nazarene philosopher looked, and for which he made his great sacrifice. It is all—this broadening of the sense of obligation in man, this approximation of brotherhood, which was the spirit of the Populism of Bryan, of Roosevelt, of La Follette, and of Wilson, this admission of more and more men to the neighborly circle, all this softening of hard relations between men, all this striving for peace among men of good-will, is a part of "the way and the truth and the life."

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What the Weather Does to Us

BY ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON
Author of "West of the Pacific," etc.

NO one doubts the importance of climate. If we know that a region is tropical, arctic, or desert, we also know much about its vegetation, products, occupations, and mode of life. We can even make accurate pictures of the habits and temperament of the people. But is there any definite law as to the relation between climate and history? Can the right kind of people build up an equally high civilization no matter what their climate? "Of course not," says the average reader. "Can the scattered people of deserts make progress as rapidly as the dense population of fertile, well-watered prairies? How can tropical people be energetic when they are always being pulled down by malaria and dysentery? And why should you expect progress in a climate too cold for crops and with practically no resources except the seal, polar bear, and reindeer? The idea that people in diverse geographical environments can make progress with equal rapidity or even maintain the same grade of civilization is ridiculous."

But suppose the tropical diseases were subdued, and were no more dangerous than those of other regions. Let the same kind of competent people and the same kind of high civilization be introduced all over the world. Assume also that the people of tropical countries, deserts, polar regions, and other supposedly undesirable areas are as well equipped as the rest of the world in respect to transportation, communication, and public service. Give them the best of schools, churches, and banks. Let them have electric lights, water supplies, movies, policemen, doctors, dances, bridge parties, automobiles, and a hundred other modern conveniences. Would the same type of civilization continue to prevail indefinitely everywhere? Or would some of the people go backward, some stand still, and others make progress?

One of the answers to these questions lies in people's occupations. The people in all climates cannot possibly do the same work. Whether our supposed heirs of the whole world be Scotchmen, Yankees, Californians, or New Zealanders, they are practically certain to raise rice in Burmah, wheat in southern Russia, camels in the Arabian desert, corn in Illinois, and reindeer in the far north of Canada. Why? Simply because those things pay. It is foolish to plant wheat in warm wet riceland, on a frozen tundra, or in an unirrigated desert. By the same token woollen factories will not develop in Java, where there is no wool worth mentioning, and where nobody wants woollen clothing. Who would establish a huge ice plant in Nova Zembla or a great factory for making cotton machinery in Samoa, or even in Utah? We want our ice where the air is warm, and our cotton machinery where the climate permits cotton to grow or where there are lots of people to be clothed. Perhaps mankind will some day establish the world's greatest manufacturing centre in the driest, hottest part of Arabia, where there is no water, no coal, no vegetation, and little pleasure in life because of the heat, wind, and dust. All sorts of other strange things may also happen. Perhaps we shall acquire a sixth sense—telepathy—so that we can sit at home and merely open our minds to take in all the wisdom of the world. But such things have not happened yet, and are not likely to happen for a long time. As people are now constituted, the mere fact that the climate differs from one part of the world to another is bound to cause differences in the industries by which people get a living. This in turn inevitably leads to differences in the density of population, in the amount of surplus wealth which can be stored up, and in the development of transportation, commerce, sanitation,

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public service, education, religion, recreation, and a host of other matters. Unless mankind becomes utterly remodelled, such differences are a necessary consequence of climatic differences, even if all parts of the world were inhabited by people of the same race, culture, and ability.

The differences engendered by the effect of climate on occupations are enormously increased by migration and natural selection. Suppose again that the people in all parts of the world are temporarily alike, not only in race and culture, but in the proportion of different kinds of people. Let each have the same percentage of stupid hod-carriers, patient clerks, cunning criminals, ardent reformers, hard-headed business men, adventurous pioneers, sleek politicians, and eager scientists. How long would the proportions remain the same? Not a single year, one might almost say; and certainly not a generation. Is the keen business man going to remain where the only occupation is herding camels, and where there are no towns? Is the scientist going to spend all his life peering into a microscope in western China where thick desert dust sifts over his work for weeks and weeks every year? Will the inventor be content to live where only by the most constant care can he prevent his hands and face from being bathed in perspiration, and his drawings from being smudged continually by damp fingers, while he himself feels an almost constant sense of lassitude? And how about the reformer: will his zeal be satisfied if he changes the lives of a few scanty dwellers in the pasturelands of Tibet, or will he be impelled to work among the dense masses who under any type of civilization are almost certain to cover the plains of India?

Mankind is so constituted that certain kinds of people go to certain places, because they have initiative, knowledge, or foresight. Others stay where they are, because they lack the energy, the knowledge, the incentive, or the wherewithal to go elsewhere. This has always been the case. It is true among the beasts. Does not the Bible say: "Wheresoever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together?" Does not the wild goose fly to far islands, while the rhinoceros stays close to his muddy river? Will not this same tendency to divide men into groups according to their tastes, abilities, and temperaments continue to work more and more potently? Civilization increases the tendency. It makes it easier to go from place to place, to gain information about remote regions, to lay up money for transportation and as an aid in getting a start in a new place. All these conditions and many others join with our social fluidity in sorting people out at a tremendous rate. The boy with a genius for painting may never get a chance under the conditions of civilization that now prevail in Central India. He was born a rope-maker, and a rope-maker he must die, in the place where he was born. A similar boy born in the same place, but in the high type of civilization which we are supposing to be established there, will soon be found out. He may be taken to a big city for education, he may paint pictures in the Himalayas, he may go to China, France, or New Zealand to be fêted, and he may settle in a colony of artists at Santa Barbara. If all lands were highly civilized, the wonderful climate and fine scenery might cause an almost incredible concentration of artists on a delightful coast like that of California. Painters would come from every land under heaven. On the other hand, if every one could move freely, how many artists would remain long in far northeastern Siberia where snow drifts high against the windows seven or eight months each year, and a painter may freeze his fingers and forever ruin his future while making the simplest sketch out-of-doors? No matter how high civilization may rise, or how competent the people of northern Siberia may be, is it probable that many landscape-painters will ever choose that region as a home? On the contrary, the tendency will be to weed them out with great rapidity. But as civilization becomes more universal, will not places like the coast of southern California tend more and more to become centres where the artist children of artist parents are born in greater and greater proportions? These illustrations are indeed extreme, but they emphasize a neglected truth of almost universal application. Practically everywhere, and always, selection is in progress. As civilization grows higher, the selection increases in

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intensity. And among the factors that cause selection, one of the most powerful is climate.

But occupations, migration, and natural selection are not the only means whereby climate causes the people of one part of the world to differ from those of another. A factor of scarcely less magnitude is the degree of energy imparted by different atmospheric conditions. I shall dwell on this more fully than on the other factors because it is more disputed.

Suppose as before that the whole world is inhabited by the same sort of people, and that all have the same degree of civilization and of innate ability. Suppose that tropical diseases such as malaria and dysentery are eliminated. Would people's achievements then differ notably because of climate? This question has long been in debate because we cannot find the answer directly through either experiments or statistics. The trouble is that even when people of the same race live in different climates, we have no assurance that the various groups have been selected in the same way. If especially healthy and vigorous people are selected for a poor climate, and especially weak ones for a good climate, the poor climate will make the better showing. Nevertheless, by one means or another we have now reached a point where it is fairly certain that the ability of European races, and probably of all races, differs according to the climate in which they live. This seems to be true even if specific diseases, backward natives, isolation, and other cultural conditions cease to be handicaps. It appears reasonable enough to the layman, but is sometimes vigorously denied by able specialists in anthropology, history, economics, and other lines of investigation.

Let us see what actually happens to people who live all the time in one place, but are subjected to different atmospheric conditions from day to day or season to season. So many investigations have now been made that we can speak with considerable certainty. The investigations have been based on deaths, illnesses, amount of work, accuracy and reliability of work, moral behavior, physiological functions, and mental reactions. Some of the studies have been statistical and others have used the experimental methods of the laboratory. Some have compared the human conditions with the air out-of-doors, and others with the air indoors.

In spite of the inevitable differences of detail which arise in every scientific investigation, the final results of these varied lines of investigations harmonize admirably. They are well illustrated in charts prepared by Messrs. Houghten, Yagloglou, and Miller in the Research Laboratory of the American Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers and the United States Bureau of Mines at Pittsburgh. The charts are based on experiments in two rooms where any desired temperature and humidity can be obtained. The people who are the objects of experimentation enter a room whose temperature and humidity they do not know. They express their feelings as to whether the room is too warm, too cool, too moist, or too dry. They also pass from one room to another where the atmospheric conditions are very slightly different and express opinions as to which is more comfortable. The human body is so sensitive that differences of no more than 1° F. in temperature or of 5 or 10 per cent in relative humidity can easily be felt. This is especially true when the atmosphere approaches the most comfortable conditions.

The central feature of the charts is the so-called "comfort zone," in the midst of which lies the "comfort line." The zone indicates the general range of conditions under which people feel comfortable, while the line shows the conditions of most perfect comfort—the optimum. Of course the position of the zone and line vary according to how much clothing people wear, how active they are, and according to their age, sex, health, and personal idiosyncrasies. Nevertheless, among healthy people who are normally dressed and are sitting still, the variations in the position of the comfort line are surprisingly slight. Let us consider the case of such persons when they have been quiet long enough so that they do not feel the effect of previous exertions. In perfectly still air the average person of European race, as measured at Pittsburgh, feels most comfortable at a temperature of 64° F. if the air is saturated with moisture. If the air is only 80 per cent saturated he

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feels best at a temperature of 66°; when the moisture is reduced to 50 per cent the most comfortable temperature is 69½°. Such conditions are like those of an ideal day in May or early June. If the air is still drier the most comfortable temperature is of course higher. With a relative humidity of 20 per cent, which is very low for most parts of the United States, the comfort line lies at a temperature a trifle above 72°. Thus on a windless day the optimum for persons in a state of complete inactivity ranges from a temperature of 64°, when the rain is falling and the air is saturated with moisture, up to 72°, when the air is as dry as that of the desert.

But this is not the whole story. If the air is moving, the most comfortable temperature is higher than if it is at rest, for people's skins are cooled by evaporation. This is shown by Messrs. Yagloglou and Miller in another very clever chart. From this we learn that if the temperature of the air is 76°, for example, and the relative humidity 45 per cent, a movement of 340 feet per minute, which means a gentle drift of the air, will produce just the right sensation. In other words, it will cause the air to feel as it would if there were no movement and the temperature were approximately 70°, instead of 76°, the relative humidity remaining at about 45 per cent as before. At a temperature of 80°, however, and a relative humidity of 50 per cent, the air must move several times as fast as in the preceding example, in order to produce the greatest feeling of comfort. Of course the amount of clothing makes a difference. The unclothed body experiences about twice as great a cooling effect from moving air as does the normally clothed body. But normal clothing is heavier in winter than in summer, so that allowance must be made for this. Again, any sort of work or exercise, even if it be no more than writing a letter, has some effect, however slight, in lowering the comfort line. When people are engaged in the most active kind of exercise such as playing football, or shovelling coal, the comfort line sinks far below the normal level.

Two essential points should be cited in connection with the comfort charts. The first is that they represent an experimental method whereby we can determine with great exactness just what conditions of atmospheric temperature, humidity, and movement are most comfortable for any given type of dress and occupation. The second is that the results obtained by this method agree with those obtained through observations of physiological reactions and through statistical studies of work and health.

The relation between the comfort charts and physiological processes may be judged from the following definition of comfort: "Comfort is a condition where the various physiological functions of the body are carried on with the greatest degree of efficiency and with the least strain, so that the individual is not conscious of their existence." If this definition is correct, we ought to find that physiological processes, such as those which manifest themselves in the rate of breathing, the pulse-rate, and the temperature of the body, function most perfectly under the conditions which give rise to the greatest degree of comfort. Numerous experiments at the Pittsburgh Laboratory already referred to, as well as by the New York State Ventilation Commission, the British Industrial Fatigue Research Board, and a number of other organizations and individuals, show that this is the case. For example, the New York State Ventilation Commission found very distinct evidence that when the temperature is much above 70° any kind of physical exertion raises the pulse-rate, the rate of breathing, and the internal temperature of the body much more rapidly than is the case with similar exertion at lower temperatures. The return to normal is also relatively slow at high temperatures, and the feeling of fatigue is correspondingly increased. On the other hand, at temperatures below the comfort zone the body has to exert itself more to keep warm than at higher temperatures and hence is under a certain strain. Thus the comfort zone embraces the combinations of temperature, humidity, and wind movement which not only give the greatest feeling of comfort, but which also impose a minimum strain upon the physiological processes whereby the body is prevented from becoming either too warm or too cool.

The second essential point in respect to the comfort charts is their close agreement

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with my own studies of factory work, deaths, and diseases. Those studies, as described in "Civilization and Climate," "World Power and Evolution," and elsewhere, show that people in factories from Connecticut to Pittsburgh and Florida work best when the outside temperature averages from about 60° to 66° F. They also show that the death-rate, as determined from millions of deaths, is lowest when the outside temperature for day and night together averages 64° with a relative humidity of 70 or 80 per cent. An average outside temperature of 64° and a relative humidity of 70 or 80 per cent mean that at night, as a rule, the temperature falls to perhaps 60° or 55° and the relative humidity approaches 100 per cent so that dew falls. By day, on the other hand, the temperature usually rises to 70° or 75°, and the relative humidity may fall to 50 per cent or thereabout. In other words, the conditions most favorable for daily work among thousands of factory workers, and which are also best for health as indicated by records covering many years, many cities, and many countries, fall precisely in the comfort zone determined by exact experimentation. Thus the evidence of our senses, the evidence derived from our physiological reactions, and the practical test of daily work and daily health all agree.

This by no means gives a complete picture of what the air does to us. Important modifications are introduced by at least three other conditions; namely, the effect of dust or some other factor which causes dry air to be harmful, the variability of the weather, and the seemingly different optima for physical and mental activity. So far as the mere feeling of comfort is concerned, no experiments, so far as I am aware, indicate any clear difference between the effect of moist and dry air which have the same cooling power although differing in temperature. For example, persons normally dressed find that a temperature of 76° with a relative humidity of 10 per cent feels the same as a temperature of 65° with a relative humidity of 90 per cent. Nevertheless, the studies of the New York Ventilation Commission as set forth in Professor C. E. A. Winslow's admirable little book "Fresh Air and Ventilation" show that the higher temperature is less favorable. On the other hand, thousands of hospital cases and millions of deaths, as set forth in part in "World Power and Evolution," have led me to believe that dryness as well as high temperature is unhealthful. Extreme moisture is likewise very harmful at high temperatures, as almost every one recognizes. In other words, there is a distinct optimum or zone of most favorable conditions for moisture as well as temperature. Extensive but as yet unpublished studies of work in factories made by the Committee on the Atmosphere and Man of the National Research Council point to a similar conclusion.

Not only do dry regions as a rule show higher death-rates than moister regions of similar character, but in any given region the dry months at practically every season are less healthful than wet months at the same season. In the large cities of the United States from 1900 to 1915 the eight moister Januaries averaged more healthful than the eight drier Januaries; the same was true of February, and so on in every month of the year. Again, the dry cities of the world generally have high death-rates. Denver, for example, has almost the highest death-rate among the large cities in the northern parts of the United States; Madrid on its high dry plateau has a very high death-rate in proportion to its temperature, and so does Johannesburg in the cool highlands of South Africa. Mexico City, where the temperature at all seasons comes nearer to the ideal than in almost any other part of the world, has one of the highest death-rates. The rate is higher in the dry season than in the wet rainy season, although there is not enough difference in temperature to have any appreciable effect. A similar contrast prevails in India. Although the season of the monsoon rains is very damp, sticky, and disagreeable, and comes when the sun is highest, the death-rate falls markedly, especially in the northern parts of India, where the winters are very dry. Cairo in Egypt, in spite of long years of British rule, has one of the highest death-rates in the whole world. Yet it is probably the driest of all great cities.

The evidence as to the harm done by dryness is so overwhelming that it can scarcely be questioned. But why should

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dry climates be considered health resorts, and why should people actually recover their health there? The answer seems to be that outdoor life is everywhere much more healthful than indoor life. When tubercular patients go to dry climates, the dryness almost invariably makes it possible to live out-of-doors far more than formerly. Moreover, in dry climates people get plenty of sunshine. But outdoor air and exercise and plenty of sunshine work just as well in New England as in Colorado or California, as is proved by several homes for tuberculous children. The youngsters play out-of-doors in the lightest clothing at all seasons. Barefooted and clad only in thin union suits which do not cover either arms or legs, they frisk about in the snow with the thermometer far below freezing. They return home sound and hearty, and able for a long time to withstand our iniquitous indoor mode of life with its vitiated dusty air and its lack of sunshine. Dry climates make it easy to live out-of-doors, but the dryness itself is not helpful.

Why, then, have the experimenters as yet found no evidence of any measurable difference between the effects of dry air and moist? Part of the answer lies in the fact that even the extensive experiments on school-children conducted by the New York State Ventilation Commission lasted only a few hours at a time, whereas dry weather may last day after day and dry climates last centuries. Moreover, the difference between the dry schoolrooms and the moist was very slight, and the investigators did not test the possible effect of greater variability of temperature in the dry rooms than in the moist. Other important factors may possibly be found in the dustiness of ordinary dry air, or in its electrical condition, although as to this we are not yet certain. It is clear, however, that under natural conditions dry air is much more dusty than moist air, and has a different electrical condition. In climates like those of Madrid, Mexico City, and Cairo every little breeze fills the air with dust, and often the dust is foul with microbes. But regardless of the cause, the fact is clear: the dry regions and dry seasons thus far investigated have higher death-rates than regions and seasons of the same sort which are not dry.

Coming now to variability, we find ourselves faced by a problem which the experimenters have as yet scarcely touched. But, fortunately, there is abundant statistical evidence based on thousands of hospital cases, millions of deaths, and the daily work of thousands of factory hands. This shows that variations of temperature from one day to another produce a marked effect upon health and activity. A drop of temperature at all seasons and under practically all conditions is stimulating and healthful. The low temperature which follows such a drop in winter is by no means healthful. The *change* is what gives the stimulus. This is reasonable. A cold douche gives a pleasant and stimulating reaction even in winter, but let cold water pour over a person for fifteen minutes and he may get a chill that will end his days. On the other hand, a rise of temperature is generally, although not always, accompanied by a high death-rate and poor work. This is readily understandable in summer, but in winter the reasons are not so clear. The secret apparently lies partly in the fact that the advent of a warm day is systematically the signal for heating our houses and factories too much. It takes time to adjust our fires and our stokers to the new conditions. Here again we may for the present dismiss the problem of causes, and concentrate on the facts. The outstanding fact is that changes of weather have a pronounced and easily measured relation to health and activity.

The net effect of changes of temperature in both directions has not been studied so much as has the effect of individual changes in only one direction. Nevertheless, a study of all the deaths for sixteen years in all the large cities of the United States for which data are available shows that the stormier Januaries, Februaries, and so forth were systematically more healthful than were the same months when less stormy. Only in the autumn, when people's health is best, does the degree of storminess make no appreciable difference in the northern United States. Of course a region or a month may be too stormy as well as not stormy enough, just as it may be too hot as well as too cool, too dry as well as too moist. Thus storminess joins temperature and humidity as one of the three main elements in determining

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how people's health and activity vary from day to day and season to season. It does not appear to be quite so important as humidity, while humidity is not so important as temperature, but all three are of the same general order of magnitude.

The last point to be considered is mental activity. Does the weather have any effect on that? In general it seems clear that when the physiological functions of the body are operating most smoothly, the mind also is at its best. Nevertheless, tests made by Lehmann and Pedersen on school-children in Denmark and my own study of the marks of nearly 2,000 students at West Point and Annapolis suggest that the greatest mental activity occurs at temperatures averaging about 40° for day and night together. This means that frost occurs at night, but the days are not cold. Of course the people whose minds were investigated were subjected to low temperatures only when out-of-doors or when their windows were open at night. Moreover, the temperatures were such that the houses were not hot, dry, and stuffy, as they become when the outside temperature is lower. These facts and my own personal observations suggest that an average temperature of about 40° F. is not low enough to do much injury to people who are well clothed and live in good houses, but yet is low enough to provide the maximum stimulus through variations of temperature. Such variations arise not only when people go out-of-doors, but when the windows are open. In colder weather people go out-of-doors less than in the kind we are now discussing, and they also are far more likely to keep their windows shut all the time, even at night in many cases. The exact facts as to mental activity and the weather, however, are so doubtful that we shall not lay much stress on them.

Thus far we have been dealing with people of European origin. How far do our conclusions apply to other races? The scanty data on this point suggest that the same general principles apply universally, although the optimum temperature for tropical races may be higher than for Europeans. Thus in Connecticut and Pennsylvania the best work in factories is done when the outdoor temperature for day and night together averages about 60°, but Cuban cigarmakers at Tampa, Fla., do the best work at temperatures of 65° or more. The optimum for Finns, Swedes, Sicilians, and Japanese, to judge from the death-rate, seems to be nearly the same as for central Europeans and Americans. The optimum for negroes, so far as has yet been determined from mortality data in the United States, appears to be a mean temperature of 68° and a relative humidity of over 80 per cent. These data and others suggest that among tropical races the optimum temperature is somewhat higher than among Europeans. They also suggest that the differences between the optima are not nearly so great as between the actual climates in which the two types developed. It seems doubtful whether the optimum for any race is higher than about 70° F. with a relative humidity of perhaps 80 per cent, which would mean a temperature of about 80° when the humidity falls to 20 per cent, but perhaps these figures should be raised several degrees for unclothed savages. This, however, makes little difference so far as the interpretation of history is concerned, for the races which have been most important seem to differ very little in their relation to the atmosphere.

Here then is how the matter stands. We are now quite certain that among Europeans the most comfortable and healthful outdoor temperature and the one most conducive to active physical work averages from about 62° to 72° when night and day are taken together. It is higher when the weather is windy or dry, lower when the weather is quiet or damp. But even when two different types of atmospheric conditions feel the same so far as their cooling power is concerned, the damper cooler air is more healthful than that which is warmer, drier, and perhaps dustier. Similar although not such abundant evidence indicates that frequent variations from day to day are distinctly more healthful than uniformity. Such variability arises mainly from ordinary storms. Thus storms rank with temperature and humidity as potent factors in determining people's health and energy. Finally, there is some evidence, although as yet by no means conclusive, that mental activity is greatest at a temperature considerably lower than physical activity.

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Smoky—A One-Man Horse

On Other Ranges

BY WILL JAMES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

WEEKS had passed since Smoky had raised his head out of the hollow in the snow and spotted the rider, who'd been Clint, coming onto him, and then one day here comes another rider. Smoky had been the first to spot that other rider, and as was natural, him and the rest of the bunch made tracks away from there and till the rider couldn't be seen no more.

A mile or so on the bunch went to pawing snow and grazing again, night was coming on, a wind was raising, and pretty soon light flakes of snow begin to come. Then, when night was well on, and as the wind got stronger and the snow heavier, the rider showed up again, right in the middle of the bunch this time and before Smoky or any of the others could see him. . . . The ponies scattered like a bunch of quail at the sight of him and so close, but they soon got together again, and on a high lope went along with the storm.

The rider followed on after 'em, and as mile after mile of snow-covered country was left behind the ponies realized there was no dodging *him*. Heavy drifts was lunged into and hit on a high run as they tried to leave him behind, and then as they'd cross creek bottoms a mile or so wide, and where the snow was from two to three feet deep, the run begin to tell on 'em, they finally slowed down to a trot, and as the rider wasn't pressing 'em any, there came a time when going at a walk seemed plenty fast. They was getting tired.

The night wore on with 'em a-travelling that way, the heavy wind pushed 'em on and their long hair was matted with snow, but though tired, and hard as the deep snow was to buck through, it all seemed better to drift on that way than stand still in such as the storm had turned out to be. They drifted on, not minding the rider much no more. . . . Then after a while it begin to get light, slow and gradual, the new day come, and the rider, finding a thick patch of willows, let the ponies drift in the shelter, he tried to look on the back trail as he let 'em drift, and he grinned as the thick stinging snow blurred his view.

"That old blizzard will sure do the work of covering up my trail," he remarked as he looked for a sheltered spot amongst the willows.

He soon found the sheltered spot and where the wind was more heard than felt, and getting off his tired horse begin tamping himself a place where he could move around a little and not have the snow up to his waist. He tied his horse up where he'd be within easy reach, and soon had a fire started out of dead willow twigs. Rice and "jerky" was cooked in a small lard bucket, and et out of the same, when that was gone, a few handfuls of snow was melted in the same bucket and coffee was made, then a cigarette was rolled, a few puffs drawed out of it, and the man, curled up by the fire, was soon asleep.

All of him, from the toe of his gunny sack covered boots to the dark face which showed under the wore out black hat, pointed out as the man being a half-breed of Mexican and other blood that's darker and noticing the cheap, wore out saddle, the ragged saddle blanket on a horse that should of had some chance to feed instead of being tied up, showed that he was a half-breed from the *bad* side, not caring, and with no pride.

He slept, feeling sure that no rider would be on his trail in this kind of weather, for the trail he'd made was wiped out and covered over near as soon as he made it, and as for the horses he'd

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stole, he knowed they wouldn't be facing this storm and trying to go back, they'd be more for staying in shelter instead and try to find something to eat.

Seventeen head of Rocking R saddle stock, counting Smoky, was half a mile or so further down the creek bottom from where the half-breed was sleeping. They

The breed woke up, looked around and grinned, then got up and shook himself. The fire was started again, another bait was cooked and consumed, and after all was gathered, he mounted his horse and went to looking for the ponies he'd left to graze down the creek bottom. He run onto 'em a couple of miles further and

Heavy drifts was lunged into and hit on a high run as they tried to leave the rider behind.—Page 578.

hugged the thick willows for the shelter they'd give, and feed off the small green branches, the rye grass, and everything they could reach which they could chew on. Smoky and Pecos, side by side, rustled on through the deep snow, sometimes ahead and sometimes behind the other horses, all a-nosing around or pawing for whatever little feed could be found, but many cattle had been there ahead of 'em and when darkness came on they showed near as drawed as they'd been that morning.

The snowing had let up some during the day, but as night drawed near the wind got stronger, the snow was drifting, and there'd be another night of travel when no trail would be left to show.

where he'd figgered they'd be, and as dark settled over the snow-covered range, he fell in behind 'em and started 'em on the way.

An hour or so of travelling, and then Smoky, who was in the lead, found himself between the wings of a corral, a corral that was made of willows and well hid. The breed had built it for *his purpose*, and signs showed that it'd been used many a time before. Long willow poles made the gate, and after he run the ponies in, and put up the poles, he went after his rope on his saddle.

Many a brand had been changed in that corral, and on both horse and cow, other times he'd used it just to change horses, and that's what he wanted just

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now, a fresh horse. He wasn't changing for the sake of the tired horse he'd been riding, it was just that he didn't want to take chances of having a tired horse under him in case somebody jumped him.

His loop was made, and through the dark he was trying to see just what horse to put his rope on, the white background helped him considerable in making out the shapes of the ponies, and there was one shape he was looking out for before he let his loop sail, the shape of a mouse colored blaze faced horse which he'd noticed and watched all along. Pretty soon, and furthest away from him, he got a glimpse of Smoky's head, he recognized the white streak on his forehead, and his rope sailed.

Smoky snorted and ducked, the rope just grazed his ears and went on to settle over another horse's head. In the dark, the breed couldn't follow his rope, and he didn't know but what he'd caught Smoky till he pulled on the rope and brought the horse to him. He cussed considerable as he seen he'd caught another horse than the one he wanted, but as he noticed that this horse was good size and strong-looking, he let it go at that, and didn't take time to make another try for Smoky.

"I'll get you next time, you——" he says as he looked Smoky's way and saddled the horse he'd caught.

Letting the poles down the breed mounted the fresh horse, let the ponies out, and turned 'em out of the creek bottom onto a long bench. The strong winds had blowed most all the snow off there, and excepting for a few low places where it had piled deep, travelling was made easy. He kept the ponies on a trot most of the night, and sometimes where the snow wasn't too deep he'd crowd 'em into a lope.

Steady, the gait was kept up, and finally, after the breed seen that the ponies was too tired and weak to travel much more, he begin to looking for a place where he could hide 'em, and where they could rustle feed during the day that was soon to come. On the other end of the ridge he was following, he knowed of a place, and taking down his rope, he snapped it at the tired ponies and kept 'em on the move till that place was reached. There, another stop was made.

The storm had dwindled down and wore out till nothing was left but the high wind, it kept the snow drifting, which would keep on covering tracks and make travelling easier. But the breed didn't need the storm to help him no more, for, as he figgered, the country ahead and where he was headed was all open, he expected no riders would be found on the way at that time of the year, and as he'd been on that route many a time before with stolen stock, he knowed just how far it was between each good hiding and stopping place, both for himself and stock.

There was corrals on the way, some built by him, and others built by more of his kind. Sometime he would change the iron on the ponies he'd just stole, but as the hair was too long for anybody to be able to read the brand that was on 'em, that could wait a while till he got further away and he could travel in daytime more.

He was pleased with everything in general as he left the ponies and started hunting a shelter for himself. He grinned, satisfied, as he melted snow for his coffee and figgered on the price the ponies would bring. He knowed good horses, and even though they was in poor shape now he knowed what they'd turn out to be after a month's time on green grass.

And then there was Smoky, that mouse colored horse, he'd heard how four hundred dollars had been offered for that pony, and allowed that some other cowman to the south would be glad to give at least half that price for him, once it was showed what a cow horse he really was.

A few hundred miles to the south was the breed's hang-out, a place in a low country, and where the snow hardly stayed. Once there he could take it easy, let the ponies fatten up, and after the brand was well "blotched" so nobody would recognize the original, he'd sell 'em one at a time for a good price or ship 'em out to some horse dealer. In the meantime he had nothing to worry about, the storm had took his trail off the face of the earth, there was a good seventy miles between him and where he'd started with the horses, and near a hundred miles to the Rocking R home ranch.

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A long month had passed since Clint had rode out to get Smoky and came back with a calf instead. Every day since, that cowboy had been for going after Smoky again, but the deep snow and storms had more than kept him breaking trails for snow-bound cattle that was weak and needed bringing in, he couldn't find no no horse-thief would steal horses packing as well-known a brand as the Rocking R, unless he was a daggone fool, or a daggone good one. Anyway, as worried as Clint was, he felt some relieved in not finding the bunch Smoky had been with, for if he'd found them and no Smoky that'd been proof enough that the pony had

And even though *cattle* is what the wagons was out for there was more eyes out for Smoky, and cattle was only brought in as second best.—Page 583.

time and hadn't been able to frame no excuse so as he could hit out for Smoky's range. Then one morning he got up with a hunch, he tried to keep it down, but every morning it got stronger till finally Clint just had to saddle up the best horse he had and hit out for where Smoky had been wintering.

The last big storm had let up a few days before, and many fresh tracks covered the horse range. Clint trailed and trailed, he found and went through many bunches of ponies, but no Smoky. Even the bunch that pony was running with when last seen had seemed to evaporate into thin air, and there Clint wondered. He wondered if somebody'd stole him and the bunch, but he put that off, figgering that went and died somewheres. The other ponies he'd seen that day still looked good and strong, and that was proof enough that Smoky must be the same.

"Most likely him and his bunch just drifted with that last storm and went back to their home range," Clint thought as he headed his horse back for the ranch, but the hunch that was still with him didn't seem to agree with that thought none at all.

Two weeks later found the cowboy on the horse range once more, and making a bigger circle, but Smoky and his bunch still kept being amongst the missing. He told Old Tom about it as he got back to the ranch that night, but the old man didn't seem worried, he waved a hand as

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Clint said how he'd finally got to believe that the whole bunch had been stole.

"Don't worry," he says, "we'll find him and all the rest during horse round-up."

Finally, spring broke up, the deep drifts started to melting and the creeks begin to raise, then after a while, and when the "hospital stuff" had been turned out on the range a couple of weeks, riders begin stringing out toward the horse range and gathering the remuda Clint lined out by himself and hit for the country where Smoky had been raised. He reached the camp where he'd started breaking him, and from there he rode, every morning with a fresh horse and running down every bunch of stock horses, a-hoping to get sight of the mouse colored gelding.

He rode for a week and seen every horse that was on that range, strays and all, and finally after he'd combed the whole country where Smoky had run as a colt, he rode back to the ranch, feeling disappointed but a-hoping that the other riders had found him.

Clint kept a-comparing whatever horse he'd be riding with Smoky, and finds that pony a mighty poor excuse as compared with the mouse colored horse.—Page 584.

The remuda was in the big corrals, when he got there, all of it, excepting for the seventeen head which couldn't be found nowheres. Smoky was one of the seventeen.

There was a few more days riding, and

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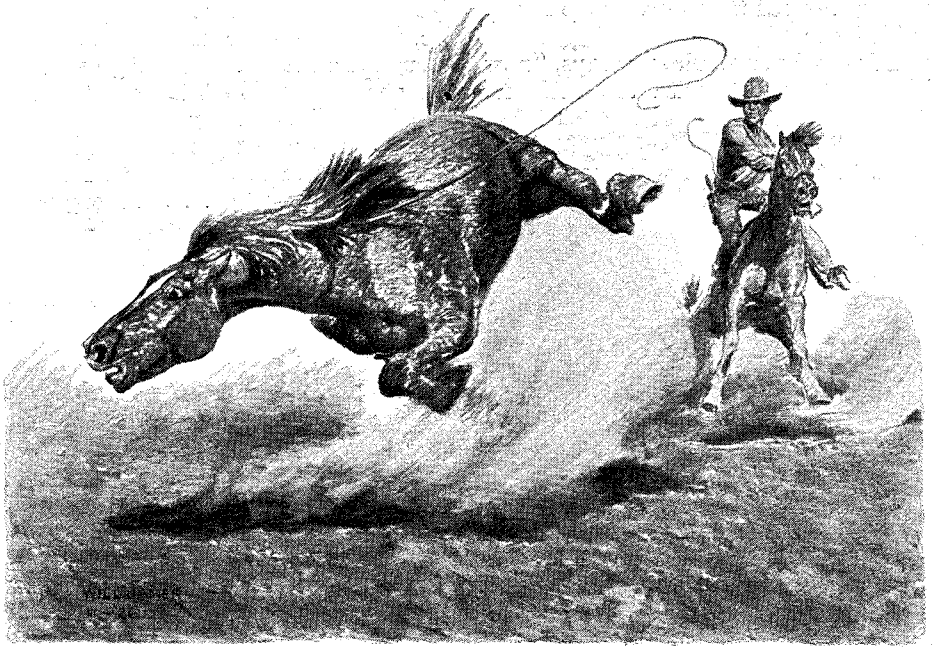
then of a sudden Old Tom decided Clint had been right, the horses was sure enough stolen. . . . His big car hit only the high spots as the old man headed for town, jack-rabbits was passed by and left behind the same as if they'd been tied, and when he hit the main street he was doing seventy. He put on his brakes and passed the sheriff's office by half a block, but he left his car there, and hoofed on a high run all the way back.

That official was notified of the theft, and notified to notify other officials of the State and other States around, and Old Tom stuck close to see that that was done and mighty quick. A thousand dollars reward was offered for the thief, and the same reward for the return of the horses, naming one mouse colored saddle-horse as special.

The spring round-up went by, summer, and then the fall round-up and the close of the season's work. Nothing of Smoky, nor any of the ponies he'd run with, or the horse-thief was heard of, it seemed like one and all had left the earth for good, and if what all Old Tom often wished on the thief could of come through, that hombre would of sure found himself in a mighty hot place.

Clint rode on for the Rocking R through that summer and fall, and always as he rode, he kept an eye on the country around and hoping that sometimes he'd run acrost his *one* horse, Smoky. He didn't want to think that the horse had been stolen, and he kept a-saying to himself as he rode: "He's just strayed away somewheres." . . . There wasn't a draw, coulee, or creek bottom passed by without the whole of it was looked into, and never before was the Rocking R country looked into so well. Every rider, on down to the wrangler, kept his eyes peeled for the mouse colored horse, and even though *cattle* is what the wagons was out for there was more eyes out for Smoky, and cattle was only brought in as second best.

It wasn't till fall round-up was near over that Clint begin losing all hope of ever seeing Smoky again in *that* country, and as them hopes left him, there came a hankering for him to move, maybe it was just to be moving and riding on some other range for a change, but back of it all, and if Clint had stopped to figger some, he'd found that his hankering to move wasn't only for seeing new territory, there was a faint hope away deep, that some day, somewheres, he'd find Smoky.



A rope had settled around his neck once, he'd fought till it broke, and run on a-dragging it.—Page 586.

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For that pony had got tangled up in the cowboy's heartstrings a heap more than that cowboy wanted to let on, even to himself. He couldn't get away from *how* he missed him, he'd thought of him when on day herd and how the horse had seemed to understand every word he'd said; on the cutting grounds, he'd kept a-comparing whatever horse he'd be riding with Smoky and finds that pony, no matter how good he was, a mighty poor excuse of a cow horse as compared with the mouse colored pony that was missing.

But all them good points of Smoky's was nothing as compared to the rest of what that horse really had been *as a horse,* and there's where Smoky had got under Clint's hide, as a horse, one in a hundred thousand.

The last of the wagons had trailed in to the home ranch, and the next day, the remuda was hazed out to the winter range. . . . Clint wasn't along that fall to see the ponies turned loose, instead he was in the big bunk house at the home ranch, and busy stuffing his saddle into a gunny sack. A railroad map was spread on the floor which the cowboy had been studying.

Jeff opened the door of the bunk house and took in at a glance what all Clint was up to, he noticed the railroad map laying by his foot and smiled.

"I figgered you would," he says, "now that Smoky is not with the outfit no more."

The first of winter had come and hit the high mountains of the southern country. Big, dark clouds had drifted in, drenched the ranges down to bedrock with a cold rain, and hung on for days. Then the rain had gradually turned to a wet snow, kept a-falling steady, and without a break, till it seemed like the country itself was shivering under the spell.

Finally, and after many long days, the dark clouds begin to get lighter and lighter and started lifting and drifting on, . . . then one evening, the sun got a chance to peek through and smile at the country again, it went down a-smiling that way and after it disappeared over the blue ridge a new moon took its place for a spell, and like as to promise that the sun would smile again the next day.

And it did, it came up bright and real fitting to that Arizona country, the air was clear as spring water in a granite pool, and as still. The whole world seemed dozing and just contented to take on all the warmth and life the sun was giving. A mountain lion was stretched out on a boulder, warm and comfortable, where the day before he'd been in his den all curled up and shivering, then a few deer come out of their shelter, hair on end and still wet through, but as they reached the sunny side of the mountain it wasn't long when it dried again, and laid smooth.

Further down the mountain and more on the foot-hills, a little chipmunk stuck his head out of his winter quarters and blinked at the sun, he blinked at it for quite a spell like not believing, and pretty soon came out to make sure. He stood up, rolled in the warm dirt, and in more ways than one made up for the long days he'd holed away. Other chipmunks came out, and then he went visiting, more seeds was gathered as he went from bush to bush and even though he already had a mighty big supply stored away he worked on as though he was afraid of running short long before spring come.

He was at his busiest, and tearing a pine cone apart for the nuts he'd find inside, when he hears something a tearing through the brush and coming his way. Away he went and high-tailed it towards his hole, and he'd no more than got there when he gets a glimpse of what looked like a mountain of a horse and running for all he was worth. . . . A long rope was dragging from his neck.

The chipmunk went down as far in his hole as he could, stood still and listened a minute, and then storing away the nuts he'd gathered, stuck his head out once more, he chirped considerable as he looked around to see if anything more out of the ordinary or dangerous-looking was in sight, and he'd just had time to blink at the scenery a couple of times, when he gets a glimpse of another horse, . . . this one packing a man, and at the same speed went right on the trail the other had left.

The chipmunk never wondered what this running was all about, he just chirped and ducked out of sight, but it wasn't long when he stuck his head out again and

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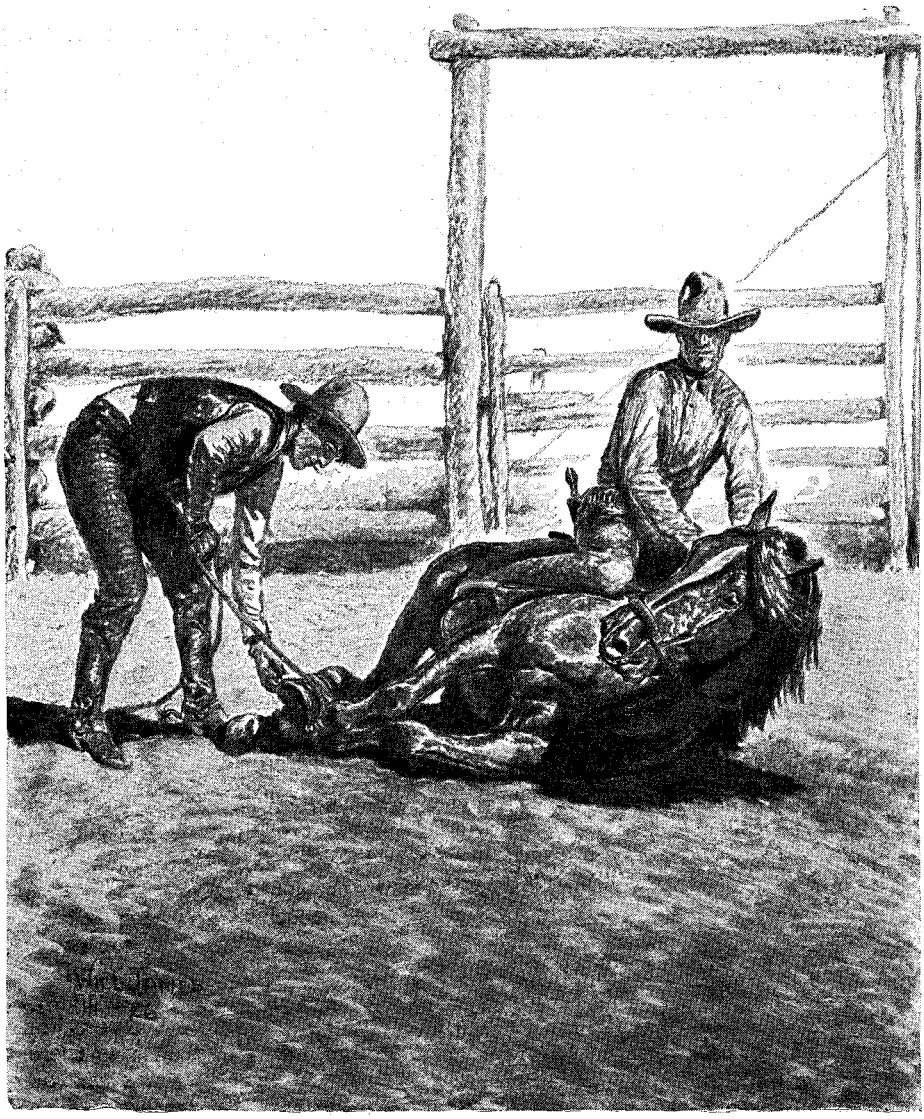

And while the breed was getting as much of the saddle under him as he could, the cowboy took off the foot ropes.—Page 589.

gradually showed all of himself. He stood up on a rock close to his hole, and looking around from there, he could see two objects out towards the flat, moving fast, and seeming like one trying to catch up with the other. He watched 'em, till a raise finally took 'em out of sight, then he watched some more and in other directions and seeing nothing that'd need watching, he went to visiting again and to gathering more nuts.

Out on the flat, and on the other side of the raise, the two objects went on. How glad that one object in the lead would of been to've changed places with the chipmunk and like him been able to crawl down a hole and hide for a spell. For hours and hours through the night he'd been trailed, his hoofs had sunk deep into the mud every step he'd took, but acrost foot-hills and 'dobe flats he'd went on, always the human close behind.

Twice that human'd disappeared and he'd took hope, but soon he'd show up

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again, and mounted on a fresh horse would chase him some more. A rope had settled around his neck once, and he'd fought till it broke, and he'd run on a-dragging it.

He was getting tired, mighty tired, and beginning to feel with each step he took that the country was in cahoots with the man and trying to hold him back. His feet went ankle deep in the soft, rain-soaked ground, and pulling out and placing 'em ahead steady, on and on, was getting to be more and more of an effort.

Once again the man disappeared, only to show up with another fresh horse, the man's relay string had been well placed and as the horse he'd been chasing was getting tired and easier right along to turn the way he wanted him, he could near see how the end of the chase was going to be.

The sun was getting well up in the sky when skirting along the foot-hills and going through a thick bunch of cedars, the tired horse noticed dead cedars piled up in a way that made a fence. Any other time he'd whirled at the sight and went some other way, but his vision wasn't very clear no more, nor was his brain working very good, he'd went on his nerves and kept on long after his muscles had hollered "quit" and he'd got to the point where he was running because something away back in his mind kept a-telling him that he should, really not knowing why. He was past caring where he went, and even if the rider behind had stopped and quit, he'd kept on running just the same and till he'd dropped.

He followed the cedar fence hardly realizing it was there. Then from the other side of him appeared another fence, it gradually pinched in on him as he went, till finally both fences led up to a gate and into a corral hid in the thick trees. There he stopped, realizing, somehow, that he couldn't go no further and, legs wide apart, breathing hard, sweat a-dripping from every part of him, he stood still.

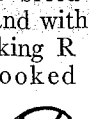
The half-breed closed the pole gate, and turned, looking at the horse.

"Now, you damned ornery mouse colored hunk of meanness, I guess I got you."

But Smoky, eyes half closed and not seeing, head near touching the ground, and the rest of him trying hard to stay up, never seemed to hear.

Many months had passed and many things happened since Smoky had been hazed away from his home range on the Rocking R. There'd been long nights of travelling when many miles was covered and very little feed was got on the way. Them long, weary miles of travel had accumulated till near a thousand of 'em separated him from the country where he'd been born and raised.

Many strange looking hills and flats he'd crossed as he was kept on the go with Pecos and the rest of the bunch, and when he'd come to the desert it'd been a great relief, the deep snow had gradually been left behind by then, and the bare sage-brush flats had took the place of the snow-covered prairie. Many bunches of wild ponies had been seen on the way and once in a while a little bunch of cattle was passed by. The country had kept a-changing, from rolling prairie it went to low hills, low hills to mountains, and on the other side more low hills and then sage-brush, the sage-brush had stayed in the landscape from then on and only added some yuccas as the southern country was reached, then Spanish dagger, barrel cactus, and catclaw.

Finally a wide river in a deep canyon of many colors had been reached and swimmed acrost, a few days more travel, and then it seemed like Smoky and the bunch had got *there*, anyway there'd been no more travelling. The next day, the half-breed had corraled all the ponies, and with a running iron blotched the Rocking R brand over with what looked like a Wagon Wheel.  The original brand was disfiggered complete, and then the horses was shoved up on a high knoll while the new brand healed. The knoll was a high flat mesa, with rimrocks all around and where it could be got up on only in one place, that place had then been closed with a rope and a blanket stretched over it. There was good feed up there, and enough snow and rain water in a natural reservoir to last many days.

All would of been well for Smoky, and

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the long trip with the bucking of snow, hard travelling, and all with the changes of the country would of been took in as it come, but along with that trip, there'd growed something between that pony's grow till murder showed in his eye, and the little fear that was still with him was all that'd kept him from doing damage to the dark complected human that'd trailed along behind all the way. He'd boiled

Smoky's interest was all for shedding the saddle right then and all that carried the breed's smell.—Page 590.

ears which had got to chafe. It was a hate, a hate with poison and all for the breed that'd kept him and the others on the move.

Smoky was born with a natural fear and hate of the human, he'd carried it always, excepting when Clint, *that one man*, was around, but hating humans had never bothered him, not till the dark face of the breed had showed itself over the skyline.

With him in sight, that hate had got to over to himself, stayed in the lead, and far away from the breed as he could.

The breed had throwed a rope at him one day, and missed. Smoky had never been missed that way before, and from that once he'd learned that by ducking at the right time there was such a thing as dodging a rope. The next day the breed had throwed his rope at him again, and Smoky, watching, had ducked at the right time and once more the loop had

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missed. The breed begin cussing as he spread another loop and tried to place it around Smoky's neck, but his cussing didn't do him any good, and the loop had fell short a foot from the dodging pony's head.

Smoky would of enjoyed all that, if he hadn't meant it so much, and what's more the breed had got ferocious, which all made things more serious for the horse. He'd hated the sound of that breed's voice as that hombre, fighting his head, and cussing for all he was worth, had coiled up his rope once more and made ready for another try.

And in that third throw the breed had fooled Smoky. He'd swung his rope like as to throw it, but the loop had never left his hands. Smoky had dodged and dodged thinking sure that the rope had come, but it never had, and finally when he'd quit dodging, it did come, and with the speed of a "blue racer" had circled around his neck.

Smoky had fought like a trapped grizzly as the rope had drawed up, and the breed had to take a few turns around a corral post to hold him.

"I'll fix you now, you——"

Cussing a blue streak, the breed had broke a limb off the willows that hung over the corral, and coming towards Smoky had been for showing that horse who was boss. He'd went to work, and tried to break the limb over the fighting pony's head. Orneriness had stuck up in the breed's gizzard, and anything would be done, even killing the horse right there would of been hunkydory so long as he could ease his feelings some.

He'd pounded and pounded till the limb begin to break, and as he'd noticed it give that way he was going to keep on till it did break, but there again, luck had been against him. The rope that'd held Smoky went and separated at the honda and set the horse free.

The breed had raved on some more at seeing his victim getting away, and throwed the club after him as the pony staggered back amongst the other ponies, and then somehow realizing that then was no time to fool with ornery horses, the breed had caught another horse.

"I'll tend to you some more," he hollered at Smoky, and getting on the other horse he'd let the bunch out and started 'em on the trail.

Two hundred miles of that trail was covered, and in the time it took to cover that distance, Smoky had fed on hate for the breed till that hate growed to a disease. Killing the breed would be all that could cure it. Every blow that human had pounded on his head that day, a couple of weeks past, had left a scar, a scar that healed on the surface, but which went to his heart instead, spread there, and stayed raw.

Then one day, on the edge of a big desert flat and amongst the junipers, the breed spotted a high, strong corral. A log cabin with smoke coming out of the chimney was off to one side a ways, and standing in the door was a man, the first man the breed had seen since starting out with the stolen horses, but he felt safe, five hundred miles had been covered, the brands on the horses had all been "picked," and besides, as he figgered, it'd be a good place to stop a while and recuperate, and as he seen the place was a cow camp, he thought maybe he could get the cowboy to help him some with that mouse colored horse he was still wanting to "tend" to and packing a grudge against.

The cowboy wasn't much for the breed the minute that hombre rode up, but as company was scarce, he kinda stood him, and even agreed to help him with the horse.

Smoky watched the two walk in the corral the next day, and knowed something was up. His ears laid back at the sight of the breed and hate showed from every part of him, he was ready to fight, and if anything he was glad of the chance.

But Smoky had no chance, too many ropes settled on him at once, and the first thing he knowed, he was flat on his side and tied down before he could use either hoof or teeth.

The horse was no more than down and helpless, when the breed, seeing his victim within reach and where he couldn't get away, begin to get rid of what'd been on his chest for so long, and when Smoky, even though tied down, reached over and near pulled the shirt off of him with his teeth was when the breed figgered he had

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an excuse to beat that horse to a pulp even though the horse had no chance.

The cowboy, not understanding the breed's tactics for a spell, stood off a ways, and watched. There was all about the horse to show that he'd been right in his first dislike for the dark faced hombre, cowboy grinned to himself as he helped the breed put the saddle on Smoky. Once he'd got a little too close to that pony's head while helping that way, and that horse come within an inch of getting his arm, the cowboy overlooked it, and to himself, remarked: "The poor devil had

That pony had been harder to get near than any of the wild ones he was with.—Page 590.

at first he was for interfering and shove the club the breed was using right down his throat, then as he noticed how the pony would like to do the damaging instead, he thought of a better way and walked up.

"Listen, feller," he says to the breed, "what's the use of beating a horse up that way, why don't you give him a chance and try to do it *while you're setting on him?*"

"Maybe you think I can't do it," says that hombre, bleary eyed, and mad clear through.

The scheme had worked fine, . . . the sure got a reason to be mean, and I guess he's at the point where he figgers no human is his friend any more."

The cowboy was right, anything on two legs, wether it was the breed or any other human, had sure enough got to be Smoky's enemy, a crechure to scatter into dust and put out of the way whenever a chance showed up.

The saddle was cinched on, and while the breed was getting as much of the seat under him as he could, the cowboy took off the foot ropes, and soon as the last coil was pulled away, he made long steps for the highest part of the corral and

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where he could watch everything to *his heart's content.*

The cowboy had no more than reached the top hole of the corral when a sudden commotion, which sounded like a landslide, made him turn. Smoky had come up, and at last given a chance had more than started to make use of it. It was his turn to do some pounding, and he done it with the saddle that was on his back and which went with every crooked and hard hitting jump he made.

The breed had rode many hard horses and he was a good rider, but he soon found that Smoky was a harder horse to set than any he'd ever rode before, and as good a rider as he was there was many a twist brought in that he couldn't keep track of, they kept a-coming too fast, and it wasn't long when he begin to feel that setting in that saddle on such a horse was no place for him. The saddle horn and cantle was taking turns and hitting him from all sides, till he didn't know which way he was setting. Pretty soon he lost both stirrups, and once as he was a-hanging over to one side, one of them stirrups came up and hit him between the eyes. That finished him—he hit the ground like a ton of lead.

The cowboy, up on top of the corral, had laughed and enjoyed the performance all the way through, and when the breed dug his nose in the dust of the corral he laughed all the more, he'd never been more agreeable to seeing a man get "busted" in his life.

The breed layed in a heap, never moving, and then the cowboy finally getting serious, was for getting him out of there before the horse spotted him, and reduced him into thin air. Somehow, he wasn't caring to see a human get tore apart and right before his eyes that way even if that human did deserve killing, but Smoky's interest was all for shedding the saddle right then and all that carried the breed's smell, finally *it* begin to slip, higher and higher on his withers it went till the high point was reached, and then it started going down. When it reached the ground the hackamore had come off with it, and before Smoky, slick and clean, straightened up again, the breed had picked himself up and, without the help of the cowboy, sneaked out of the corral.

The next few minutes was used by that cowboy in telling the breed to get another horse saddled and hit the trail while the hitting was good, and helping him getting his horses together, boosted him out of camp. But the breed wasn't through with Smoky, he was going to "tend to him" again, some other time.

Months had went by before that other time come, and it'd been away late in the next fall before that hombre ever put his hands on Smoky again. In that time, the other ponies, which all had seemed inclined to behave, had been sold. Smoky had been kept in the corral, treated with a club regular, and fed "post hay," till, as the breed figgered, he'd break that pony's spirit, or break his neck, but he was going to *make* him behave some way, so as he'd be worth the price he'd be asking for him.

Then one night a high March wind had sprung up, rattled the corral gate, and finally worked it open. Smoky hadn't been long in seeing the opening, and when a few days later the breed, hunting for the horse, spotted him, the mouse colored gelding had took up with the wild bunch, and only a glimpse of him did he get.

Every once in a while that whole summer, the breed had tried cutting Smoky out of the wild bunch and run him in, but that pony had been harder to get near than any of the wild ones he was with. He knowed what was on the programme for him if that breed ever caught him again, the steady beatings he'd got from him had made his hate grow for the human till a striking rattlesnake looked like a friend in comparing.

But the breed hadn't been for quitting, he couldn't stand to have anything get the best of him, not even an ornery pony, and as Smoky enjoyed his wild freedom them summer months, the breed had kept a-studying which circle Smoky and the wild ones would take whenever they was being chased, and getting a good lay of the land he finally figgered a plan.

And, that's how come, when he started out after Smoky again in the fall he knowed just where to place a relay string of ponies. At the other end was a trap corral and well hid. . . . Then the breed spotted the horse late one afternoon, and

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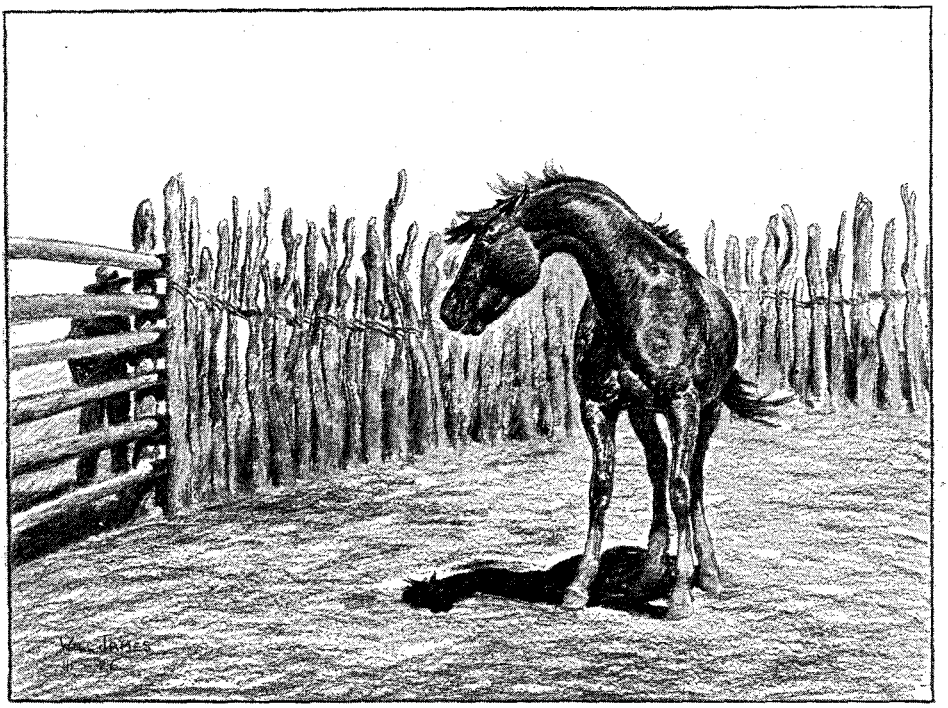
fell in behind him and the other wild ones he was with. It had been a long chase, the wild ones had dropped out of the run one by one and branched to one side, but Smoky and the rest of the strongest had kept on right along on the trail where the breed had stationed his fresh relay horses. Finally, and as the breed kept a-coming in on 'em with fresh horses, the strongest of the mustangs kept a-branching out, but Smoky had kept on straight ahead, till, leg weary and staggering, he'd found himself in the wings of the trap corral, and then inside, past being able to see the grinning half-breed who'd closed the gate on him.



The breed would often watch him through the corral poles and wonder if it wouldn't be best to just place a forty-five slug between that pony's ears instead of fooling with him.—Page 592.

A few days went by when Smoky seemed in a trance, he remembered some of being led and jerked all the way back to the breed's hangout, of being saddled the next day and jerked around some more, and then rode out and with spur and quirt, made to trot around. He didn't realize the breed had set on him or he didn't seem to care. The little hay that was throwed out to him wasn't noticed, and hardly did he drink, only if by chance he happened to mope around the corral and find himself standing in the stream that was running in one side of it.

There was everything about the horse to indicate that in a few more days he'd be laying down, never to get up no more, his trail seemed fast coming to an end, and the heart that was left in him had shrunk till nary a beat of it could be felt. The breed kept a-riding him out, thinking he at last and for sure had the horse right where he wanted him.

"I'll make a good horse out of you, you scrub," he'd say as he'd beat him over the head with his quirt and at the same time cut him with the spur. Smoky had seemed to feel neither the quirt nor the spur, he didn't flinch nor even bat an eye as both would come down on him and leave the marks. There seemed to be no sign of hopes or life left in the horse and the abuse went on till, finally, and one

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day the breed happened to cut the horse a little deeper and in a more sensitive place.

That cut had stirred the pony's shrunk up heart, and a faint spark had showed in his eyes for a second. The next day Smoky even snorted a little as the breed walked into the corral, and he tried to buck some as he climbed into the saddle. The breed was surprised at the new show of spirit, and remarked as he took down his quirt.

"I'll take *that* out of you."

From that day on Smoky's heart begin to expand towards natural size once more. . . . But it wasn't the same kind of heart that had once been his, that first one had died, and this one had took root from abuse, growed from rough treatment to full size and with hankerings in it only for finding and destroying all that wasn't to his liking, and there was nothing to his liking no more.

The breed he hated more than anything in the world, but Smoky, with that new heart of his, wasn't for showing them feelings much, he'd got wise in ways of how and when to do his fighting, and where it'd do most good, he'd wait for a chance. In the meantime he'd got to eating every stem of what little hay the breed would hand him, he'd have to live to carry out them new ambitions of his.

But somehow, a hint of Smoky's new ambitions must of leaked out, anyway the breed had a hunch that it wouldn't be well for him to come too close to that pony's teeth and hoofs, he'd often watch him through the corral poles and wonder, he'd sometimes wonder if it wouldn't be best to just place a forty-five slug between that pony's ears instead of fooling with him, but the hopes of still being able to sell the horse for a good price would always keep him from drawing his gun.

"A good long ride'll fix you," says the breed one morning as he drug his saddle near the corral chute. "And I've got a hell of a long one ahead for you to-day."

Smoky was prodded into the chute with a long pole, and saddled where he couldn't move, then the breed climbed in the saddle, opened the chute gate and started the horse out on a long run.

Ten miles of country was covered which Smoky didn't see, his instinct made him dodge badger holes and jump washouts, and his eyes and ears was steady back and on the human he was packing, if he could only reach with his teeth and get him down.

The breed's spurs kept a-gouging him, and along with the quirt a-pounding, Smoky was kept into a high lope. With that kind of tattoo being played on him the pony gradually begin to warm up and getting peeved, it wouldn't be long, if that gait was kept up, when he'd be reaching the boiling point, and then get desperate.

A steep bank was reached by the edge of a creek, and there Smoky sorta hesitated a second. His ears and eyes was pointed ahead for that second and looking for a place where the going down wouldn't be so sudden, when the breed, always looking for some reason to deal the horse misery, put the steel and laid the quirt to him at once. That took Smoky by surprise, and the flame that'd been smoldering in his heart loomed up into a active volcano all at once.

Down over the bank he went, and when he landed he had his head between his front legs and went to bucking from there. By some miracle the breed stuck him for half a dozen jumps, then he made a circle in the air and landed on all fours at the foot of the bank.

A shadow on the ground and right by him made the breed reach for his gun near as quick as he landed, it was the shadow of the horse and too close, his gun was out of the holster and he turned to use it, but he was just the splinter of a second too late, and the six-shooter was buried in the ground as Smoky, like a big cougar, pounced on him.

["Smoky—Gone Bad," will appear in the July number.]

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Earthquake Days in Santa Barbara

BY HENRY S. PRITCHETT
President of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching

But now at last their chance has come,
The Earthquake beats his throbbing drum.
—*The Lyric West.*

IN California the Earthquake is not an event, it is an institution. But the poets and authors of the Golden State have not yet interpreted it to the world as they have other California institutions and attributes. John Muir seems to have come nearest to a sympathetic treatment of the theme. His earthquake experience was in the Yosemite.

"We had a glorious storm of the kind called earthquake. . . . It is delightful to be trotted and dumpled on our mother's mountain knee. I hope we will be blessed with some more. The first shock of the morning at 2.30 o'clock was the most sublime storm I ever experienced. Though I never had enjoyed a storm of this sort, the thrilling motion could not be mistaken, and I ran out of my cabin, both glad and frightened, shouting, 'A noble earthquake!' feeling sure I was going to learn something. . . . These earthquakes have made me immensely rich. I have long been aware of the life and gentle tenderness of the rocks, and, instead of walking upon them as unfeeling surfaces, began to regard them as a transparent sky. Now they have spoken with audible voices and pulsed with common motion. . . ."

Whether Muir's impressions would have been so idealistic had he viewed the earthquake amid the shaking walls of his own home to the music of broken crockery and furniture may well be doubted; for though John was what he himself described as a Godful man, he had a frugal Scotch instinct and took excellent care of his possessions. At all events it is safe to say that few persons whose houses were rocked by the Santa Barbara shake would voice their emotions in the precise words that Muir used to describe his.

An earthquake story begins with the weather. Whoever has loitered along the sunny coast of southern California must at some time have seen an old Californian cock his eye toward the sky and remark solemnly: Good earthquake weather! Those who study the earth's crust and its movements have never been able to trace any relation between earthquakes and the weather. Nevertheless, the earthquake at Santa Barbara on the 29th of last June fell in with the tradition of old California. For three days before the disaster the weather had been unusually warm and close, and for some days following it was extraordinary. The week included two thunder-showers, a hot wind from the desert, and a water-spout along the shore —an unprecedented record. Whether or not the earthquake and the weather have any connection, it is a fact that the weather misbehaved during the week of the Santa Barbara shock.

The effects of the earth vibration at Santa Barbara on the 29th of June varied widely in different parts of the city and neighborhood. A number of buildings were destroyed. Others were slightly damaged, losing chimneys or suffering other small injuries. Still others received no appreciable injury. These differences were due to a number of causes. Well-built houses on solid foundations suffered little. On the other hand, similar buildings on deep alluvial soil were badly injured. For example, the Lincoln School and the Wilson School, in different parts of the city, were identical in design and, so far as could be ascertained, precisely similar in construction. But one was much more seriously damaged than the other. A house upon solid rock receives almost no damage in an earthquake,

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for the vibrations of the earth in solid rock are rapid but of very small amplitude. When these vibrations pass from the solid rock to loose soil they become slower but are greatly magnified, and even a well-built house upon such soil is likely to suffer severe damage unless there is a solid foundation for the whole structure upon which it can move as a unit.

The injuries to houses varied also with the quality of the construction. Well-built houses with roofs and walls firmly put together naturally suffered less than houses carelessly built or constructed with inferior materials. Adobe is very brittle, and adobe houses were badly broken. Concrete in which a poor quality of sand was used proved a very dangerous building material. Still another circumstance which affected the degree of injury was the nearness of the structure to the fault and the contour of the underlying material. A situation on the brow of a hill has long been known to be dangerous, since the earthquake wave, when it emerges at the brow of the hill, acts not vertically but laterally or diagonally. All of these causes contributed to the effect which any particular building would undergo through the earthquake shock and would naturally, to a large extent, fix the kind of experience which the people in the buildings would undergo.

My personal experience of the earthquake was in a well-built wooden house, on a good foundation, which suffered little damage. The first and most severe shock came about 6.45 A. M. I was occupying a sleeping-porch which looked out on the ocean and the mountains. I had just been wakened by the morning light, and was deliberating whether to pull the shades and have another nap when I heard the ominous roar of the oncoming earth movement. From a limited experience in Japan I was familiar with this feature of an earthquake, and the dwellers in Santa Barbara had reason, during the next few weeks, to become thoroughly acquainted with it. This roar could be heard two or three seconds in advance of most of the heavier shakes, but it was loudest and most terrifying as a forerunner of the first great movement of the earth. The noise has been often described.

The roar which preceded the first shock was that of a grinding, crushing process, not a comforting sound to hear. I had barely time to realize that a sharp earthquake was at hand when the shaking began. The vibrations seemed to come from the north, and for half a minute or such a matter the house rocked and jumped. One felt as if he were on the back of a bucking horse, with no control of the horse. The house seemed uninjured, although, like Muir in the Yosemite, I could scarcely understand why anything remained standing.

The members of my household made haste to clothe themselves in slippers and wrappers, and to reach the garden at the back of the house before the next shake, which came in about five minutes. While not so violent as the first shock, the impression made upon one in the open was more terrifying than that in a well-built house. The plainly visible motion of the wave in the ground gave a sense of utter helplessness. These waves appeared to be about twenty-five feet long, and one could see them as they crossed the lawn or travelled down a hedge. Trees bent over as the wave came up and returned to an upright position after the wave had passed. The whole effect upon the face of nature was uncanny. The earth seemed to shudder in distress.

During the first fifteen minutes there were seven of these shocks of diminishing intensity. Thereafter, during the day, tremors of greater or less strength kept coming, but none comparable to those of the first fifteen minutes. A hundred and ten such vibrations were recorded the first day from Santa Barbara on the Pasadena seismograph.

While the earthquake of June 29 was not reckoned by seismologists as one of the first magnitude, nevertheless the city of Santa Barbara suffered a great disaster. The business section of the city, built upon rather deep soil, suffered most. The main street was one mass of débris from fallen buildings or from buildings that had been partially destroyed. Had the disaster come at a later hour, there would have been considerable loss of life. As it was, some fourteen persons were killed. Not only business houses, but hotels, churches—including the Old Mission—schools, and private houses, both small and great, suf-

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fered damage varying from total destruction to the loss of chimneys or the cracking of plaster. In half a minute of time a prosperous community in one of the most charming places of the world, and living in a peaceful sense of security, found itself confronted with an overwhelming disaster.

The behavior of the people of the community under these trying circumstances was such as to hearten one's faith in the resourcefulness and courage of the American people. Within two hours the streets were patrolled by ex-service men, appointed by the city authorities. Registration of men for service had been opened in the Plaza and active work begun for the rescue of any who might be caught in the ruins, for the clearing up of débris, and for the restoration of business. Effective patrol prevented any looting. This patrol was taken over on the second day by five hundred Marines, landed from a warship, in whose hands the policing of the city was admirably and effectively carried out. The members of the community, rich and poor, rallied to the common work of succor and of restoration in the most admirable spirit. Santa Barbara has maintained for some years an active Community Arts Association which has done much to knit the community together. The fruits of its work were evident in the community spirit in the face of this disaster.

There were not wanting notable instances of individual bravery and presence of mind. The electric-light switches were shut off and the gas mains were closed by men who not only thought quickly but who carried out these duties at grave risk. In the ruins of one of the largest buildings there was heard, an hour after the disaster, the cries of a woman, deep down beneath the mass of débris. This mass was being shaken at frequent intervals by fresh shocks, and threatened to overwhelm any one who approached it. A plain, every-day American with an acetylene torch, a chisel, and a hammer worked his way slowly down through the tangled ruins, and, at the end of six hours, after cutting away the concrete block which held the poor woman a prisoner, succeeded in bringing her safely to the doctor who was waiting to minister to her needs. She completely recovered, notwithstanding her frightful experience.

It was clear from the beginning that emergency aid would be needed beyond that which the community itself could at once furnish. Hospitals had to be rebuilt. Emergency schoolhouses to shelter children in the autumn term must be got ready. Families whose houses were destroyed or seriously injured must be assisted. The charitable institutions, such as the Associated Charities, must be housed in order to serve the community.

To deal with these public causes, to collect such emergency funds as could be obtained, and to disburse them, a committee of citizens was appointed by the Common Council, and through this committee was carried out such public emergency rehabilitation as could be effected through funds secured partly by outside aid and partly by subscriptions in the city of Santa Barbara itself.

No appeal was made to the nation at large, though Santa Barbara would have welcomed it. There was a feeling in California that the State itself ought to care for such a disaster as had fallen upon one of her cities. An appeal was therefore made through a state-wide organization for $1,100,000 for emergency purposes for which cash was needed. Some weeks elapsed before this appeal could be laid before the people of the State. The story had, by that time, grown cold and the response was slower than had been hoped for. In the end some $600,000 was raised throughout the State, and this sum, with approximately $260,000 collected in Santa Barbara itself, constituted the relief fund. With it the more immediate emergency needs were met—personal and family relief, restoration of public charitable buildings, such as those of the hospitals, of the Associated Charities, and of emergency structures to enable the public schools to receive their pupils in the autumn. Some 300 families were assisted in the rehabilitation of their homes. This work was admirably carried out by a unit of the National Red Cross detailed for this purpose. Part of the relief fund was used to obtain expert advice in planning the restored city, in testing materials, and in inaugurating a sound building code.

Public-spirited citizens co-operated in a

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common effort to make the new Santa Barbara a city built upon sound principles of construction and one that should be beautiful in the fitness and grace of its architecture. These splendid purposes are on the way to accomplishment. A charming new Santa Barbara will replace the city that the earthquake shook so rudely. To this task its people are addressing themselves patiently and bravely. The great, busy world has forgot it.

The aid given to Santa Barbara, and for which its citizens are most grateful, sufficed only for the most urgent emergency needs. It did not include the churches, some of which were entirely destroyed and some, among them the famous Mission, sadly injured. It did not include the public library, which was badly shattered. It was characteristic of the spirit of the community that within two weeks the library was in full operation in a large stable, kindly loaned by the owner for that purpose, and fortunately provided with a strong loft, built, in the days before automobiles, to hold many tons of alfalfa, and therefore able to carry many books. And books make a heavy load, even though many of them are classified as light literature. This library in a stable was a most cheerful spot throughout the earthquake days. The horse-stalls made excellent alcoves, and under a spreading oak-tree was the outdoor reading-room that was a joy to readers. No one thing did more to hearten the community than to see the library carry on in a stable, with readers coming and going notwithstanding the recurring shakes.

Throughout historic time the world has been more quick to respond to the aid of the community visited by an earthquake than to any other form of disaster. In the year 224 B. C. a terrible earthquake occurred on the Island of Rhodes. The entire Greek and Roman world united in the effort to minister to the stricken island. Enormous amounts in money and supplies were sent to the sufferers, accompanied by messages of sympathy that even to this day stir the heart. To commemorate it a beautiful monument was erected in the market-place at Syracuse showing Rhodes crowning Sicily in her act of sympathy. For the world of our day the American Red Cross stands fully organized, alert and ready for such emergencies. That we should maintain such an agency is one of the finest evidences of a growth of human sympathy that knits together all mankind in works of mercy.

The popular notion of an earthquake pictures it as a momentary cataclysm. The actual earthquake experience of a community is quite different. The earthquake begins with a sharp shock followed by others, generally in diminishing strength. In the first fifteen minutes of the Santa Barbara earthquake there were seven strong shocks, of which the first was far the strongest and of longest duration. Throughout the first day other shocks—some fairly sharp but mainly small tremors—continued. The second day the number greatly diminished; on Wednesday there were still fewer; and on Thursday Mother Earth was so peaceful that there was a general feeling the affair was over. But at half past eight on Friday there came what was locally described as a "humdinger," another at ten-thirty, a third at one in the afternoon. This day tried the morale of the town more sorely than any other. Persons who had business elsewhere found Saturday a good day to go and attend to it. From this date the vibrations diminished both in number and in intensity. By September 15 there had been recorded on the Pasadena seismograph 285 records from Santa Barbara shakes. Of these, some 40 were designated as strong. These shakes still continue at intervals six months after the disaster. It is the common history of this kind of an earthquake. In the Messina earthquake of 1908 the shocks continued for over a year. Light tremors followed the San Francisco earthquake for six months or more. When a great section of the earth's crust has slipped, even by a small amount, it requires a long time for the mass to settle into its final position. In the process these minor shakings are inevitable. To really appreciate an earthquake season one needs to live some months with it. This is what the community as a whole must do. In the end it accepts the earthquake as a part of the order of nature.

Two questions were in the mouth of every visitor to the scene of the Santa Barbara disaster. What caused the earthquake? and Why are there more earth-

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quakes on the borders of the Pacific Ocean than along the shores of the Atlantic?

The first of these can be answered with reasonable certainty. Upon the second there is not entire agreement among the students of the physics of the earth's crust.

The earthquake was long regarded as a visitation of divine wrath. We know now that these movements of the earth's crust, commonly called earthquakes, are among the most usual and natural of all the phenomena of our globe. They occur in every part of the world. Between ten and twenty thousand such movements in the earth's crust are recorded annually on the seismographs scattered over the earth's surface. Nothing is more in accordance with the process of nature than these earth movements.

Those who studied geography fifty years ago were taught that the earth's crust is a thin, solid shell enclosing a highly heated liquid interior. Many a child as he eyed this thin shell, as pictured in the geography of that day, walked gingerly for a time lest he break through into the molten interior!

The researches of the last fifty years have completely changed these conceptions. We know now that the earth behaves under the differential attraction of the sun and moon with the rigidity of steel, and that while the interior is, no doubt, quite hot, the enormous pressure keeps it solid and rigid. This heat is evidenced by hot springs and volcanic lava, but these originate at very shallow depths, probably not over five or ten miles. They are like pricks in the skin of a man's body.

The study of the physics of the earth indicates that about 40 per cent of its mass is made up of iron. Oxygen, silicon, magnesium, and nickel are the next most common materials. These five substances constitute about 95 per cent of the whole mass of our globe. If one could make a section from the circumference to the centre of the earth, he would probably find some such condition as the following, as described by Doctor Washington, of the Geophysical Laboratory.

At the centre a huge sphere of metallic iron or nickel-iron extending more than half-way to the surface. Near its outer border particles of stone are scattered through the metal, and these increase in quantity as one goes toward the surface, until the material becomes finally stone, sprinkled with relatively small masses of metal. At a depth of perhaps one thousand miles from the surface the iron almost disappears and the material becomes wholly stone. These gradually pass into lighter layers of rock near the top. The beds of limestone, sandstone, shale, coal, and disintegrated rock in the form of soil which compose the surface are so thin that their mass is negligible when compared with that of the earth as a whole. The metals constitute a minute fraction of the surface.

On this light shell of surface rock and soil we live. As the heat slowly escapes from the interior the surface shell will contract, and strains necessarily occur in the surface which result in cracks, called by the geologists faults. How deep these faults go we do not know. The smaller ones may not be more than a mile in depth, the longer ones are probably to be measured in tens of miles. These lines of fracture in the earth's surface, known as faults, split up various sections of the surface into irregular blocks. The rocks in which the faults occur are firmer and more highly elastic than they are at the surface.

An earthquake is simply an elastic shock which originates in a slip along some fault where the rocks have been held by friction, under increasing strain, until they yield and send vibrations sometimes far along the surface, sometimes through the globe. This last would be impossible if the interior of the earth were liquid. The transmission of these earthquake vibrations is itself one of the proofs of the solidity of the earth. The only message we ever get from the depths of the earth are those that the earthquake vibrations carry.

The Santa Barbara earthquake of June 29 was the result of a slip along some of the faults which characterize the rocky foundations of the mountains, the coastal plain, and the submarine slope of that region. The exact location of the faults along which the slip occurred must be a matter of further study by the geologists. But the phenomenon itself was entirely characteristic of the earth movements

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which have been usual in this region for an indefinite period. The preliminary examinations made by Professor Bailey

greater or less intensity is experienced. The slipping relieves the strain for the time.

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"Ef'n she is a black gal, it's good luck."—Page 600.

Next Case

BY THOMAS RIPLEY

Illustrations by E. W. Kemble

BACK and forth, back and forth, Colonel Tobias Peckworth paced the narrow confines of his shabby office. From window to door and from door to window he trod, not swerving from his course by a hair's breadth. His slender fingers, interlaced at his back, gripped nervously; his gaunt figure hung forward as if laboring under a load which seemed to grow with every step, and his square jaw worked grimly. Once he had stopped in his tracks to look at the photograph of a charming young woman on his littered desk, and he had spoken sharply, harshly:

"Confound it, Nellie! if it hadn't a-been for you—" He caught himself and said no more, for if there was one person in the world to whom Colonel Peckworth was a slave, that person was his beautiful and talented daughter. Being a widower, he had lavished all upon her. He had sent her to college and afterward raked and scraped for the wherewithal to make her life one of pleasure and comfort. Perhaps he would have taken the hundred dollars from Jim Russell anyhow, he told himself over and over in his misery. "Confound that nigger!" he mouthed. "Here he comes like a fool and pays the whole bill when I told him as plain as day that the retainah fee was twenty-five dollars and the balance was to come if I got him free of that chicken stealing chawge!" He parted his mustache and spat vigorously at the spittoon. The colonel's talking to himself was as much a habit as his drinking.

"Durn his skin, why don't he come on!" He had faced many a reverse in life, but never before had he brought himself to disgrace. And here he stood so near the brink of disaster that his head swam with the very dizziness of the drop which confronted him. Of course it was bad enough to be poverty-stricken, with naught but a greenish-black Prince Albert

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coat as a remnant of his dignity, on the fretted cuffs of which he wore his pride, but to be shorn of his standing in a community was a calamity beyond recuperation. He knew that he would lose Russell's case to-morrow and then he would be revealed as a common cheat and swindler, disbarred and disgraced. What would become of Nellie? Mentally he beat his shallow bosom and cried out in anguish the illness of his heart. Outwardly he paced the floor with head down, mumbling and spitting furiously at the cuspidor, but inwardly he continued to etch the black picture of himself deeper and deeper into his consciousness. It was in the midst of this that he heard a familiar shuffling of feet along the corridor outside his office and he flopped down into his chair. Immediately he was Colonel Tobias Peckworth, attorney-at-law, and when Jim entered, bowing and grinning, he was all dignity.

"Mawnin', kunnel."

The colonel merely nodded, parted his mustache, and aimed a mouthful of tobacco juice at the spittoon.

"You're late," he drawled.

"Yassah, 'specks I is a little."

Colonel Tobias was reaching for a law book. He got down the Georgia criminal code and thumbed the pages thoughtfully. In a moment he found what he wanted and read it over to himself. Then he looked at Jim.

"The Gawgia law on burglary is from ten to twenty years in prison—" He eyed his client shrewdly. "Of course if we enter a plea of guilty there is a chance of reducing the term considerably."

Jim displayed his ivories in a broad grin. "Yassah, kunnel, dat's a fack. You all done tole me 'bout dat when I fust come heah. But ef'n de poleeces ain't found no chickens 'bout me and ain't nobody kotch me in dat white gen'man's chicken house, den howcum I pleads guilty?"

Colonel Peckworth's Adam's apple took a hop up his slender throat as he swallowed hard. He saw that argument was useless and that Jim intended to have his trial out and expected freedom. He felt like taking his gun and chasing the black rascal out. But he knew better than to do this because his end would be even more bitter. He could hear, even now, the judges saying among themselves: "Peckworth is a cheap crook and makes his money swindling ignorant nigger clients!" He brushed the thought from his mind and turned once more to the case. There may be a chance of winning, one could never tell.

"Suppose you tell me again, Jim, just where you were on the night they accuse you of entering Mr. Smith's chicken house."

"It's lack disheah, kunnel. I was a-settin' by de fiah at home when de poleeces jes' walks in and says, cum on, ole nigger, us got de evidence what say you all stole de chickens. An' I says, lawzy, cap'n, white folks, I ain't stole no chickens! An' de poleeces dey say, dassal right, ole nigger, us got de evidence. An' wiff dat dey scotch me off to de jail house."

"I see, and you deny stealing the chickens?"

"Course I do, kunnel. Ef'n de white gen'mans kotch me in de chicken house den I wont need no lawyah!"

"It would seem not, Jim, but the law doesn't say that a man must be caught in the act of a crime to be guilty. The State has four witnesses to testify to seeing you leave the chicken house. Mr. Smith saw you and says he shot at you. Two of Mr. Smith's neighbors will substantiate his testimony, and the Smith cook, a woman named Stella Bleeker, says she is positive about you."

"Dunno disheah Stella gal, kunnel. Ain't nevah knowd sech a pusson."

"But she said she knew you."

Jim scratched his head, then:

"Is she a yaller gal, or is she black, kunnel?"

"I didn't see her myself, Jim. I only know what the grand jury indictment chawges. Her name is on the true bill."

"Well, kunnel, ef'n she's a yaller gal it's bad luck, but ef'n she is a black gal, it's good luck. Dassal I got to say 'bout dat Stella pusson."

"Well, Jim, the cawds are suttinly stacked against you."

"Yassah, de dice is sho' loaded!"

"Our only chance is to prove an alibi."

Jim was baffled.

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"Which was dat us gonnah prove, kunnel?"

"An alibi."

"Yassah, us can prove dat 'oman's a liah, but I don't know 'bout de white gen'mens."

"No, no, Jim, you misunderstand me. I mean we must prove that you were where you were not. We must place you somewhere else at the time of the crime. Is that plain?"

"Yassah, I see de pint. Us got to make ole Jim Russell skace 'round dat chicken yahd 'bout de time dem chickens hopped off de roost. Yassah, I sees!"

"That's exactly right! Do you reckon that we could locate some witnesses to testify as to your whereabouts on the night of the crime?"

Jim shook his head.

"I recken us'll have to crap out on de alibiah pawt of de chickens, kunnel, kase de ain't nobody, as I reckleck, what knows more 'bout where ole Jim was dat night 'cept Jim hisself."

This left Colonel Peckworth at his wits' end. He was sure now that he saw nothing but utter failure and he more than ever began to dread the end. Wanting to be alone to battle the thing out with himself, he dismissed the negro with instructions for him to be on hand at the opening of court on the following morning. And when Jim had left he donned his hat, took up his cane, and strode from his office. On the street below he threw back his head and trod as one of power and importance.

Cicero.

Under the pressure of calamity a man will seek his friends and if he has no friends he will turn to the next best substitute. Colonel Peckworth was friendless, hopeless, undone. His day had been bitter and his hopes were sorely tried, and it seemed as though the moments had been turned into thorns, each to prick in a new spot. Crushed by the burden of adversity, he returned now to his substitute.

Down on the streets he directed his steps toward a side street where the buildings were old and shabby, and where pedestrians were fewer. He at length stopped in front of a barber shop, one of the cheaper sort. For a second he hesitated at the door, ran his hand into his trousers pocket and felt of his change.

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Satisfied, he entered the place. He seated himself on the shoe-shine stand and winked guardedly at a certain ginger-cake colored boy who came over quite promptly and whisked a shine rag over the colonel's shoes. He kept an eye on the lawyer, for he expected an order.

"Fetch me a quart, Cicero, a quart, and make it fast. I'll be at the office by the time you get there. Now, shine my shoes."

"Yassah, kunnel, yassah! I fotch it so quick de spawks'll fly out'n my heels!"

And Cicero meant it, for had not Colonel Peckworth once saved him from a chain-gang sentence? He used his whisk-broom vigorously on the lawyer's greenish coat as he followed him to the door and accepted the dime with a great bow.

"Yassah, kunnel, I hops dat licker right now!"

Colonel Perkworth returned straight to his office and had hardly arrived before the industrious Cicero was there with the bulky package. When the negro was gone he lifted the bottle to the light and studied its clear contents. Then he shook it to observe the "bead" and at length drew the cork and sniffed.

"Ah," he breathed, "smells like very good corn!" Then from a cabinet on the wall he took a glass and poured himself a goodly portion. To this he added a splash of water from the hydrant and then he swallowed the liquor in a gulp.

"Ah, very good corn, indeed!" he approved, smacking his lips. "Goes down quite easy, quite easy!" He then hid the bottle in his desk, settled himself in his chair, and drew some law books to him. "Now, we will see to this Russell case!"

Life was not so bad, after all.

Dawn found the colonel, his head buried in his arms, huddled against his desk. He awoke with the old dread hanging over him and looked around as if dazed. He saw the half-filled bottle of whiskey and reached for it with the fear that it might escape. Quickly he poured himself a drink, and, not taking time to add the water, swallowed it. Then, it came to him that this was the day of the Russell trial, and he decided to go to his room, wash, shave, and don a clean collar. So, taking care to conceal his bottle, he left his office.

At nine o'clock the long benches in the great Superior Court room were filled to their capacity with witnesses, spectators, and men summoned for jury service. The gallery above, set aside for negroes, was packed with rows of black and brown faces with, somewhere among them, a Jim Russell in whose being hung the fate of a thin little lawyer who sat alone at a table down behind the railing which enclosed the bar of justice.

And all around Colonel Peckworth the space inside the railing was astir with the business of the law. The prosecuting attorney, a towering, masterful man, who gripped a tremendous bundle of documents as though he held the evil forces of the world by the nape of the neck ready to shake them at his will, entered the enclosure and took his place at the prosecution table. Almost immediately he began a whispered conversation with a group of officials who assembled around him. Over in a corner, near the judge's bench, the gray-haired clerk of the court was working his fingers through a stack of papers and thumbing great books. Large-stomached deputies moved from place to place around the room keeping the crowd in order and dispatching the business of the court.

In the midst of all of this Colonel Peckworth sat hunched down in a chair which was pulled up before a table set aside for the use of defense attorneys and their clients. The colonel had gone home, shaved, and attired himself in fresh linen, and had then returned to his office, where he proceeded to dispose of the remaining half quart of Cicero's corn. Outwardly he appeared the most forlorn creature in the entire court-room; one would have thought he was on trial for murder. As a matter of fact Colonel Peckworth wasn't the least bothered and little he cared for all that was going on around him. The worries of a century were bedded down, for the time being, under the exhilarating influence of Cicero's white lightning. The colonel was vaguely aware of the fact that he had a case in Superior Court of the State versus Jim Russell, and he knew that he was going to lose it. But, in the colonel's own language, he didn't give a damn. He also knew that he was going to be branded as a cheap swindler

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when everything came to the final showdown, and he didn't give a damn for that either. He tried to look at the open pages of a law book he had placed on the table there in front of him, but he found that this was impossible because the lines ran together and then zigzagged across the page. He also discovered that he was holding the book upside down, and he tossed it aside with a dry chuckle. He let his eyes travel over the audience; he sought the black faces in the gallery and there seemed to be a million more faces than were really there, and he took his eyes away.

Then his attention was drawn to the court, for the judge, an austere man, with silvery hair and a waving mustache, had taken his seat. The court was being called to order. Colonel Peckworth could hear, and understand, everything that was being said; it was his sight that troubled him. He found it hard to pick out the looming figure of the prosecuting attorney, who had arisen from his place at the table; it made him dizzy to see the deputies moving from one place to another, and he rubbed his eyes when he looked at the judge, because he appeared to hop from one spot to another.

He ceased to look and hung his head and closed his eyes because it was much easier to listen. He heard the jurymen called—heard them sworn. He listened to the familiar names of witnesses, and his lips moved as he repeated to himself the oath which the prosecuting attorney used in swearing them. After this he heard the clerk call out the name of Jim Russell and he ventured to lift his head and stare in the direction of the audience. In a moment he saw a figure swaying down the aisle of the room, saw him stagger into the enclosure and fall over toward the defense table. Then he beheld a black face close to his and he knew the man must be his client.

When the negro was seated the prosecuting attorney arose from his seat and the colonel's eyes went out of focus. He shut them just as the opposing counsel asked him if he were ready for trial. Somehow he managed to answer that he was. He even attempted to look over toward where the prosecuting attorney was, but everything was a blur and he closed his eyes quickly. He found himself wondering if Cicero's liquor was making him blind, but laughed if off because he well remembered that he had drunk much of it the afternoon before and he wasn't blind in the morning when he woke up. He made an effort to figure up how many drinks he had taken, but lost the count and quit. He made up his mind that he would keep his eyes shut and do nothing but think—think—think! He must try and straighten himself up because the trial would soon end and he would want to make a speech to the jury—he liked to orate. Jury—jury—jury——

Oh, yes! he got the connection. The clerk was calling the names of the jurymen on his case and the prosecuting attorney had accepted the first man. It was up to him to strike, or accept the juror. He accepted him because he could not open his eyes to look and he proceeded to take the other eleven as fast as they were called.

After a bit he heard the name of a witness called. The witness then reached the stand and testified to seeing a man leave Mr. Smith's chicken house with a sack over his shoulder.

Yes, he could identify the man.

Was the man in court?

Yes, he was in court, he was the negro sitting over near Colonel Peckworth. Yes, the witness was positive of the man because the night was bright with the moon. Colonel Peckworth listened to the testimony with bowed head and closed eyes. He heard the prosecuting attorney ask him if he had any questions to put to the witness, and he shook his head.

"No questions."

After this there were three other witnesses, one of them a negro woman, and all were positive in their identification of Jim Russell. The State announced its case closed. Colonel Peckworth realized it was his move—that he must do something.

He found his voice.

"Take the shtand, Jim," he said, still not daring to open his eyes. There followed a shuffling of feet as the black boy made his way to the witness stand. Deep silence followed. It seemed an age to Colonel Peckworth before any word was spoken. The judge was talking:

"Well, what have you to say about the chawge?"

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Another prolonged silence fell over the court-room. Colonel Peckworth grew to wondering what was the matter with his client—why didn't the damn fool speak out? Was he just sitting up there like a dunce? He decided to open his eyes and take a look. And he did. When he opened his eyes the law book came under his vision first and he discovered that the printed lines stood out in perfect order instead of a jumbled mass of type. Reassured, he lifted his eyes and fixed them on the prosecuting attorney and found that he had no trouble in seeing. He next sought the judge, who was no longer dancing from one spot to another, but was sitting quite straight and stern in his high-backed chair. He knew now that his sight was all right, and he turned his eyes to the witness chair. It was then that he blinked, closed his eyes, rubbed the lids, and opened them again. Was he dreaming? Was he so thoroughly drunk that he was seeing things? That negro up there in the witness chair was not the Jim Russell, his client, accused of stealing Mr. Smith's chickens. He started to rise and found his feet hard to control—found that he would have to pull up and steady himself on something. So he did and stood there swaying and clinging to the back of a chair.

"Mistakesh—mistakesh—" he stopped because his tongue was badly twisted and he couldn't seem to handle it as he should. He made another attempt to get his voice and sound his words right:

"If pleash hish honah—hic—hish honah—if pleash the cowt—" he stopped because the whole court-room was a-titter. It struck the colonel in his touchiest spot—his dignity, his self-respect, and his poise. Accordingly he drew back his shoulders and threw out his chest and glared menacingly around the room. At the same time the deputies rapped for order and everybody shut up. Colonel Peckworth felt that he had crushed them with his air of aloofness—he became enlarged in his own estimation. He felt more powerful, fully capable of going along with what he intended to say, and when things were once again quiet he turned to the judge.

"Ash I was 'bout to shay, his honah—hic—thish is wrong defendant—mistakesh! That nigger ain't Jim Rushel, suh!" He managed to get it all said without a halt. He bowed gracefully as he did and his tousled hair fell over his forehead. He smiled his broadest.

The judge eyed him doubtfully. Then he fixed his piercing orbs on the prosecuting attorney, who was hiding his mouth behind his hand. The judge refused to crack a smile, and by the time his eyes got around to the defendant they were like beams of searching lights.

"What's this! What's this!"

Peckworth nodded vigorously and attempted to pull a lock of hair from in front of his eyes.

"'S'right, hish honah—hic—'sright, suh! Wrong defendant!"

The judge paid no heed to the lawyer. He was still looking hard at the negro.

"What's your name?"

"Name's Jim Russell, suh."

The judge wheeled on the colonel.

"What do you mean, Mister Peckworth? You had better not trifle with this court. I'll have you in jail for contempt before you can bat your eye. Explain yourself!"

"If pleash—hic—hish honah. Name may be Rushel, but he's not defendant thish case, suh!"

The judge glared the harder at the colonel.

"It strikes me, Mister Peckworth, that you've been drinking!"

A snicker rippled over the court-room, and in a second it broke out into a laugh. Deputies rapped and banged for order and got it. The judge went on:

"Drinking rather heavily, and I am tempted to fine you for contempt of this court. But before I do it I'll investigate this thing!" He turned to the negro on the stand: "See here, Jim, do you know that lawyer?"

"Nawsuh, jedge, I doesn't knows him."

"And you don't know anything about this chicken-stealing charge?"

"Nawsuh, jedge. Dunno nuthin' 'bout no chickens nowhere, no time, nohow. Don't know nuthin' 'bout nuthin'!"

"Well, what in the name of goodness are you doing coming down here and getting tried for chicken-stealing?"

"De white folks jes' calls out Jim Rus-

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sell and somebody says to me, nigger, you bettah git down dar, dey's fixin' to try you all, and I jes' comes 'long, jedge. Dassal I knows 'bout it."

Then the judge turned to the clerk:

"Sound out the Russell case again and see if there's another Jim Russell in this court-room. I'll get at the bottom of this business in a minute!"

The clerk obeyed, and as he called Jim's name a voice from above answered:

"Yassah!"

"Your name Jim Russell?" the clerk asked.

"Yassah!"

"Well, come down here!"

In a little while Colonel Peckworth's client was before the bar of justice.

"So, your name's Jim Russell?" the judge demanded.

"Yassah."

"What's the matter with you? Why didn't you come down when your name was first called out?"

He stood there swaying and clinging to the back of a chair.—Page 604.

Jim was fidgeting nervously with his hat, but he had an answer:

"Dat other nigger comes down, suh, and I says to myself, dat maybe de white gen'mans done change dey minds 'bout who stole de chickens, so I jes' waits."

"And you sat up there all the time and let this other nigger be tried?"

"Yassah, jedge, I don't bother wif nobody else's business."

The judge rested back in his chair and for a brief spell considered the case. In a

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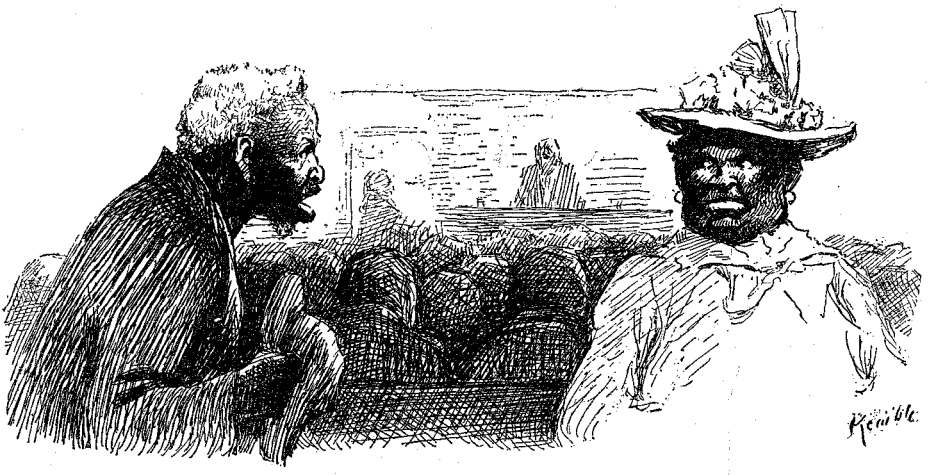

"Dat 'oman was de blackest 'oman I evah knowed!"

moment his decision was made. He leaned forward and spoke:

"Under the circumstances I am compelled to order a mistrial, but I also order that an official investigation of this case be made to ascertain its authenticity. Let the next case be called."

A few hours later, in the secrecy of his office, Colonel Tobias Peckworth was consuming the final drop in a new bottle of Cicero's corn when there came a timid tap at his door. He called out for the visitor to enter and in walked Jim.

"Is I free, kunnel? Do I have to go back to de jail house?"

"You are free and you don't have to go back to the jail house. But listen to me, Jim, and you answer me the truth. Didn't you and that nigger frame up that business?"

"Nawsuh, kunnel, dat's de fust time I evah laid my eyes on dat other Jim Russell nigger. So he'p me Gawd, I tole de jedge de truf 'bout howcum it. Dat other Russell nigger jes' flung hisself down dar to git tried and I lets him go 'long. But lemme ax you all something, kunnel. Howcum I didn't tell you de truf 'bout dat 'oman? Didn't I say dat ef she was yaller it was bad luck, an' dat if she was black it was good luck? Well, kunnel, I recken you saw dat 'oman was de blackest 'oman I evah knowed! Yassah, kunnel, I fotch dat pint licker right now!"

Tradition

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

"THE Age of Poetry is dead!"
Our solemn pedants still repeat,
For so Ionia's schoolmen said
With Homer chanting down the street.

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The Land of Gog and Magog

EXPLORING THE LOST MAYA CIVILIZATION AND THEIR WILD DESCENDANTS

BY OLIVER LA FARGE II

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

"Beyond these hills lyeth the land of Gog and Magog"

WILLIAM DE RUBRIQUIS it was who first explored the steppes beyond the Urals. There were, he said, yet further hills to westward: "Beyond these hills lyeth the land of Gog and Magog—" and of Prester John, and golden-walled Citaia. These hills, deserts, and more hills, later generations crossed, till the giants, Priest John, and China's golden walls disappeared into the sea like bits of mist before a land breeze. Then men took up the search for El Dorado. Thus it has ever been; some find their country, others find, what may be even better, another range of hills.

We, Frans Blom, archæologist and old hand in Mexico, and myself, relatively a greenhorn, were sent down as the First Tulane University Expedition to Middle America. The chief cities of the Maya Old Empire, remnants of a high civilization that flourished from about 100 B. C. until, in the sixth century of our era, city after city was abruptly abandoned in favor of the newer Yucatan country, have been explored in some detail. The New Empire in Yucatan is being investigated at the present time by Doctor Spinden's expedition, on the east coast, and by the Carnegie Institute at the city of Chichen Itza. Their hieroglyphic inscriptions have yielded up dates even to the day. Their astronomical observations have been checked with ours—proving exact to the decimal. But in between these known spots lie vast untouched areas. Our purpose was to fill in some of these blanks by a cross-country trip of six months from the southern part of Vera Cruz to Huehuetenango, in Guatemala, and at the same time to make a study of some of the little-known tribes of Indians. Our results have been published in brief in the newspapers; our report is now in preparation. There remain some things that will never appear in a scientist's report, little pictures, rather disconnected, that yet should be described. All Mexico is full of wonder and beauty; one must select with care. To us the highlands of Chiapas were without equal, a country of legends come true.

This article will tell something of Bachajon Town, Tonina Ranch, the haciendas of San José and El Real, stations on our way to verify the merest rumors of the temple of Agua Escondida. San Cristóbal las Casas, the heart of the highlands, unknown save by repute to all lowlanders, was our goal from the start. On our way to it, at the Indian villages of Tenango and Cancuc, the strange town of Tenejapa, and the enchanted uplands, were moments of wonder and joy. These are they, insufficiently told, utterly unscientific.

It was early in June that our trail led out of the jungle to the thick second growth on the northern edge of the Bachajon country. Innumerable thorny bushes closed across the Camino Real—the King's Highway—so that one rode always with machete drawn, to hack a path. Our horses scrambled up steep, gravelly slopes, then down again, but for a week now it was more up than down. The sun had weight, like the pressure of a hand. From time to time the Indians who guided us would whoop wildly. Far away would be heard answering calls; that was the Bachajon telegraph service. Then

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there would be another hill, and Lazaro, our own Indian, of the Yocotan tribe in Tabasco, would call to the animals: "Get along, children! A-ya-hee!" The pack-horses would be stumbling and sliding, the gravel rolling out beneath our clumsy boots, sunlight and brambles, and the smell of one's sweated horse.

The trail made around the hillside, then up another gravel river. At the top we cut through a thicket. The horses swung around a great tree out past a clump of *acaval*, into an open park of great, wide-spreading pines and rolling valleys green with tall, live grass. There was blue sky between the trees, long vistas, and a breeze to make the needles sigh. We turned the horses loose a moment, while we took seisin of the beginning of the highlands.

Bachajon Town received us without interest. It was hardly a gay place.

The maestro—the government official in charge of the Indians—lived with his wife in a two-room hut with the mud jail semi-detached on one end. One room was his, the other was for such hardy travellers as cared to spend the night in the capital of the Bachajon.

Our quarters were good enough; no chairs or other furniture, but a floor thickly carpeted with fresh pine-tips, cool and sweet to lie on. We were well at ease there, save that we lacked tobacco, and even that lack was soon repaired by a gift of black-papered cigarettes. That was all right for us, but our good Lazaro moaned for the long cigars of his people. Could we not, we asked, buy tobacco for him here? The maestro sent for the chief; the chief said, briefly, no.

Rain began, torrential, in silver sheets running down from the overhanging straw roof, to surround the hard dirt floor with a small lake. Our late guides huddled together under a corner by the jail, to chatter. Two young men bound for Tila rode up to the house. Their rubber ponchos gleamed like black obsidian; when they moved little rivulets fell from the folds. This rain had stopped their travelling. There was a moment of liveliness, with rustling ponchos, swinging of heavy-stirruped saddles, greetings, and shiny-wet horses trotting off, faintly steaming, to graze with ours.

The food was good enough, and we had sprawling rest against packs and saddles on the porch. A dropping fire of talk about the Bachajon:

"They have tobacco," said the maestro.

"What savages!" from Lazaro the Indian.

"They will not give me anything, scarcely pay their taxes."

"Some day they may kill you," remarked the taller traveller.

"They are bad," said the other to us, "muy brava gente, Señores."

Then they were off. Speaking in turns, they recited the old tales, with incident and detail. They told of long feuds, smouldering for years, and sudden murders of whole families; stories told at length, with drama and emphasis. One forgot the little group over by the jail, till a laugh or the drift of smoke from their fire reminded. Then for a moment one heard the guttural, whining speech, saw the little gray-clad figures, the sheathless, bright machetes piled to one side. The story went on, the brown men faded out again. There was a rancher who beat up an Indian. The Indian promised to kill him. He laughed at it.

The chief was over talking to the group by the jail, giving them a head of tobacco. Lazaro swore softly.

The rancher went on as usual, for a year and two months. The Bachajon had moved away. Then one day he was found face down in the river, with a knife in his back.

"What savages!" said Lazaro.

An Indian came over to borrow a match; the rain had put out their fire. He looked at Lazaro and Lazaro at him. He trotted back with his match.

There was an uprising planned in 1915. A prophet told them to worship a tiger and be strong. They sent word to the other tribes. Great preparations were made, they had a whole cave full of fire-arms, and old spears used in the rebellion of 1868 were dragged out of hiding.

The man came over to us again. The talk stopped. In bad Spanish he explained: "There is almost no tobacco in town. What the chief brought us was all we could get. We have each unrolled a leaf from our cigars, so here is enough for your man." He handed the wad to Lazaro.

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Pineda came down and hung the fifteen ringleaders from the oak-tree by the church. That stopped the uprising.

Thus the Bachajon.

At Tonina—Stone Houses—in Ocosingo valley, two days beyond Bachajon, the Old People terraced the end of a long ridge to provide place for a city dominating the plain. Cracked walls of shattered temples, half-erased inscriptions, broken statues of dead gods, emerged from a tangle of second growth to the swinging of machetes and high-pitched Indian whoops as the bigger trees went crashing down the sides of pyramids. We lodged at San Antonio Tonina, the ranch of good Don Aureo Cruz. A pair of straw-thatched, two-room buildings faced each other across a bridle-path broadened momentarily into a farmyard lively with ducks, chickens, pigs, and puppies. Pine-needles covered the floor of the main room; given over to us. Their Saint's Day had been celebrated recently, the room was gay with paper flowers. Over the shrine a red-and-blue-paper band proclaimed: "Viva San Antonio!" Under the shrine a brown hen laid her daily egg. We ate of the best—small, yellow, hot tortillas, black beans, chicken, venison, or great platters of small, fresh cookies, hot from our hostess's baking. Our waitress was the eldest daughter, with black, soft eyes and a hidden smile, barefooted, short-skirted, with her mass of dark hair down her back held only by a silver pin.

After supper we would stretch out before the door, arranging beds of pine-tips. The *ocote* fire was lighted between the houses, enough to make a hint of shadow, to pick out a feature or a movement of a hand, but not to make wakeful brightness. Then was slow talk, dropping, rising again, reminiscent, wide. One spoke of the United States, of customs of the Indians, of the Old People and the Conquest; one heard of how the troops came through, sacking the ranches; word passed of crops, of corn and sugar-cane; we were told how a score of ranchers, looking across the front sights of smoking rifles, saw, after a long day, the fighting men of Bachajon turn and flee down the valley.

Our horses and Don Aureo's, and the two cows, came slowly in between the houses, to the edge of the fire's reflection. There was a chewing of cuds, faint cropping of grass, quiet shadows and gleam of light on glossy skins. From the rafters inside a hen clucked sleepily. Through the door of the house opposite, in the kitchen, we could see the faint glow of a dying fire on dull mud walls. There was a smell of live-stock, pine, and cooling night.

We rode up to the great white hacienda of San José Reforma through sweeping curtains of gray rain and wind. It was a sombre thing, that house, a single row of nine high, empty rooms, two hundred feet from end to end, surrounded by a wide brick porch with peristyle of white columns, twenty-one on a side. The middle room was the chapel, at one end was the office, over the door at the other end was a sign, "El Recreo" ("The Resting-place"); behind it the grandparents of the present house sleep forever.

Along one side was planted a garden of thick-growing, dark trees, full of shadow and sluice of rain. On the other side was an enclosure, a bleak kitchen building, then away across a meadow and a brook to the straw-thatched village of the Indians and a big shed for drying coffee. From there our host came, as the rain let up at dusk.

The stopping of the rain had released on the hacienda a cloud of venomous gnats, scarcely visible, stinging relentlessly. Against them the doors of the dining-room were shut tight before the single candle was lit. By that poor flame, over beans and eggs and fried bananas, we became acquainted with our host. He was an old man, stooped, gray, unsure of hand, and gloomy as his house.

He plied us in a detached way for news of the world outside, nodding to all, commenting little and pessimistically, eating tortillas dipped in coffee, lifting each piece hurriedly to his mouth lest his mustache rob a drop of flavor.

The Carranzistas had ruined the country, he said. They killed five hundred of his cattle. It was the custom of the family to bury their dead under the floor; the young man was sitting over Aunt Rosa now. Mexico was going to the dogs.

We had heard that he once gambled

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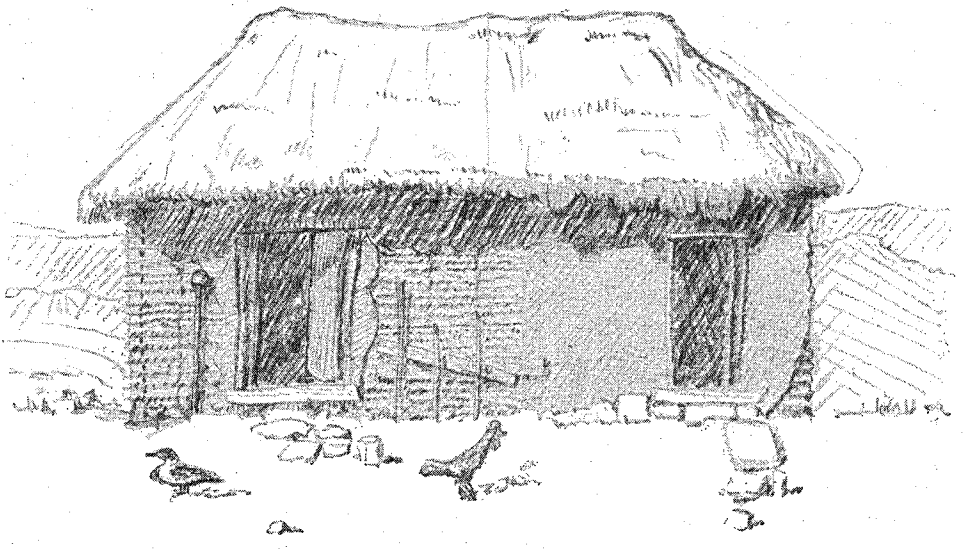

Tonina Ranch, a place of royal hospitality and rustic peace.

away three great haciendas as big as this at San Cristóbal, and in one night at play lost all of this, and won it back again. Looking at his sagged figure now, that was hard to believe. But then, in San Cristóbal, who knows what may happen?

At El Real the maps fade out into blanks; few of them even reach that far. Beyond is virgin jungle, with one path trickling through to far-distant mahogany camps. East and north the long-haired Lacandone wander in the forest, men shy as animals, and mighty archers.

We looked for more colonnaded gloom, and found a well-planned group of white buildings with red roofs and vine-covered porches. We looked for a despondent host, and found eager hospitality of the old style, a glass of well-aged berry wine, good cheer, laughter, comfort, and—no gnats. More than all that, we were greeted in good English. Don Enrique Bulnes was educated in the United States, he knew London intimately, and had travelled on the Continent.

He was the old type, still preserved, though the overturnings and wars that followed the fall of Diaz had stripped him of his once great riches. He was blond, hawk-nosed, with a droop of golden mustache touched with gray. His wife was more what one expected, dark, delicate, reminiscent of the literary idea of Southern ladies after the Civil War, every inch an aristocrat, and just a little faded.

In the evening two men came in with a mandolin and guitar, to give us a little of Chiapas' music. Good music it was, too, the expression of a naturally musical people who are both sensitive and beauty-loving. It was Spanish in its dash and rhythm, yet not Spanish; the *ocote* fire burning in front of the porch, the trackless hills, the old Indian strain, were in it, too.

Two Indian girls were brought in. They wore white, short-sleeved, wide-necked blouses embroidered in blue, short red skirts gaily striped, their black hair hanging in two braids. The musicians played a *zapatea*, a lively tune, not loud, and a little wistful. Without a word the girls began to dance, their bare feet silent, in and out, forward, back, to the side, facing each other, with a step a little more intricate than waltzing. Their brown arms hung limp, their dark Mongolian faces framed in the heavy smooth hair were solemn. They danced for about five minutes, then, still without a word, turned together and went out.

We left the open grazing land and pines for a narrow trail walled in by rank

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growth and the filtered green glow that passes for light in the jungle. On the third day Blom rode ahead with the guide. Lazaro and I took the animals in slow and painful progress. The trail was all broken limestone and mud; rain showers made the trees as wet as sponges. Over and again the horses fell or lost their packs. The bay mare went lame. By afternoon we were resigned to camping on a trail that could not be followed at night. Two leagues more, we figured, and the sun was already getting low. Then we rode into a clearing that dazzled with its full yellow sunlight. There was an old tent there, and a band of muleteers who told us that our party was right on ahead.

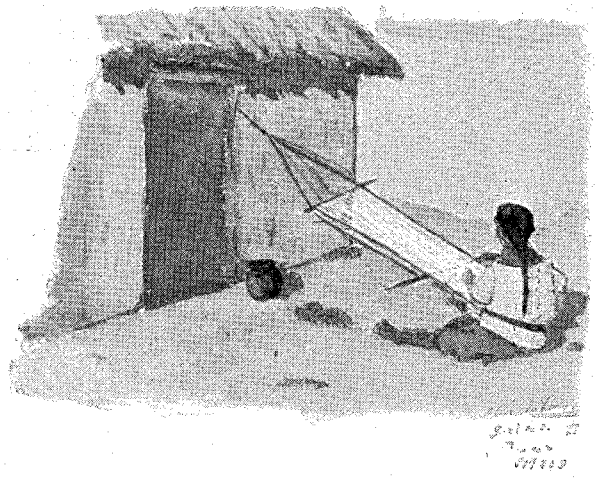
Ten minutes later, on the left of the road, the ground rose abruptly in a slope that was almost a wall. Two horses were tied there. Coming to the slope, squared stone blocks showing beneath the splotches of moss and fern gave evidence of the work of the Old People. We scrambled up a breathless fifteen feet to a level table, grown with huge mahogany-trees, cross-roped and fenced with swinging vines, and thick with low growths of jungle palm and tree-ferns. Blom called to us from beyond. Perhaps a hundred feet through the bush, and there, suddenly, was a stone-faced, stepped slope, sixty feet high, so steep that one craned one's neck to see, on top, five little black windows peeping out from the eaves of a perfectly preserved temple.

Blom shouted: "Go around to the front."

Another scramble over a terraced wing connecting with a flanking mound brought us to where, under a green mist of little palms, vines, creepers, and moss, we could make out the great, broad staircase in a steep, majestic rise to the five wide doors of the temple. Under grass that hung like a thatch, trees growing on the roof itself, and a veil of Spanish moss, one could still trace the broad eaves and the lines of the roof.

Up the staircase, then, with saddles, packs, and equipment, to stow them inside in claim of our discovery. The side-doors led into two rooms big enough just to permit of comfortably swinging a hammock; behind the centre door was a sanctuary, with a niche whence long ago the idol had disappeared. The plaster dust on the floors was dry as the desert, the stones and the mortar between were white, the corbel-vaulted ceilings went up into black shadow that turned to a creamy reflection when, at night, our candles burned around the walls. Just at nightfall an exodus of bats, a seepage of wood-smoke, and the doorways and little windows glowing with soft light announced to the forest that Agua Escondida was man's again.

The next day the five muleteers came over to clear for us. Having provisions enough only for one day's stay, we could not attempt to cut down any of the great mahogany-trees, but contented ourselves with clearing the small growth and swinging vines between. By evening we had a fair view of a great plaza of many levels leading to the main terrace, with its three connected, white-faced mounds and the great staircase up the centre one to the temple. For the temple itself, imagine a gambrel-roofed New England farmhouse of unusually perfect proportions, built in white stone with walls three feet thick. Along the ridge were the remnants of a stone roof-comb. In the front the five doors gave on the stairway; behind, five



Girl weaving at Tenango—drawn by stealth.

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little loopholes looked out from under the widely hanging eaves. Place this on a steep, shining pyramid, sixty feet above the main terrace, surround it with seventy-foot-high giant trees, wrap it in the peace of the forest. This was the consummation of rumors and stories and long searching.

On our second morning in the temple we rose long before dawn to prepare for breaking camp. The candle-light through the doors fell on the narrow edge of the platform, then, beyond that, was blackness more than night, the blackness of a locked room. The fall of a leaf, and once the distant mewing of a jaguar hinted at the vastness of the space around us. Quiet, quiet, it was, with a faint changing from night-color to dark blue of the opening above us, framed in a silhouette of the tip-top leaves of the giant trees. Still slowly the blue and the silhouettes became more certain, with little specks of blue lower down, seen between leaves, and the boles of the great trees faintly white, uncertain, going down until they faded out into a complete darkness far below, as though the world had no bottom. With a little more light the trunks were plainer, a great vine swinging between two of them broke the up-and-down lines, the background was not so frighteningly deep. Then, without warning, the topmost leaves were spotted with bright gold, the sky was clear and blue, and up above the jungle it was full day.

The highroad—San Bartolome Indians off on a spree.

We came tired into Tenango, behind the second of the ramparts defending San Cristóbal, too late at night to see the town, interested only in bed.

At dawn, to our surprise, we woke shivering. Crisp and cold, the air of the new day reminded us of the altitude we had gained. Mist, pale blue to westward, pink-and-silver in the east, still lay over the country.

Before the sun was well up, the village fathers came to greet us. They wore a white cotton tunic, V-necked, short-sleeved, reaching to their knees, and belted at the waist with a red sash, the ends of which hung down in front. Their short breeches were covered by the tunic. The rest of their brown legs was bare to their sandalled feet. A local variant of the Mexican sombrero completed the outfit. These chiefs wore little black chinbeards and faint mustaches, the products of some forty years of endeavor in that line. Their hair half covered their ears, was banged in front, and came low over the neck behind. Each one carried a silver-headed cane with red tassels, a badge of authority from the government.

The maestro told us that he had explained to them our wish to see their village, and especially the pottery for which it was famous; now we must treat with them direct.

They sat in a row before the house, not a very prepossessing lot. The head man spoke broken Spanish. He explained that they had already heard of us from other Indians, that they had a present of chickens and eggs for us, they would show us the village, and in return they wanted us to tell the *Tata Presidente*—the Father President—in Mexico about their need of more land. The head man then set out with us and

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the maestro, the rest of the elders trailing behind.

The lack of land of which they had complained gave Tenango a form unique among the Tzeltal tribes. Its hundred and eighty houses were neatly ordered in streets, each with its land carefully fenced off. In the yards corn was planted and the streets were shaded by useful trees, oranges, gourds, and bananas. In the corner of many yards grew a broad-leaved shrub related to tobacco, the green leaf of which, chewed with lime, has a pleasant, bitter taste and relieves fatigue. They carried this, prepared, in a small gourd and offered it as our forebears would offer snuff, and with much the same grand manner.

The houses themselves were large, with steeply pitched roofs, wall and roof a pleasant golden brown. They were roomy, well-aired buildings, uncomfortable only on account of the smoke, which was allowed to seep through the thatch as best it might, thereby keeping out vermin, and giving an effect from the outside of the thatch being clapped down over a giant clambake.

The whole village was fenced in; then around it, as close as the farms of Europe, were the fields, neatly laid out and better cultivated than any we had seen. In the centre was the plaza, a four-acre field around the maestro's house, with the usual bones of a big church in one corner, reminder of old Spanish days when an Indian did as he was told and jumped to do it.

Tenango lay in the east end of a gently sloping valley whose sides went up to steep limestone cliffs. Westward it fell away for some leagues, then joined another that carried the eye upward into a welter of hills and shadows, ending suddenly at the ruled line of a great palisade, blocked across the whole West. It was a view of greenness and fertility, off into rich, distant blue. In the middle distance, placed with an emphasis that would have been called overdramatic in an artist, was a rectangle of deep red cliffs, dark and glowing, centering and giving shape to the whole picture.

It being Sunday, no one was in the fields. A few men, sauntering about town, joined our procession. Able-looking, long-snouted pigs routed in the street. Dogs wandered about or barked from the yards. Occasionally a naked baby would gape from a doorway. Of women there was no sign, save the occasional glimpse of a skirt and brown foot whisking indoors out of sight of strangers. They wore short blue skirts and long white cotton smocks, with the seams picked out in fine red stitching.

Our hasty survey was soon finished. We saw weaving and were told the manner of making and painting the big, three-handled water-jars that are traded

The temple of Agua Escondida in the jungle.

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all the way down to the lowlands. We bought one charming piece, covered with little black animals that might be running deer, or rabbits, or perhaps horses, or then, again, a cat-fight. When we

The chief of the Tenejapeños, an accomplished and dignified rascal.

asked what they were, the patient woman explained that they were "to make it pretty," which was, after all, sufficient.

We came into the main highway between San Cristóbal and the lowlands just before Cancuc. There we met the first sample of people from behind the ramparts, a score of men of Tenejapa going down to Tabasco to carry back sugar. They were wilder and shaggier than anything heretofore, clad in rough brown-and-white blankets, powerfully built, very dark, yet pink-cheeked, with thick hair low over their eyes and quite covering their ears. A few wore straight-brimmed straw hats with close-fitting crowns decked with ribbons. Some wore sashes whose ends were gorgeously embroidered in red, blue, and yellow silk. The blankets, coming usually just above their knees, covered shorts as gaudy as the sashes. They wore the usual leather sandals. Their women followed them, equally pink-cheeked, with their babies swung on their backs. The plainness of their knee-length blue skirts was made up for by the mass of red and gold flower designs, heavily embroidered around the neck and shoulders of their white blouses. Their dark hair was braided with broad red woollen ribbons, then done up in a kind of turban on top of their heads. Men and women walked with tall staves in their hands, gliding along at a pace that would have kept one of us on the run.

The road went on along a moorland, to where Cancuc nestled on the side of a hill. From the stone-walled terraces on which its houses clamber, one has an admirable view, but day and night the wind howls through the town, and it is never really warm. Cancuc is famous as the heart of one of the great uprisings, and, more recently, for a two years' civil war, family against family; a long series of machete killings ended only when the survivors of one side fled to the bush. To our surprise, the old church was still in use in this turbulent place, towering over the lower rows of houses, opposite a neat, colonnaded Cabildo across the plaza. Every day toward sunset all the women of the town go in to pray.

The shock-headed men were dressed much like the Tenangeros, save that, being in a colder district, the trousers were replaced entirely by a breech-clout. The seams of their kirtles were cross-stitched with red and yellow. Many of them carried a brown-and-white blanket, woven by the Chamula near San Cristóbal, and hats were the exception. The women dressed like those of Tenango, with less decoration, shorter skirts, and their hair done in a knot over their foreheads.

Along one side of the plaza was a long shelter, like a wagon-shed, thatched with leaves and straw, and divided roughly into stalls. Here, toward nightfall, travellers began to come in and camp. There

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was a row of little fires, crouched figures, piles of meagre goods, and the smell of cooking. Two Tenejapeños were drinking *posole*, cornmeal and water, squatting above a tiny flame. Next to them was a party of Chamulas in white woollen tunics, with Egyptian-looking white headwraps that hung down over the backs of their necks. Richer and more industrious than most Indians, they had brought down blankets for trade, packed on two mules. A large family of Mexicans, men, women, and children, was making quantities of cheerful noise around a big, leaping fire, leaning on their saddles and household goods. Two peddlers discussed business in mixed Spanish and Tzeltal while a chicken boiled.

The road led through wild gorges and tall pines. Fit frame for the shaggy men we met before Cancuc, we wondered what surprise of savagery Tenejapa held in store for us. The sun had sunk behind a line of cliffs before we came to a white guest-house beside a fork in the roads. A Mexican there told us that along the right fork, through a slit in the cliffs, lay Tenejapa, less than a league away.

The right-hand road circled a green dell broken with rocks, like a field in New England. Where the cliffs ended, two green hills made a V-shaped pass. Beyond we could see a wide, enclosing circle of precipices, over a mile across. The animals picked up as the evening air began to grow sharp. We went over the pass at a good rate, stared at by a group of Indians lolling at the top, then down across a little meadow, locked in by small hillocks, around one of these, sharp left, at a full trot, to find ourselves swinging down a cobbled street, between two rows of white cottages with shingled roofs, white-walled gardens, and roses in profusion. There were shops, already candle-lighted, scarcely bigger than their own doors. There were casement windows, painted blue, or little balconies nicely carved out of wood. Many doors were cheerfully painted with a free choice of color and faintly cubist design. Around, outside, lay the houses of a thousand blanket-clad Indians.

The street ran along the side of a towering, lean block of a stone church, grim as infant damnation, and out into the plaza, with the Town Hall at one end. The plaza was about an acre in size, with the town fountain in the middle, and planted with a pleasant scattering of trees. The Town Hall was a long, one-story white building with a deep veranda, resting-place for both Mexicans and Indians. The doors were painted with a

The mayor of Cancuc. He fought his way to office.

dash that made up in pure joy of life for what was lacking in color harmony.

Truly this was not any place, or time, but rather we were in a remote country where everything went the most delightful way, and the pleasant things of all the centuries were preserved.

We climbed out of the cliff-lined basin on the far side, for our last day to San Cristóbal. On top was rolling country, green and pretty, rising slowly, with a good

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road. The weather was like our October, clear and crisp. The animals stepped forth briskly. For about two hours we went on this way, steadily gaining altitude.

We came out into a wide, open moor, richly green with a small, close-cropped herb sprinkled with tiny, pale yellow flowers. On all sides was the moor to the horizon, where it broke off under a gray scud of clouds, with here and there a wind-twisted tree. The trail had turned in color from gray-white to raw sienna and burnt orange; it crossed the moor like a snake that glowed on the deep-green carpet, carrying one's eye to the centre of the horizon line, where a low, round hill rose under the hurrying clouds, and on it, immensely tall, a row of twenty-odd huge gray crosses, sagging slightly one toward another. Thirty feet or more in height, the Chamula Indians set them there in memory of their dead.

A little beyond we came to the first Chamula village. The pyramid roofs were very neatly thatched, half-a-dozen houses close together, surrounded by their block of gardens, all fenced into a compact rectangle of corn, fruit-trees, garden-truck, and houses. Outside the fence sheep and some horses were grazing, watched over by a woman seated among them, her black woollen dress with a red tassel on the breast and deep-red sash strongly distinct from anything we had seen.

Riding on, we travelled in the Arcadia of old Greece, a wild, rough, lovely shepherd country. The road led through a succession of fertile dales, each with its cold, gravelly brook and sprinkling of yellow flowers and gently sloping ridges, their tops shaded by live-oak and pine. Here and there, through the trees, we could see the pointed roofs and rising smoke of other farm-clusters. Each dale had its flock of sheep, or a few cattle or horses, with a shepherd in black tunic over a white, short-sleeved, knee-length kirtle, with a broad hat or head bound in the flowing white kerchief, barelegged, sandalled, leaning on a long staff.

Shortly after noon our road came into the main highway for the trade of all that side of the highlands going in to San Cristóbal. The highroad was a good fifteen yards broad, often more, a great, beaten way, winding along the sides of the steep hills. Now we came into traffic of all kinds, with bullock-cart, horse, mule, and afoot. Mexican dandies jingled past, with silver-mounted saddles, big hats, and silk shirts. There were long trains of Chamulas, with pack-mules. We passed men of Sinancatan in creamy-white wool with a fine red stripe, clean-limbed fellows, near relatives of the Chamulas. Tenejapeños trotted by with incredible burdens on their backs, sliding along at their swift, bent-kneed pace.

We scarcely believed in the first Huisteños we saw: for trousers they caught up the long tail of their ragged white shirts in front, tucked under their sashes. On their heads they had tied miniature straw hats the size of a saucer, cocked ridiculously, with many ribbons, like a parody of British sailors. These they wore because their patron, San Martin, in their own church wore a hat like that. Their blue-skirted women went with them with sailor-hatted babies nodding over their shoulders. Some men of Amatenango passed us with a mule. Men and beast were piled to twice their height with round-bellied red water-jars. All along the road here were white farmhouses, each with a walled garden and a vast plenty of roses.

Swinging around the last corner of the hill we saw our valley spread out for us like a banquet, scarcely five miles across, mountain-locked, ringed with streams and meadows. In the centre was a white, red-roofed town, perhaps two thousand houses, and the domes of its many churches. We could see the massed green of camphor-trees in the plaza, and rising from them the walls and red roof of the cathedral. Below us the road turned to a cobbled street, the houses, drawing together, became a town. For a while we looked, then, with Indian and Mexican, rode down at last into San Cristóbal las Casas.

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Andromeda and Perseus

BY AMORY HARE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY L. F. WILFORD

IT was a most curious coincidence that I should have seen all four of them before, and yet it is a coincidence which occurs with frequence and regularity, for upon each occasion when I have found myself upon a sea voyage I have discovered, by the first evening, at least one person whom I have met or seen previously. In this instance they proved more interesting than usual, that was all.

The first evening in the saloon revealed the four familiar faces, the following morning on deck placed them in my recollection. Recourse to the passenger-list gave them names instead of their being merely, as heretofore, "The Tall Woman and The Little Man," "The Big Man and The Little Woman."

Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth Watts
Dr. and Mrs. Albert Sydney

What's in a name? Which was which, I could not tell. I only knew that The Big Man was the husband of The Little Woman and The Tall Woman was the wife of The Little Man. This annoyed me. I must not, however, get ahead of my tale.

Two years before I had been drifting home from the opera alone. Just ahead of me The Tall Woman and The Little Man were walking. It was bitterly cold. At the corner of an apartment hotel where the wind sucked round the pavement like a demon possessed of demons, a small boy was crying. He had the usual bundle of newspapers, proving him to be one of those business men who sell you battle, murder, and sudden death for pennies. Approaching this forlorn figure, The Tall Woman paused, The Little Man took her by the elbow and "warped" her by successfully; but I knew by the backward look in her eye that his victory was to be purely temporary. Accordingly I approached the weeping urchin and proceeded to engage him in a business transaction, for I knew very well that I had only to remain with him a moment to be privileged to look upon The Tall Woman's face. Being a congenital bachelor I have spent, nevertheless, considerable time studying the various diversities of type in those persons who have, for countless ages, erroneously been termed "the fair sex." For my part, I have always found them as unfair as the deuce; but that, of course, is entirely beside the point of this narration. Enough to say that I was almost immediately rewarded for my pains by looking upon a most lovely countenance, so that in this instance a few pennies bought me not only news of battle, murder, and sudden death, but an impression of a very beautiful woman as well.

Our small, half-frozen, street-corner friend was holding his hand against his ear in a most piteous fashion, presenting a picture of woe so pathetic that The Little Man at once became cautious. The Tall Woman held out a silver coin, and when the change was to be made she waved it away and bent down.

"Nothing the matter with him!" said The Little Man irritably. "Just the usual dodge—mother dying, grandma, too, I shouldn't wonder. Wouldn't give him a cent—encourages dishonesty. Come along."

The Tall Woman looked up a moment as though returning with difficulty from some far bourne where he was not.

"Just a moment, please," she said gently, and then, looking into my face, she began speaking to me, quietly, as if to say: "You, of course, have seen the conditions as they really are."

"Don't you think he cries like a child with earache?" she asked me.

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"Is that it?" I inquired of the small figure before us.

"Yus," he averred, and wiped his eyes with the back of his mittens. My sainted mother! what is there about mittens that makes such a gesture more than even my galvanized heart can bear? By this time I did not care if the owner of those mittens was the biggest Swindle in town, I was *for* him!

The Tall Woman removed her gloves and pushed back a stray lock that covered a portion of a thoroughly grimy little ear.

"Do for heaven's sake come! We shall all freeze to death fussing over this wretched little impostor!" This from The Little Man edging out of the wind.

"Does it hurt when I put my fingers here?" she asked the grimy one, pressing gently below the lobe.

He nodded, breaking out afresh. To me she said then:

"May I ask you to do something for him? The child undoubtedly has a bad earache, and it is swelling in such a way that I know very well it might easily become mastoiditis. I would do it myself, but you see I must—must be going," she said at last, and the sound of her voice made me shiver.

As she disappeared with a backward glance and a grave inclination of the head to me, I felt that she had thanked me in the only way she dared, and I muttered to myself (a habit which grows upon all congenital bachelors, I am told): "And show thy mercy upon all prisoners and captives." *Andromeda!*

"Now for you!" I said cheerfully to the red mittens. "Come along and tell me the whole thing."

"It's just my ear," he said between stifling his sobs, "and of course I ain't sold 'em. And I *has* to sell 'em before I kin go home."

Same old tale.

"Never mind your papers. Bought and paid for on the spot. Chuck 'em over the fence. What about this 'listen-in' apparatus—very bad?"

He gulped out a very good imitation of a groan.

"*Oooh!* I'll say it is!"

"Pretty cold, are you?"

"Oh, not so bad—only around the edges."

We had now walked about a block and a half.

"If I take you to a hospital will you let them take a crack at your ear?"

He recoiled, and, considering my inexcusable misuse of the English language, on the whole I did not blame him.

"I mean," I said hastily, "will you let them look at it to see if it is in need of something to—to stop the pain."

His face brightened. But he said cautiously: "My folks ain't much on hospitals. I'm skeered of 'em." I hailed a passing taxi.

"Rot! Might frighten a baby, but a chap of your age! Never heard of such a thing." I got into the cab. "Coming?"

"Ye ain't kidnappin' me?" he asked as we rolled along, with such a dreary smile that I began to see that he rather hoped I was. We arrived shortly at the hospital, which, as I happened to have contributed recently to its support, knew me by name and was kind accordingly.

"I'll wait, if you don't mind," I said. And while the examination was going on I thought of that lovely face which I had seen in such an unexpected fashion.

And it *was* a mastoid, and they did operate successfully, and before the chapter ended I knew a great deal more about the chap with the red mittens.

I often wished that I might tell her that she was right; *and The Little Man that HE was wrong!*

And then to run into them on the old *S. S. Kobe* on the way from Yokohama to Vancouver over the northern route!

It was too delightfully strange.

The Big Man and The Little Woman were a more recent recollection. It was one of those times when things happen so swiftly that afterward one recalls the whole episode with a sense of unreality. An old man had been crossing the street at Washington Square, myself and two other men were just behind him. A motor came round the corner, skidded, we shouted at him; it made him turn and look around, stand still, instead of rushing to safety. In an instant the thing was crashing into him; we saw his old face with the eyes wide, not an inch from the pavement. The eyes remained open.

The Big Man wrenched the car door

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From a drawing by L. F. Wilford.

"Nothing the matter with him!" said The Little Man irritably. "Just the usual dodge—mother dying, grandma, too . . ."—Page 617.

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open; the woman in the limousine screamed and lay back crouching in the corner. There followed the usual crowding and staring, an officer took names and numbers; The Big Man lifted the crumpled form in his arms and stared down at it.

"Don't flag out, old fellow," he said, his face stiff with pity, "we'll have you right in an hour or two!"

He kicked open the door of the car.

There was another scream.

"O my God! Not in here! I can't bear it. Can't you get an ambulance? You know how these things affect me! You *shan't* bring him in here!"

The Big Man looked up at her and a curious look came over his face—it was as if he said: "You there? I don't remember ever having seen *you* before. How do you happen to be sitting in my car?"

He stepped inside with his burden and closed the door, giving the directions to the chauffeur through the tube.

As they drove off I saw his profile clear against the pane of glass beyond. It was just like the engraving of Perseus that hung in my nursery when I was a child—the eyes with that deep hunger and haunted look, the lips set, yet with a vague tenderness upon them.

I knew him the moment he walked across the deck of the *Kobe*. The look was still there.

Now the curious thing about an ocean voyage is that by the time you have been a day or two at sea you know more about your fellow passengers' ancestors than they do themselves, and by the time you have been out thirteen days of chill, gray weather and as many nights of icy dark, you know more about their personal character and individual habits than you really care to know. During the course of the voyage it seemed to me that every single cabin passenger must have sat for hours with every other cabin passenger; most of them had found their own level, and inseparable groups had formed; card groups, cocktail groups, coffee and cigar groups; one became accustomed to seeing the same faces together. The only two exceptions to this rule were Doctor Sydney and Mrs. Watts; *Mr.* Watts and *Mrs.* Sydney were insatiable bridge-fiends, the moving powers of the card group. I attached myself to Doctor Sydney and Mrs. Watts, whom I privately refused to call by lesser names than "Andromeda" and "Perseus." They never, to my knowledge, spoke one word to each other during the whole voyage, until the last day of it, and I might talk to the one or to the other, but never to both at the same time, for while they spent many hours walking the deck for exercise, I never knew them to stop and speak, or, indeed, to take any notice of one another beyond the grave inclination of the head which was her "good morning" to us all, and his courtly, rather formal bow of acknowledgment.

I do not suppose I ever met a woman who interested me more than Andromeda, or for whom I had a more profound admiration. She was of course immensely interested in the second chapter of our newsboy friend. She remembered the incident at once, and bathed me in a gracious nimbus forthwith for having been her missionary in that affair of the street corner. Whenever we talked for any length of time, Mr. Watts would pop his head out with regularity and aver that he did not see how she could help being cold on deck. Mrs. Sydney would drag him, not unwillingly, back to cards, and we would resume the thread, I, for one, wondering how in the world this woman, who in every exchange of thought proved herself to be built on wide and deeply human lines, could ever have attached herself to the absolutely limited and singularly commonplace Mr. Ellsworth Watts. By the same relativity of thought I was never able to solve the riddle of how Perseus, with whom I talked for many hours, had acquired the light-minded Mrs. Sydney for his life's mate. He remembered very perfectly the old man whom he had lifted into his motor after his chauffeur had run into him in Washington Square, for he had operated upon him within the hour of the accident, doing one of those infinitely delicate things that are the daily wonder of brain-surgery; the old man was alive and in better circumstances than before this surgeon had been flung into his ken. Doctor Sydney's deep regard for the miracle

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of human life, combined with a consciousness that his own skill was given him as a trust, placed him, in my estimation, on a very high plane. The whole quiet strength of his face made me think of him as an immortal. It was, at the very least, a face which, centuries ago, might have led men on to victory out of what had been a forlorn hope, or, failing that, the face of one who had "gone down scornful before many spears." His talk was always of others, never of himself, save in relation to the more important human history of others. A kind of steady power radiated from him in such a way that he swept vast mental horizons into my consciousness, until I became aware of latent courage in myself, disused emotions and capabilities of the nobler sort, which sometimes made me smile at myself a little satirically. This Perseus might be equal to delivering many Andromedas from their rocks—not I, alas!

Coming upon him suddenly one morning somewhere near the Aleutians, I heard him muttering to himself, and as I joined him he strode on around the deck with a deprecating smile.

"Poetry!" he said. "Never suspect me of it, would you?"

"Composing it?" I asked, awestruck.

"Lord, no. Just groping for what I used to know. Queer how things survive. Do you know this:

"'When you and I have played the little hour,
Have watched the tall subaltern, Life, to Death
Yield up his sword; and, turning, draw the breath,
The first deep breath, of freedom;
When the flower
Of Recompense has fluttered to our feet
As to an actor's, and, the curtain down,
We turn to face each other all alone,
Alone, we two, who never yet did meet,
How shall be told the tale?
Clasped hands, pressed lips, and so clasped hands again;
No words, but as the proud wind fills the sail
My soul to yours shall reach:
Then one quick moan;
And then our infinite Alone.'"

I nodded. "Yes. Sir Gilbert Parker, I think."

"The only poem of his that I know well enough even to attempt to say. I'm afraid I haven't it exactly, at that," he said. Soon afterward I joined Andromeda, who laid down her book as I approached.

"Come and talk to me!" she called graciously.

We watched Perseus striding past, his perfect co-ordination between brain and body keeping him with ease upon his course in spite of the oily swell that was turning the old *Kobe* in a nasty roll and pitch.

I told her of my name for him, and I added: "The only belittling thing I can find about him is his choice of a mate."

"You mean that, having chosen Mrs. Sydney, Doctor Sydney loses something in your estimation?"

"I can't help feeling that such a choice must represent something wanting in him."

She looked straight into my eyes, then for a moment she seemed unable to discuss the subject further. But I saw her make the effort, and she said gently: "Your reaction is very masculine, and—hasty, if I may say so. I have never spoken one word to your Perseus beyond 'good morning' and 'good night,' as you have seen me speak it yourself. I have no way of knowing the facts, therefore. I can only tell you that very few people with large natures have the good fortune to stumble at the right time upon one who would be the perfect complement of that nature—and during the lack of that, many other emotions arrive which may easily be confused with love. The greater the nature, the more apt it is to feel tenderly toward some one weaker than itself; I do not mean pity, I mean a far more subtle thing. That impulse to protect, to serve; that deep urge to supply another's lack out of one's own wealth of spirit; that response to dependence—I know so well how it can lead one to spend what will never be repaid—perhaps not even seen!

"Now with me, Perseus's choice of a mate moves me unspeakably—so much that I avoid him. I feel that I know too much of what he sometimes thinks."

Her voice, which was always so low, was lower still, and I felt that to change the subject was the least I could do for her. Idiot that I was! My original remark applied, of course, only too well to her, as well as to Doctor Sydney.

"What have we here?" I asked, indicating the volume.

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She took it up, and, opening it obviously at random, she began reading as if from the page:

"'There are long hours when I am sick to death
Of so much purchase and debate with Life,
Laying the little coins down, one by one, that buy me breath
And weariness and sleep at set of sun.
Oh, for one hour of elemental strife
Towards one who dared be crucified for me;
One crimson-flowered Gethsemane
For faith disdained by an unthinking world;
One moment at some brink, at which to pause and choose
Which of the silver-pieces, Life or Death, to use,
With all stakes bartered for the instant's vision
Of one white Christ saved from a world's derision!'"

"That poem was never written by Alfred, Lord Tennyson," I remarked.

"No. I fear it lacks the beautiful phraseology. But it was written in some one's very heart's blood."

"Yes, I think it was."

And I felt a sort of unseen presence pass, bringing with it a chill silence. It seemed to touch us and withdraw, as a thief might mark the doorway of a house which he intends to rob.

Andromeda was looking straight before her into the mist.

"Did you feel that?" I asked, in what I feared she might think an irrelevance.

"I not only felt it, but I see it," she said.

She nodded toward a fragment of fog which parted slowly and revealed an immense pallid phantom, noiselessly drifting by, a frozen majesty.

"Icebergs!" I exclaimed.

"The most beautiful one I have ever seen, and the nearest," she added.

I picked up her volume of Tennyson.

"That poem—which I shall not find in this volume—was it written for you?"

"For me? A poem written for me? I'm afraid not."

"It would not be as strange as all that."

And immediately upon her smile of pleasure at my words, came that crash, which now, in the obscure and lengthy annals of maritime catastrophes, is a matter of history.

The phantom which we had seen passing to leeward of us had not been without its mate, and the latter, travelling unhurriedly to windward of our course, had borne down upon the poor old *Kobe* and dealt her the death-blow for which its predecessor had marked her.

In the unspeakable confusion of the next few moments everything was photographed upon my mind in flashlight exposures. In the various kinds of death-groans emitted from the ship herself as her ribs were torn from her vertebræ and her breast was broken open to the seas, we could hear the commands of the captain and first officer ringing out like bugles in all that bedlam of human and other wreckage. A child had got pinned under one of the stanchions, which had twisted like wire as it fell, and before I could gather my wits together those two, Perseus and Andromeda, were beside it. I joined them and we released the child, and ran to a sailor who had been pierced by a hugh flying splinter of wood. We put them into a lifeboat which was being manned and guarded them from the attacks of those who became frantic in their desire to be saved. Into this boat we put others who had become incapacitated. It was Perseus's hospital ship, that tiny craft reeling forty feet above an abysmal sea; I was its orderly, Andromeda its patron saint. It was the first boat lowered successfully into the water, and when it lay alongside, rising and falling to the swell, its crew quieted by contact with the amazing quality of inherent courage which I have already described in the man, he turned to me and said quietly:

"Slide down the falls. They will need some one of integrity to hold them together. Quick! The old girl may dive any moment." Absurd as it was at my time of life, I felt as if he had knighted me. I felt a colossal independence of fate surging up under my ribs, and I slid. As soon as I was in the boat I immediately shoved clear of the ship and had the crew pull away out of danger in case of a sudden plunge.

Other boats were filling and shoving off; the first panic was over, and only the whimpering of some of the women, and the moans of the injured, floated out across the chill heaving swell. One boat going past us in the scud was greatly overladen, and I wondered how far in that night which was to come it would drift

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From a drawing by L. F. Wilford.

I told her of my name for him, and I added: "The only belittling thing I can find about him is his choice of a mate."—Page 621.

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without capsizing. In it were Mr. Ellsworth Watts and Mrs. Albert Sydney. Their faces were rather ghastly with fear. They swam before me on the lift of a wave and swept beyond my gaze forever. I looked back at the *Kobe*.

"Don't get too far off," I told my crew, "God! what courage that operator has!" The wireless was still sending, by the grace of God.

"There may be some one on the way to us. We'll stand by in case we're needed further."

"No more in this boat, sir," said one of the crew firmly.

"Still we'll stand by!" I answered. "Keep off!"

A great wave spilling its crest at the urge of a sudden squall sent us surging toward the doomed *Kobe*. We pulled frantically away.

"Better get off, out of danger; 'most everybody's left her by now and there's one more boat for the others."

My coxswain put his helm hard over.

"Damn you!" I cried. "Not yet! Keep clear, but don't pull out of hailing distance!"

I looked quickly over my shoulder.

They were standing by the rail, those two; there were no others in sight from the angle at which I saw them. There could have been no more injured, dead, or dying for them to attend. They turned and looked at one another smiling. They stood there smiling and talking in the most extraordinary way, as they might have stood together in a summer garden, jesting tenderly about matters of the most trivial, the most delightful, the most personal nature. In a word, she was like a woman who has been wooed and won, he like a man who is flattered and softened by the winning. In their superb liberation, their mutual independence of any of the horrors around them, they seemed to me splendid beyond all telling.

They came, a moment later, and leaned upon the rail, shoulder to shoulder, as if they were going on an afternoon's excursion! I waved to them, but they were engrossed in themselves. They did not see me.

And I have never seen either of them again. I only know that where they live they are together.

Blue Bowl

BY FRANCES WYATT BAKER

Now am I quite at peace with my slow days;
The hours come gently now, and pass me by;
All night in dull, unbroken sleep I lie;
There is no thing to change my quiet ways.

Great, starry nights and hoot-owl's eerie cry,
Strange music, skies and seas, and dawn of day
I see and hear them, every one, and say
"How pretty these things are"—and that is all.

And yet—one thing there is that in my heart
Can wake the heavy mem'ries; turn to naught
My brave pretenses, all so dearly bought;
And catch my breath, and make the old tears start,

That cries your name, that brings you to me here,
A vision torn from bitterness and dole,
Of all my dreams, most cherished and most dear:
White fingers curving round a small blue bowl.

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The Silver Spoon

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY
Author of "The White Monkey," etc.

PART III

I

"CIRCUSES"

IN his early boyhood Soames had been given to the circus. He had outgrown it; 'Circuses' were now to him little short of an abomination. Jubilees and pageants, that recurrent decimal, the Lord Mayor, Earl's Court, Olympia, Wembley—he disliked them all. He could not stand a lot of people with their mouths open. Dressing up was to him a symptom of weak-mindedness, and the collective excitement of a crowd an extravagance that offended his reticent individualism. Though not deeply versed in history, he had an idea, too, that nations who went in for 'circuses' were decadent. Queen Victoria's funeral, indeed, had impressed him—there had been a feeling in the air that day; but, ever since, things had gone from bad to worse. They made everything into a 'circus' now! A man couldn't commit a murder without the whole paper-reading population—himself included—looking over each other's shoulders; and as to these football-matches, and rodeos—they interfered with the traffic and the normal course of conversation; people were so crazy about them!

Of course, 'circuses' had their use. They kept the people quiet. Violence by proxy, for instance, was obviously a political principle of some value. It was difficult to gape and shed blood at the same time; the more people stood in rows by day to see others being hurt, the less trouble would they take to hurt others themselves, and the sounder Soames could sleep by night. Still, sensation-hunting had become a disease, in his opinion, and no one was being inoculated for it, so far as he could see!

As the weeks went on, and the cases before it in the List went off, the 'circus' they were proposing to make of his daughter appeared to him more and more monstrous. He had an instinctive distrust of Scotchmen—they called themselves Scotsmen nowadays, as if it helped their character!—they never let go, and he could not approve in other people a quality native to himself. Besides, 'Scotchmen' were so—so exuberant—always either dour or else hearty—extravagant chaps! Toward the middle of March, with the case in the List for the following week, he took an extreme step and entered the Lobby of the House of Commons. He had spoken to no one of his determination to make this last effort, for it seemed to him that all—Annette, Michael, Fleur herself—had done their best to spoil the chance of settlement.

Having sent in his card, he waited a long while in that lofty purlieu. 'Lobbying,' he knew the phrase, but had never realized the waste of time involved in it. The statues consoled him somewhat. Sir Stafford Northcote—a steady chap; at old Forsyte dinner-parties in the 'eighties his character had been as much a standby as the saddle of mutton. He found even 'that fellow Gladstone' bearable in stucco, or whatever it was up there. You might dislike, but you couldn't sneeze at him, as at some of these modern chaps. He was sunk in coma before Lord Granville when at last he heard the words:

"Sir Alexander MacGown"; and saw a square man with a ruddy face, stiff black hair, and clipped mustache, coming between the railings, with a card in his hand.

"Mr. Forsyte?"

"Yes. Can we go anywhere that's not quite so public?"

*** A summary of the preceding chapters of "The Silver Spoon" will be found on page 5 of the advertising section.

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The 'Scotchman' nodded, and led him down a corridor to a small room.

"Well?"

Soames smoothed his hat. "This affair," he said, "can't be any more agreeable to you than it is to me."

"Are you the individual who was good enough to apply the word 'traitress' to the lady I'm engaged to?"

"That is so."

"Then I don't see how you have the impudence to come and speak to me."

Soames bit his lips.

"I spoke under the provocation of hearing your *fiancée* call my daughter a snob, in her own house. Do you want this petty affair made public?"

"If you think that you and your daughter can get away with calling the lady I'm going to marry 'a snake,' 'a traitress,' 'an immoral person,' you're more mistaken than you ever were in your life. An unqualified apology that her counsel can announce in court is your only way out."

"That you won't get; mutual regret is another thing. As to the question of damages——"

"Damn the damages!" said MacGown violently. And there was that in Soames which applauded.

"Well," he said, "I'm sorry for you and her."

"What the devil do you mean, sir?"

"You will know by the end of next week, unless you revise your views in between. If it comes into court, we shall justify."

The 'Scotchman' went so red that for a moment Soames was really afraid he would have an apoplectic fit.

"You'd better look out what you say in court."

"We pay no attention to bullies in court."

MacGown clinched his fists.

"Yes," said Soames, "it's a pity I'm not your age. Good evening!"

He passed the fellow and went out. He had noted his way in this 'rabbit-warren,' and was soon back among the passionless statues. Well! He had turned the last stone and could do no more, except make that overbearing fellow and his young woman sorry they'd ever been born. He came out into the chilly mist of Westminster. Pride and temper! Sooner than admit themselves in the wrong, people would turn themselves into an expensive 'circus' for the gaping and the sneers, the japing and the jeers of half the town! To vindicate her 'honor,' that 'Scotchman' would have his young woman's past dragged out! And fairly faced by the question whether to drag it out or not, Soames stood still. If he didn't, she might get a verdict; if he did, and didn't convince the jury, the damages would be shockingly increased. They might run into thousands. He felt the need of definite decision. One had been drifting in the belief that the thing wouldn't come into court! Four o'clock! Not too late, perhaps, to see Sir James Foskisson. He would telephone to very young Nicholas to arrange a conference at once, and if Michael was at South Square, he would take him down to it. . . .

In his study, Michael had been staring with lugubrious relish at Aubrey Greene's cartoon of himself in a Society paper. On one leg, like Guy—or was it Slingsby?—in the Edward Lear 'Nonsense' book, he was depicted crying in a wilderness where a sardonic smile was rising on the horizon. Out of his mouth the word 'Foggartism' wreathed like the smoke of a cigar. Above a hole in the middle distance, a meerkat's body supported the upturned face and applauding forepaws of Mr. Blythe. The thing was devastating in treatment and design—not unkind, merely killing. Michael's face had been endowed with a sort of after-dinner rapture, as if he were enjoying the sound of his own voice. Ridicule! Not even a personal friend, an artist, could see that the wilderness was at least as deserving of ridicule as the pelican! The cartoon seemed to write the word futility large across his page. It recalled to him Fleur's words at the outset: "And by the time the Tories go out you'll have your license." She was a born realist! From the first she had foreseen for him the position of an eccentric, picturesquely beating a little private drum! A dashed good cartoon! And no one could appreciate it so deeply as its victim. But why did every one smile at Foggartism? Why? Because among a people who naturally walked, it leaped like a grasshopper; to a nation that felt its way, despising design, it seemed a will-o'-the-wisp. Yes, he was

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a fool for his pains! And—just then, Soames arrived.

"I've been to see that Scotchman," he said: "He means to take it into Court."

"Oh! Not really, sir! I always thought you'd keep it out."

"Only an unqualified apology will do that. Fleur can't give it; she's in the right. Can you come down with me now and see Sir James Foskisson?"

They set out in a taxi for the Temple.

The chambers of very young Nicholas Forsyte were in Paper Buildings. Chinny, mild, and nearly forty, he succeeded within ten minutes in presenting to them every possible doubt.

"He seemed to enjoy the prospect of getting tonked," murmured Michael while they were going over to Sir James's.

"A poor thing," Soames responded; "but careful. Foskisson must attend to the case himself."

After those necessary minutes during which the celebrated K. C. was regathering from very young Nicholas what it was all about, they were ushered into the presence of one with a large head garnished by small gray whiskers, and really obvious brains. Since selecting him, Soames had been keeping his eye on the great advocate; had watched him veiling his appeals to a jury with an air of scrupulous equity; very few—he was convinced—and those not on juries, could see Sir James Foskisson coming round a corner. Soames had specially remarked his success in cases concerned with morals or nationality—no one so apt at getting a corespondent, a German, a Russian, or anybody at all bad, non-suited! At close quarters his whiskers seemed to give him an intensive respectability—difficult to imagine him dancing, gambling, or in bed. In spite of his practice, too, he enjoyed the reputation of being thorough; he might be relied on to know more than half the facts of any case by the time he went into Court, and to pick up the rest as he went along—or at least not to show that he hadn't. Very young Nicholas, knowing all the facts, had seemed quite unable to see what line could possibly be taken. Sir James, on the other hand, appeared to know only just enough. Sliding his light eyes from Soames to Michael, he retailed them, and said: "Eminently a case for an amicable settlement."

"Indeed!" said Soames.

Something in his voice seemed to bring Sir James to attention.

"Have you attempted that?"

"I have gone to the limit."

"Excuse me, Mr. Forsyte, but what do you regard as the limit?"

"Fifteen hundred pounds, and a mutual expression of regret. They'd accept the money, but they ask for an unqualified apology."

The great lawyer rested his chin. "Have you tried the unqualified apology without the money?"

"No."

"I would almost be inclined. MacGown is a very rich man. The shadow and the substance, eh? The expressions in the letters are strong. What do you say, Mr. Mont?"

"Not so strong as those she used of my wife."

Sir James Foskisson looked at very young Nicholas.

"Let me see," he said, "those were ——?"

"Lion-huntress, and snob," said Michael, curtly.

Sir James wagged his head precisely as if it were a pair of scales.

"Immoral, snake, traitress, without charm—you think those weaker?"

"They don't make you snigger, sir, the others do. In Society it's the snigger that counts."

Sir James smiled.

"The jury won't be in Society, Mr. Mont."

"My wife doesn't feel like making an apology, anyway, unless there's an expression of regret on the other side; and I don't see why she should."

Sir James Foskisson seemed to breathe more freely.

"In that case," he said, "we have to consider whether to use the detective's evidence or not. If we do, we shall need to subpœna the hall porter and the servants at Mr.—er—Curfew's flat."

"Exactly," said Soames; "that's what we're here to decide." It was as if he had said: 'The conference is now opened.'

Sir James perused the detective's evidence for five silent minutes.

"If this is confirmed, even partially," he said, at last, "we win."

Michael had gone to the window. The

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trees in the garden had tiny buds; some pigeons were strutting on the grass below. He heard Soames say:

"I ought to tell you that they've been shadowing my daughter. There's nothing, of course, except some visits to a young American dangerously ill of pneumonia at his hotel."

"Of which I knew and approved," said Michael, without turning round.

"Could we call him?"

"I believe he's still in Bournemouth. But he was in love with Miss Ferrar."

Sir James turned to Soames.

"If there's no question of a settlement we'd better go for the gloves. Merely to cross-examine as to books and plays and clubs, is very inconclusive."

"Have you read the dark scene in 'The Plain Dealer'?" asked Soames, "and that novel 'Canthar'?"

"All very well, Mr. Forsyte, but impossible to say what a jury would make of impersonal evidence like that."

Michael had come back to his seat.

"I've a horror," he said, "of dragging in Miss Ferrar's private life."

"No doubt. But do you want me to win the case?"

"Not that way. Can't we go into court, say nothing, and pay up?"

Sir James Foskisson smiled and looked at Soames. 'Really,' he seemed to say, 'why did you bring me this young man?'

Soames, however, had been pursuing his own thoughts.

"There's too much risk about that; if we failed there it might be a matter of £20,000. Besides, they would certainly call my daughter. I want to prevent that at all costs. I thought you could turn the whole thing into an indictment of modern morality."

Sir James Foskisson moved in his chair, and the pupils of his light-blue eyes became as pin-points. He nodded almost imperceptibly three times, precisely as if he had seen the Holy Ghost.

"When shall we be reached?" he said to very young Nicholas.

"Probably next Thursday—Mr. Justice Brane."

"Very well. I'll see you again on Monday. Good evening." And he sank back into an immobility, which neither Soames nor Michael felt equal to disturbing.

They went away silent—very young Nicholas tarrying in conversation with Sir James' devil.

Turning at the Temple Station, Michael murmured:

"It was just as if he'd said: 'Some stunt!' wasn't it? I'm looking in at *The Outpost*, sir. If you're going back to Fleur, will you tell her?"

Soames nodded. There it was! He had to do everything that was painful.

II

"NOT GOING TO HAVE IT"

In the office of *The Outpost* Mr. Blythe had just been in conversation with one of those great business men who make such deep impression on all to whom they voice their views in strict confidence. If Sir Thomas Lockit did not precisely monopolize the control of manufacture in Great Britain, he, like others, caused almost any one to think so—his knowledge was so positive and his emphasis so cold. In his view the country must resume the position held before the Great War. It all hinged on coal—a question of this seven hours a day, and they were "not going to have it." A shilling, perhaps two shillings, off the cost of coal. They were "not going to have" Europe doing without British produce. Very few people knew Sir Thomas Lockit's mind; but nearly all who did were extraordinarily gratified.

Mr. Blythe, however, was biting his finger and spitting out the result.

"Who was that fellow with the gray mustache?" asked Michael.

"Lockit. He's 'not going to have it.'"

"Oh!" said Michael, in some surprise.

"One sees more and more, Mont, that the really dangerous people are not the politicians, who want things with public passion—that is, mildly, slowly; but the big business men, who want things with private passion, strenuously, quickly. They know their own minds, and if we don't look out they'll wreck the country."

"What are they up to now?" said Michael.

"Nothing for the moment; but it's brewing. One sees in Lockit the futility of will-power. He's not going to have what it's entirely out of his power to prevent. He'd like to break Labor and make it work like a nigger from sheer necessity. Before that we shall be having civil war.

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Some of the Labor people, of course, are just as bad—they want to break everybody. It's a bee nuisance. If we're all to be plunged into industrial struggles again, how are we to get on with Foggartism?"

"I've been thinking about the Country," said Michael. "Aren't we beating the air, Blythe? Is it any good telling a man who's lost a lung that what he wants is a new one?"

Mr. Blythe puffed out one cheek.

"Yes," he said, "the Country had a hundred very settled years—Waterloo to the war—to get into its present state; it's got its line of life so fixed and its habits so settled that nobody—neither editors, politicians, nor business men—can think except in terms of its blasted town industrialism. The Country's got beyond the point of balance in that hundred settled years, and it'll want fifty settled years to get back to that point again. The real trouble is that we're not going to get fifty settled years. Some bee thing or other—war with Turkey or Russia, trouble in India, civil ructions, to say nothing of another general flare-up—may knock the bottom out of any settled plans at any time. We've struck a disturbed patch of history, and we know it in our bones, and live from hand to mouth according."

"Well, then," said Michael, glumly, thinking of what the minister had said to him at Lippinghall.

Mr. Blythe puffed out the other cheek.

"No backsliding, young man! In Foggartism we have the best goods we can see before us, and we must bee well deliver them, as best we can. We've outgrown all the old hats."

"Have you seen Aubrey Greene's cartoon?"

"I have."

"Good—isn't it? But, what I really came in to tell you, is that this beastly libel case of ours will be on next week."

Mr. Blythe's ears moved.

"I'm sorry for that. Win or lose—nothing's worse for public life than private ructions. You're not going to have it, are you?"

"We can't help it. But our defense is to be confined to an attack on the new morality."

"One can't attack what isn't," said Mr. Blythe.

"D'you mean to say," said Michael, grinning, "that you haven't noticed the new morality?"

"Certainly not. Formulate it if you can."

"'Don't be stupid, don't be dull.'"

Mr. Blythe grunted. "The old morality used to be: 'Behave like a gentleman.'"

"Yes! But in modern thought there ain't no sich an animal."

"There are fragments lying about! They reconstructed Neanderthal man from half a skull."

"A word that's laughed at can't be used, Blythe."

"Ah!" said Mr. Blythe. "The chief failings of your generation, young Mont, are sensitiveness to ridicule, and terror of being behind the times. It's bee weak-minded."

Michael grinned.

"I know it. Come down to the House. Parsham's Electrification Bill is due. We may get some light on Unemployment."

Having parted from Mr. Blythe in the Lobby, Michael came on his father walking down a corridor with a short bright old man in a trim gray beard.

"Ah! Michael, we've been seeking you. Marquess, my hopeful son! The marquess wants to interest you in electricity."

Michael removed his hat.

"Will you come to the reading-room, sir?"

This, as he knew, was Marjorie Ferrar's grandfather, and he might be useful. In a remote corner of a room lighted so that nobody could see any one else reading, they sat down in triangular formation.

"You know about electricity, Mr. Mont?" said the marquess.

"No, sir, except that more of it would be desirable in this room."

"Everywhere, Mr. Mont. I've read about your Foggartism; if you'll allow me to say so, it's quite possibly the policy of the future; but nothing will be done with it till you've electrified the country. I should like you to start by supporting this Bill of Parsham's."

And, with an engaging distinction of syllable, the old peer proceeded to darken Michael's mind.

"I see, sir," said Michael, at last. "This Bill ought to add considerably to unemployment."

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"Temporarily, of course."

"I wonder if I ought to take on any more temporary trouble. I'm finding it difficult enough to interest people in the future as it is—they seem to think the present so important."

Sir Lawrence whinnied.

"You must give him time and pamphlets, Marquess. But, my dear fellow, while your Foggartism is confined to the stable, you'll want a second horse."

"I've been advised already to take up the state of the traffic or penny postage. And, by the way, sir, that case of ours *is* coming into court, next week."

Sir Lawrence's loose eyebrow shot up:

"Oh!" he said. "Do you remember, Marquess—your granddaughter and my daughter-in-law? I came to you about it."

"Something to do with lions? A libel, was it?" said the old peer: "My aunt——"

While Michael was trying to decide whether this was an ejaculation or the beginning of a reminiscence, his father broke in:

"Ah! yes, an interesting case that, Marquess—it's all in Betty Montecourt's Memoirs."

"Libels," resumed the marquess, "had flavor in those days. The words complained of were: 'Her crinoline covers her considerable obliquity.'"

"If anything's to be done to save scandal," muttered Michael, "it must be done now. We're at a deadlock."

"Could *you* put in a word, sir?" said Sir Lawrence.

The marquess's beard quivered.

"I see from the papers that my granddaughter is marrying a man called MacGown, a Member of this House. Is he about?"

"Probably," said Michael. "But I had a row with him. I think, sir, there would be more chance with her."

The marquess rose. "I'll ask her to breakfast. I dislike publicity. Well, I hope you'll vote for this Bill, Mr. Mont, and think over the question of electrifying the country. We want young men interested. I'm going to the Peers' Gallery now. Good-by."

When briskly he had gone, Michael said to his father: "If he's not going to have it, I wish he'd ask Fleur to breakfast, too. There are two parties to this quarrel."

III

SOAMES DRIVES HOME

SOAMES in the meantime was seated with one of those parties in her 'parlor.' She had listened in silence, but with a stubborn and resentful face. What did he know of the loneliness and frustration she had been feeling? Could he tell that the thrown stone had starred her mirrored image of herself; that the words 'snob,' and 'lion-huntress,' had entered her very soul? He could not understand the spiritual injury she had received, the sudden deprivation of that self-importance, and hope of rising, necessary to all. Concerned by the expression on her face, preoccupied with the practical aspects of the 'circus' before them, and desperately involved in thoughts of how to keep her out of it as much as possible, Soames was reduced to the closeness of a fish.

"You'll be sitting in front, next to me," he said. "I shouldn't wear anything too bright. Would you like your mother there, too?"

Fleur shrugged her shoulders.

"Just so," said Soames. "But if she wants to come, she'd better, perhaps. Brane is not a joking judge, thank goodness. Have you ever been in a court?"

"No."

"The great thing is to keep still, and pay no attention to anything. They'll all be behind you, except the jury—and there's nothing in them really. If you look at them, don't smile!"

"Why? Aren't they safe, Dad?"

Soames put the levity aside.

"I should wear a small hat. Michael must sit on your left. Have you got over that—er—not telling each other things?"

"Yes."

"I shouldn't begin it again. He's very fond of you."

Fleur nodded.

"Is there anything you want to tell *me?* You know I—I worry about you."

Fleur got up and sat on the arm of his chair; he had at once a feeling of assuagement.

"I really don't care now. The harm's done. I only hope *she'll* have a bad time."

Soames, who had the same hope, was somewhat shocked by its expression.

He took leave of her soon after and got into his car for the dark drive back to

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Mapledurham. The spring evening was cold, and he had the windows up. At first he thought of very little, and then of still less. He had passed a tiring afternoon, and was glad of the slight smell of stephanotis provided by Annette. The road was too familiar to rouse his thoughts, beyond wonder at the lot of people there always seemed to be in the world between six and seven. He dozed his way into the new cut, woke, and dozed again. What was this—Slough? Before going to Marlborough he had been at school there with young Nicholas and Saint John Heyman, and after his time, some other young Forsytes. Nearly sixty years ago! He remembered his first day—a brand-new little boy in a brand-new little top-hat, with a play-box stored by his mother with things to eat, and blessed with the words: "There, Summy dear, it'll make you popular." He had reckoned on having command of that corruption for some woods; but no sooner had he produced a bit of it than they had taken the box, and suggested to him that it would be a good thing to eat the lot. In twenty-two minutes twenty-two boys had materially increased their weight, and he himself, in handing out the contents, had been obliged to eat less than a twenty-third. They had left him one packet of biscuits, and those had caraway seeds for which he had constitutionally no passion whatever. Afterward three other new boys had complained that he was a fool for having it all eaten up like that, instead of saving it for them, and he had been obliged to sit on them one by one. His popularity had lasted twenty-two minutes, and so far as he knew, had never come back. He had been against Communism ever since.

Bounding a little on the cushioned seat, he remembered poignantly his own cousin, Saint John Heyman, pushing him into a gorse-bush and holding him there for an appreciable minute. Horrid little brutes, boys! For the moment he felt quite grateful to Michael for trying to get them out of England. And yet—! He had some pleasant memories even of boys. There was his collection of butterflies—he had sold two Red Admirals in poor condition to a boy for one and threepence. To be a boy again—h'm—and shoot peas at passengers in a train that couldn't stop, and drink cherry brandy going home, and win a prize by reciting two hundred lines of 'The Lady of the Lake' better than 'Cherry-Tart' Burroughes—Um? What had become of 'Cherry-Tart' Burroughes, who had so much money at school that his father went bankrupt! 'Cherry-Tart' Burroughes!

The loom of Slough faded. One was in rank country now, and he ground the handle of the window to get a little fresh air. A smell of trees and grass came in. Boys out of England! They had funny accents in those great places overseas. Well, they had funny accents here, too. The accent had been all right at Slough—if it wasn't, a boy got lammed. He remembered the first time his father and mother—James and Emily—came down; very genteel (before the word was fly-blown), all whiskers and crinoline, the beastly boys had made personal remarks which had hurt him! Get 'em out of England! But in those days there had been nowhere for boys to go. He took a long breath of the wayside air. They said England was changed, spoiled, some even said 'done for.' Bosh! It still smelled the same! His great-uncle 'Superior Dosset's' brother Simon had gone as a boy to Bermuda at the beginning of the last century, and had he been heard of since? Not he. Young Jon Forsyte and his mother—his own first, unfaithful, still not quite forgotten wife—had gone to the States—would they be heard of again? He hoped not. England! Some day, when he had time and the car was free, he would go and poke round on the border of Dorset and Devon where the Forsytes came from. There was nothing there—he understood, and he wouldn't care to let anybody know of his going; but the earth must be some sort of color, and there would be a graveyard, and—Maidenhead! These sprawling villas and hotels and gramophones spoiled the river. Funny that Fleur had never been very fond of the river; too slow and wet, perhaps—everything was quick and dry now, like America. But had they such a river as the Thames anywhere out of England? Not they! Nothing that ran green and clear and weedy, where you could sit in a punt and watch the cows, and those big elms, and the poplars. Nothing that was safe and quiet, where

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you called your soul your own and thought of Constable and Mason and Walker.

His car bumped something slightly, and came to a stand. That fellow Riggs was always bumping something! He looked out. The chauffeur had got down and was examining his mud-guard.

"What was that?" said Soames.

"I think it was a pig, sir."

"Where?"

"Shall I drive on or see?"

Soames looked round. There seemed no habitations in sight.

"Better see."

The chauffeur disappeared behind the car. Soames remained seated. He had never had any pigs. They said the pig was a clean animal. People didn't treat pigs properly. It was very quiet! No cars on the road; in the silence the wind was talking a little in the hedgerows. He noticed some stars.

"It *is* a pig, sir; he's breathing."

"Oh!" said Soames. If a cat had nine, how many lives had a pig? He remembered his father James' only riddle: "If a herring and a half cost three ha'pence, what's the price of a gridiron?" When still very small, he had perceived that it was unanswerable.

"Where is he?" he said.

"In the ditch, sir."

A pig was property, but if in the ditch, nobody would notice it till after he was home. "Drive on," he said. "No! Wait!" And, opening the near door, he got out. After all, the pig was in distress. "Show me," he said, and moved in the tail-light of his car to where the chauffeur stood pointing. There, in the shallow ditch, was a dark object emitting cavernous low sounds, as of a man asleep in a club chair.

"It must belong to one of them cottages we passed a bit back," said the chauffeur.

Soames looked at the pig.

"Anything broken?"

"No, sir; the mud-guard's all right. I fancy it copped him pretty fair."

"In the pig, I mean."

The chauffeur touched the pig with his boot. It squealed, and Soames quivered. Some one would hear! Just like that fellow, drawing attention to it—no gumption whatever! But how, without touching, did you find out whether anything was broken in a pig? He moved a step and saw the pig's eyes; and a sort of fellow-feeling stirred in him. What if it had a broken leg! Again the chauffeur touched it with his foot. The pig uttered a lamentable noise, and, upheaving its bulk, squealing and grunting, trotted off. Soames hastily resumed his seat. "Drive on!" he said. Pigs! They never thought of anything but themselves; and cottagers were just as bad—very unpleasant about cars. And he wasn't sure they weren't right—tearing great things! The pig's eye seemed looking at him again from where his feet were resting. Should he keep some, now that he had those meadows on the other side of the river? Eat one's own bacon, cure one's own hams! After all, there was something in it—clean pigs, properly fed! That book of old Foggart said one must grow more food in England, and be independent if there were another war. And he sniffed—a smell of baking—Reading already! They still grew biscuits in England! Foreign countries growing his food—something unpleasant about living on sufferance like that! After all, English meat and English wheat—as for a potato, you couldn't get one fit to eat in Italy or France. And now they wanted to trade with Russia again! Those Bolshevists hated England. Eat their wheat and eggs, use their tallow and skins? Infra dig, he called it! The car swerved and he was jerked against the side cushions. The village church!—that fellow Riggs was always shying at something. Pretty little old affair, too, with its squat spire and its lichen—couldn't see that out of England—graves, old names, yew-trees. And that reminded him: one would have to be buried some day. Here, perhaps. Nothing flowery! Just his name, 'Soames Forsyte,' standing out on rough stone, like that grave he had sat on at Highgate; no need to put 'Here lies'—of course he'd lie! As to a cross, he didn't know. Probably they'd put one, whatever he wished. He'd like to be in a corner, though, away from people—with an apple-tree or something over him. The less they remembered him the better. Except Fleur—and she would have other things to think of!

The car turned down the last low hill to the level of the river. He caught a glimpse of it flowing dark between the

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poplars, like the soul of England, running hidden. The car rolled into the drive, and stopped before the door. He shouldn't tell Annette yet about this case coming into court, she wouldn't feel as he did—she had no nerves!

IV

CATECHISM

MARJORIE FERRAR'S marriage was fixed for the day of the Easter recess; her honeymoon to Lugano; her trousseau with Clothilde; her residence in Eaton Square; her pin-money at two thousand a year; and her affections on nobody. When she received a telephone message: Would she come to breakfast at Shropshire House? she was surprised. What could be the matter with the old boy?

At five minutes past nine, however, on the following day she entered the ancestral precincts, having left almost all powder and pigment on her dressing-table. Was he going to disapprove of her marriage? Or to give her some of her grandmother's lace, which was only fit to be in a museum?

The marquess was reading the paper in front of an electric fire. He bent on her his bright, shrewd glance.

"Well, Marjorie? Shall we sit down, or do you like to breakfast standing? There's porridge, scrambled eggs, fish—ah! and grape-fruit—very considerate of them! Pour out the coffee, will you?"

"What'll *you* have, Grandfather?"

"Thank you, I'll roam about and peck a bit. So you're going to be married. Is that fortunate?"

"People say so."

"He's in Parliament, I see. D'you think you could interest him in this electricity Bill of Parsham's?"

"Oh! yes. He's dead keen on electricity."

"Sensible man. He's got Works, I suppose. Are they electrified?"

"I expect so."

The marquess gave her another glance.

"You know nothing about it," he said. "But you're looking very charming. What's this I hear of a libel?"

She might have known! Grandfather was too frightfully spry! He missed nothing!

"It wouldn't interest you, dear."

"I disagree. My father and *old* Sir Lawrence Mont were great friends. Why do you want to wash linen in court?"

"I don't."

"Are you the plaintiff?"

"Yes."

"What do you complain of?"

"They've said things about me."

"Who?"

"Fleur Mont and her father."

"Ah! the relation of the tea man. What have they said?"

"That I haven't a moral about me."

"Well, have you?"

"As much as most people."

"Anything else?"

"That I'm a snake of the first water."

"I don't like that. What made them say so?"

"Only that I was heard calling her a snob, and so she is."

The marquess, who had resigned a finished grape-fruit, placed his foot on a chair, his elbow on his knee, his chin on his hand, and said:

"No divinity hedges our Order in these days, Marjorie; but we still stand for something. It's a mistake to forget that."

She sat very still. Everybody respected grandfather; even her father, to whom he did not speak. But to be told that she stood for something was really too dull for anything! All very well for grandfather at his age, and with his lack of temptations! Besides, *she* had no handle to her name, owing to the vaunted nature of British institutions. Even if she felt that—by Lord Charles out of Lady Ursula—she ought not to be dictated to, she had never put on frills—had always liked to be thought a mere Bohemian. And, after all, she did stand—for not being stuffy, and not being dull.

"Well, Grandfather, I tried to make it up, but she wouldn't. Coffee?"

"Yes, coffee. But tell me, are you happy about yourself?"

Marjorie Ferrar handed him the cup.

"No. Who is?"

"A hit," said the marquess. "You're going to be very well off, I hear. That means power. It's worth using well, Marjorie. He's a Scotsman, isn't he? Do you like him?" Again the shrewd bright glance.

"At times."

"I see. With your hair, you must be

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careful. Red hair is extraordinarily valuable on occasion. In the Eton and Harrow Match, or for speaking after dinner; but don't let it run away with you after you're married. Where are you going to live?"

"In Eaton Square. There's a Scotch place, too."

"Have your kitchens electrified. I've had it done here. It saves the cook's temper. I get very equable food. But about this libel. Can't you all say you're sorry—why put money into the lawyers' pockets?"

"She won't, unless I do, and I won't unless she does."

The marquess drank off his coffee.

"Then what is there in the way? I dislike publicity, Marjorie. Look at that suit the other day. Anything of this nature in Society, nowadays, is a nail in our coffins."

"I'll speak to Alec, if you like."

"Do! Has he red hair?"

"No; black."

"Ah! What would you like for a wedding-present—lace?"

"Oh! no, please, dear. Nobody's wearing lace."

With his head on one side, the marquess looked at her. "I can't get that lace off," he seemed to say.

"Perhaps you'd like a colliery. Electrified, it would pay in no time."

Marjorie Ferrar laughed. "I know you're hard up, grandfather; but I'd rather not have a colliery, thanks. They're so expensive. Just give me your blessing."

"I wonder," said the marquess, "if I could sell blessings? Your Uncle Dangerfield has gone in for farming, he's ruining me. If only he'd grow wheat by electricity; it's the only way to make it pay at the present price. Well, if you've finished breakfast, good-by. I must go to work."

Marjorie Ferrar, who had indeed begun breakfast, stood up and pressed his hand. He was a dear old boy, if somewhat rapid!

That same evening in a box at the Saint Anthony, she had her opportunity, when MacGown was telling her of Soames' visit.

"Oh, dear! Why on earth didn't you settle it, Alec? The whole thing's a bore. I've had my grandfather at me about it."

"If they'll apologize," said MacGown, "I'll settle it to-morrow. But an apology they must make."

"And what about me? I don't want to stand up to be shot at."

"There are some things one can't sit down under, Marjorie. Their whole conduct has been infamous."

Visited by a reckless impulse, she said: "What d'you suppose I'm really like, Alec?"

MacGown put his hand on her bare arm.

"I don't suppose; I know."

"Well?"

"Defiant."

Curious summary! Strangely good in a way—only——!

"You mean that I like to irritate people till they think I'm—what I'm not. But suppose"—her eyes confronted his—"I really am."

MacGown's grasp tightened.

"You're not; and I won't have it said."

"You think this case will whitewash my—defiance?"

"I know what gossip is; and I know it buzzes about you. People who say things are going to be taught, once for all, that they can't."

Marjorie Ferrar turned her gaze toward the still life on the dropped curtain, laughed and said:

"My dear man, you're dangerously provincial."

"I know a straight line when I see one."

"Yes; but there aren't any in London. You'd better hedge, Alec, or you'll be taking a toss over me."

MacGown said simply: "I believe in you more than you believe in yourself."

She was glad that the curtain rose just then, for she felt confused and rather touched.

Instead of confirming her desire to drop the case, that little talk gave her a feeling that by the case her marriage stood or fell. Alec would know where he was when it was over, and so would she! There would be precious little secret about her, and she would either not be married to him or at least not married under false pretences. Let it rip! It was, however, a terrible bore; especially the preparatory legal catechism she had now to undergo. What effect, for instance, had been produced among her friends and acquaint-

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ances by those letters? From the point of view of winning, the point was obviously not without importance. But how was she to tell? Two hostesses had cancelled week-end invitations: a rather prim countess, and a Canadian millionairess married to a decaying baronet. It had not occurred to her before that this was the reason, but it might have been. Apart from them she would have to say she didn't know; people didn't tell you to your face what they heard or thought of you. They were going to try and make her out a piece of injured innocence! Good Lord! What if she declared her real faith in court, and left them all in the soup! Her real faith—what was it? Not to let a friend down; not to give a man away! not to funk; to do things differently from other people; to be always on the go; not to be 'stuffy'; not to turvy! Well, one must keep one's head!

V

THE DAY

On the day of the case Soames rose, in Green Street, with a sort of sick impatience. Why wasn't it the day after?

Renewed interviews with very young Nicholas and Sir James Foskisson had confirmed the idea of defense by attack on modern morality. Foskisson was evidently going to put his heart into that—perhaps he'd suffered from it; and if he was anything like old Bobstay, who had just published his reminiscences at the age of eighty-two, that cat would lose her hair and give herself away. Yesterday afternoon Soames had taken an hour's look at Mr. Justice Brane, and been very favorably impressed; the learned judge, though younger than himself—he had often briefed him in other times—looked old-fashioned enough now for anything.

Having cleaned his teeth, put in his plate, and brushed his hair, Soames went into the adjoining room and told Annette she would be late. She always looked terribly young and well in bed, and this, though a satisfaction to him, he could never quite forgive. When he was gone, fifteen years hence perhaps, she would still be under sixty, and might live another twenty years.

Having roused her sufficiently to say: "You will have plenty of time to be fussy in that court, Soames," he went back and looked out of his window. The air smelled of spring—aggravating! He bathed and shaved with care—didn't want to go into the box with a cut on his chin!—then went back to see that Annette was not putting on anything bright. He found her in pink underclothes.

"I should wear black," he said.

Annette regarded him above her hand-mirror.

"Whom do you want me to fascinate, Soames?"

"These people will bring their friends, I shouldn't wonder; anything conspicuous——"

"Don't be afraid; I shall not try to be younger than my daughter."

Soames went out again. The French! Well, she had good taste in dress.

After breakfast he went off to Fleur's. Winifred and Imogen would look after Annette—they, too, were going to the court, as if there were anything to enjoy about this business!

Spruce in his silk hat, he walked across the Green Park, conning over his evidence. No buds on the trees—a late year; and the Royal Family out of town! Passing the Palace, he thought: 'They're very popular!' He supposed they liked this great Empire group in front of them, all muscle and flesh and large animals! The Albert Memorial, and this—everybody ran them down; but, after all, peace and plenty—nothing modern about them! Emerging into Westminster, he cut his way through a smell of fried fish into the parliamentary backwater of North Street, and, between its pleasant little houses, gazed steadily at the Wren church. Never going inside any church except Saint Paul's, he derived a sort of strength from their outsides—churches were solid and stood back, and didn't seem to care what people thought of them! He felt a little better, rounding into South Square. The Dandie met him in the hall. Though he was not overfond of dogs, the breadth and solidity of this one always affected Soames pleasurably—better than that little Chinese abortion they used to have! This dog was a character—masterful and tenacious—you would get very little out of *him* in a witness-box! Looking up from the dog, he saw Michael and Fleur coming down the stairs. After hurriedly

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inspecting Michael's brown suit and speckled tie, his eyes came to anchor on his daughter's face. Pale but creamy, nothing modern about it, no lip-salve, powder, or eye-blacking; perfectly made up for her part! In a blue dress, too, very good taste, which must have taken some finding! The desire that she should not feel nervous stilled Soames' private qualms.

"Quite a smell of spring!" he said. "Shall we start?"

While a cab was being summoned, he tried to put her at ease.

"I had a look at Brane yesterday; he's changed a good deal from when I used to know him. I was one of the first to give him briefs."

"That's bad, isn't it, sir?" said Michael.

"How?"

"He'll be afraid of being thought grateful."

Flippant, as usual!

"Our judges," he said, "are a good lot, take them all round."

"I'm sure they are. Do you know if he ever reads, sir?"

"How d'you mean—reads?"

"Fiction. We don't, in Parliament."

"Nobody reads novels, except women," said Soames. And he felt Fleur's dress. "You'll want a fur; that's flimsy."

While she was getting the fur, he said to Michael: "How did she sleep?"

"Better than I did, sir."

"That's a comfort, anyway. Here's the cab. Keep away from that Scotchman."

"I see him every day in the House, you know."

"Ah!" said Soames; "I forgot. You make nothing of that sort of thing there, I believe." And taking his daughter's arm, he led her forth.

"I wonder if old Blythe will turn up," he heard Michael say, when they passed the office of *The Outpost*. It was the first remark made in the cab, and, calling for no response, it was the last.

The Law Courts had their customary air, and people, in black and blue, were hurrying into them. "Beetle-trap!" muttered Michael. Soames rejected the simile with his elbow—for him they were just familiar echoing space, concealed staircases, stuffy corridors, and the square enclosures of one voice at a time.

Too early, they went slowly up the stairs. Really, it was weak-minded! Here they had come—they and the other side—to get—what? He was amazed at himself for not having insisted on Fleur's apologizing. Time and again in the case of others, all this had appeared quite natural—in the case of his own daughter, it now seemed almost incredibly idiotic. He hurried her on, however, past lingering lawyers' clerks, witnesses, what-not. A few low words to an usher, and they were inside, and sitting down. Very young Nicholas was already in his place, and Soames so adjusted himself that there would only be the thickness of Sir James, when he materialized, between them. Turning to confer, he lived for a cosey moment in the past again, as might some retired old cricketer taking block once more. Behind young Nicholas he quartered the assemblage with his glance. Yes, people had got wind of it! He knew they would—with that cat always in the public eye—quite a lot of furbelows up there at the back, and more coming. He reversed himself abruptly; the Jury were filing in—special, but a common-looking lot! Why were juries always common-looking? He had never been on one himself. He glanced at Fleur. There she sat, and what she was feeling he couldn't tell. As for young Michael, his ears looked very pointed. And just then he caught sight of Annette. She'd better not come and sit down here, after all—the more there were of them in front, the more conspicuous it would be! So he shook his head at her, and waved toward the back. Ah! She was going! She and Winifred and Imogen would take up room—all rather broad in the beam; but there were still gaps up there. And suddenly he saw the plaintiff with her lawyer and MacGown; very spry they looked, and that insolent cat was smiling! Careful not to glance in their direction, Soames saw them sit down, some six feet off. Ah! and here came Counsel—Foskisson and Bullfry together, thick as thieves. They'd soon be calling each other 'my friend' now, and cutting each other's throats! He wondered if he wouldn't have done better after all to have let the other side have Foskisson, and briefed Bullfry—an ugly-looking customer, broad, competent and leathery. He and Michael with Fleur

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between them, and behind—Foskisson and his junior; Settlewhite and the Scotchman with 'that cat' between them, and behind—Bullfry and his junior! Only the Judge wanted now to complete the pattern! And here he came! Soames gripped Fleur's arm and raised her with himself. Bob! Down again! One side of Brane's face seemed a little fuller than the other; Soames wondered if he had toothache, and how it would affect the proceedings.

And now came the usual 'shivaree' about such and such a case, and what would be taken next week, and so on. Well! that was over, and the judge was turning his head this way and that, as if to see where the field was placed. Now Bullfry was up:

"If it please Your Lordship——"

He was making the usual opening, with the usual flowery description of the plaintiff—granddaughter of a marquess, engaged to a future Prime Minister . . . or so you'd think! . . . prominent in the most brilliant circles, high-spirited, perhaps a thought too high-spirited. . . . Baggage! . . . the usual smooth and subacid description of the defendant! . . . Rich and ambitious young married lady. . . . Impudent beggar! . . . Jury would bear in mind that they were dealing in both cases with members of advanced Society, but they would bear in mind, too, that primary words had primary meanings and consequences, whatever the Society in which they were uttered. H'm! Very sketchy reference to the incident in Fleur's drawing-room—minimized, of course—ha! an allusion to himself—man of property and standing—thank you for nothing! Reading the libellous letters now! Effect of them . . . very made-up, all that! . . . Plaintiff obliged to take action. . . . Bunkum! "I shall now call Mrs. Ralph Ppynrryn."

"How do you spell that name, Mr. Bullfry?"

"With two p's, two y's, two n's and two r's, my lord."

"I see."

Soames looked at the owner of the name. Good-looking woman of the flibberty-gibbet type! He listened to her evidence with close attention. Her account of the incident in Fleur's drawing-room seemed substantially correct. She had received the libellous letter two days later; had thought it her duty, as a friend, to inform Miss Ferrar. Should say, as a woman in Society, that this incident and these letters had done Miss Ferrar harm. Had talked it over with a good many people. A public incident. Much feeling excited. Had shown her letter to Mrs. Maltese, and been shown one that she had received. Whole matter had become current gossip. H'm!

Bullfry down, and Foskisson up!

Soames adjusted himself. Now to see how the fellow shaped—the manner of a cross-examiner was important! Well, he had seen worse—the eye, like frozen light, fixed on unoccupied space while the question was being asked, and coming round on to the witness for the answer; the mouth a little open, as if to swallow it; the tongue visible at times on the lower lip, the unoccupied hand clasping something under the gown behind.

"Now, Mrs.—er—Ppynrryn. This incident, as my friend has called it, happened at the house of Mrs. Mont, did it not? And how did you come there? As a friend. Quite so! And you have nothing against Mrs. Mont? No. And you thought it advisable and kind, madam, to show this letter to the plaintiff and to other people—in fact, to foment this little incident to the best of your ability?" Eyes round!

"If a friend of mine received such a letter about me, I should expect her to tell me that the writer was going about abusing me."

"Even if your friend knew of the provocation and was also a friend of the letter-writer?"

"Yes."

"Now, madam, wasn't it simply that the sensation of this little quarrel was too precious to be burked? It would have been so easy, wouldn't it, to have torn the letter up and said nothing about it? You don't mean to suggest that it made *you* think any the worse of Miss Ferrar—you knew her too well, didn't you?"

"Ye-es."

"Exactly. As a friend of both parties you knew that these expressions were just spleen, and not to be taken seriously?"

"I can't say that."

"Oh! You regarded them as serious? Am I to take it that you thought they

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touched the ham-bone? In other words, that they were true?"

"Certainly not."

"Could they do Miss Ferrar any harm if they were palpably untrue?"

"I think they could."

"Not with you—you were a friend?"

"Not with me."

"But with other people, who would never have heard of them, but for you. In fact, madam, you enjoyed the whole thing. Did you?"

"Enjoyed? No."

"You regarded it as your duty to spread this letter? Don't you enjoy doing your duty?"

The dry cackle within Soames stopped at his lips.

Foskisson down, and Bullfry up!

"It is, in fact, your experience, Mrs. Ppynrryn, as well as that of most of us not so well constituted, perhaps, as my learned friend, that duty is sometimes painful."

"Yes."

"Thank you. Mrs. Edward Maltese."

During the examination of this other young woman, who seemed to be dark and solid, Soames tried to estimate the comparative effect produced by Fleur and 'that cat' on the four jurymen whose eyes seemed to stray toward beauty. He had come to no definite conclusion, when Sir James Foskisson rose to cross-examine.

"Tell me, Mrs. Maltese, which do you consider the most serious allegation among those complained of?"

"The word 'treacherous' in my letter, and the expression 'a snake of the first water' in the letter to Mrs. Ppynrryn."

"More serious than the others?"

"Yes."

"That is where you can help me, madam. The circle you move in is not exactly the plaintiff's, perhaps?"

"Not exactly."

"Intersecting, um?"

"Yes."

"Now, in which section, yours or the plaintiff's, would you say the expression 'she hasn't a moral about her' would be the more, or shall we say the less, damning?"

"I can't say."

"I only want your opinion. Do you think your section of Society as advanced as Miss Ferrar's?"

"Perhaps not."

"It's well known, isn't it, that her circle is very free and easy?"

"I suppose so."

"Still, your section is pretty advanced—I mean, you're not 'stuffy'?"

"Not what, Sir James?"

"Stuffy, my lord; it's an expression a good deal used in modern Society."

"What does it mean?"

"Strait-laced, my lord."

"I see. Well, he's asking you if you're stuffy?"

"No, my lord. I hope not."

"You hope not. Go on, Sir James."

"Not being stuffy, you wouldn't be exactly worried if somebody said to you: 'My dear, you haven't a moral about you'?"

"Not if it was said as charmingly as that."

"Now, come, Mrs. Maltese, does such an expression, said charmingly or the reverse, convey any blame to you or to your friends?"

"If the reverse, yes."

"Am I to take it that the conception of morality in your circle is the same as in—my lord's?"

"How is the witness to answer that, Sir James?"

"Well, in your circle are you shocked when your friends are divorced, or when they go off together for a week in Paris, say, or wherever they find convenient?"

"Shocked? Well, I suppose one needn't be shocked by what one wouldn't do oneself."

"In fact, you're not shocked?"

"I don't know that I'm shocked by anything."

"That would be being stuffy, wouldn't it?"

"Perhaps."

"Well, will you tell me, then—if that's the state of mind in your circle; and you said, you know, that your circle is less free and easy than the plaintiff's—how it is possible that such words as 'she hasn't a moral about her' can have done the plaintiff any harm?"

"The whole world isn't in our circles."

"No. I suggest that only a very small portion of the world is in your circles. But do you tell me that you or the plaintiff pay any——?"

"How can she tell, Sir James, what the plaintiff pays?"

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"That *you*, then, pay any attention to what people outside your circle think?"

Soames moved his head twice. The fellow was doing it well. And his eyes caught Fleur's face turned toward the witness; a little smile was curling her lip.

"I don't, personally, pay much attention even to what anybody *in* my circle thinks."

"Have you more independence of character than the plaintiff, should you say?"

"I dare say I've got as much."

"Is she notoriously independent?"

"Yes."

"Thank you, Mrs. Maltese."

Foskisson down, Bullfry up!

"I call the plaintiff, my lord."

Soames uncrossed his legs.

(To be continued.)

Home

BY REUBEN MAURY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DOUGLAS DUER

SWEPSTON QUARLES was standing on a front porch in the nine-hundred block on West Park Street in Butte,* Montana. And that, Charlotte Cragg realized with finality, was the climax of twenty-nine years. Her life would not be the same henceforth, could not be. This she knew as surely as she knew Quarles to be standing before her in the flesh.

She had last seen this man in Charlottesville, Virginia, in 1895; had expected never to see him again. Here he was. Flanking his head in her sight, the wall of blue-black mountains to the south of Butte stood up like blurry stage-settings that might shift or fall at any moment. He was extending his right hand and smiling in a way she astonishingly well remembered.

"Why—Swep Quarles!"

It was a well-bred gasp she gave him, and a light, quick handshake; the kind of greeting that glosses over, ignores, forbidden excitements pounding in the throat.

"Come in!" she said. "So glad to see you. Just hang your wraps on the rack. What brings you this way?"

"Jove! This is a cold city you live in!" he exclaimed. She had not heard a man say "Jove" in years.

"'Hot afternoons have been in Montana,'" she forced herself to quote smilingly, "but not in March with the wind off Mount Fleecer. I keep the house warm, though. Come into the front room. They'd call this the parlor back home in Charlottesville, wouldn't they?"

By the time they were seated, with an electric heater spraying its rays over them, Charlotte had recovered her grip. You're Charlotte Cragg, of Butte, Montana, she had told herself; and you're forty-eight, and it's now thirty years since you were Charlotte Bainbridge, telling this man that yes, there was some one else, and though you don't feel that old by ten years or look it, either, still you mustn't have foolish thoughts about him, simply mustn't have them, do you hear?

His blue eyes were unhardened and honest still. Also, they were lighting alarmingly, and his fingers were drumming his watch-pocket. She perceived that chatter, a frustrating cloud of talk, was what she had to supply.

"Oh, I read your book, Swep," she began; "just last week. The latest, I mean —'Dream's End.' Thought it splendid. Your big success so far, isn't it? Nine large printings in six weeks, I read in some review. You're certainly to be congratulated. I suppose your short work in the magazines is just a pastime for you, isn't it?"

Start them talking about themselves:

* Pronounced Bute.

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that was the way to parry whatever romantic notions they might have brought twenty-five hundred miles with them. There was a clean crispness about his thick, slightly graying hair; the same air about his necktie, and the trouser cuff above his swinging right foot. He looked seasoned. The negroes at home would have called it "quality."

"Thank you for mentioning the book, Charlotte," he was saying uninterestedly. Here was a setback, indeed; a writer refusing a chance to discuss his own work.

"Er—Charlotte—" he began, in a tone which stung her anew into headlong talk-making.

"I'm so sorry Jim isn't here to-day. He's off hunting another mine, as usual. This one is down near Durant, west of Butte. He's been away since yesterday morning. I told him March in Montana was no time for such trips, but he'd go in December. Has done it any number of times. There's a cabin on his claim, though, so I suppose he'll not freeze."

"A mine?" Quarles's tone said that, since she insisted, they would talk of mines for a space.

"Yes. A—a mine. Jim has been developing this piece of land for a year or more, with two men and a windlass. He has a pair of mining experts with him on this trip, from one of the local companies. Hopes to interest one or another of them in the ground. I sincerely trust he may."

Behind her forced animation she was frightened by her last words. They seemed to furnish an opening for intimate questions.

"He will succeed, too, some time," she rushed on. "Jim's a wonderful all-around mining man. 'Your husband, Mrs. Cragg,' one of the high Anaconda Company officials said to me once, 'has a nose for ore deposits—and that's the important thing in this game.' The operators come to him sometimes for his opinion when their regular staffs are puzzled. Jim makes them pay for his services, too, I assure you. Oh, he'll find a mine of his own some day!"

"He isn't on any regular staff, then?" Quarles said.

She had thought to set at rest any inward curiosities Quarles might have about the unpretentious brick house and the plain furniture. He had spied the single weakness in her story. Fear of those level blue eyes was chilling her.

"Why, no. Oh, no. He's a sort of unofficial consulting expert. It's too detailed to explain. Swep, say 'regular' again. Please."

He said it, with some bewilderment.

"Delightful! It's been years since I've heard any one talk without trampling on his r's like a—dray-horse. Tell me, Swep—in Charlottesville, do the people still speak of the University of Virginia simply as 'the University'?"

He smiled then. With Virginians, home is the topic that cannot fail.

"Yes, yes, they do, bless 'em! As if it were the only university in the world. In many ways it is, too. . . . But Charlotte——"

"And Swep. Does Lewis's Mountain in October still look like a big, brilliant Indian blanket hung in the sky to the east of town?"

"It does. Hasn't changed, except that it's called Patterson's Mountain now. Charlotte——"

It had become a battle, no less. Her ears barely heard the words that streamed from her tongue.

"I'll warrant everything else has changed, though. The people, I mean. I remember how, when I was a girl, the idea most girls had of the true romance was to marry a Western man, rich—all Westerners were that, of course—come out here, bring up half a dozen children to be tall, blond mining magnates or cowgirls, grow up with the country. All most girls want nowadays is comfort and an automobile and an able bootlegger. Perhaps they're more sensible than we were. Have you ever thought of writing a book on the younger generation, Swep?"

"No," Quarles said succinctly. He said too: "Jim Cragg wasn't rich, then?"

Whereupon her defenses crashed. Striving like mad to hide, she had but clumsily disclosed things that had fermented in her mind for years. Quarles leaped the smashed barriers, blue fires aflicker in those eyes.

"Charlotte! Are you happy, or aren't you? That is what I came to this place from Charlottesville to find out. And I don't propose to be put off."

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One can always retreat to dignity.

"Have you any right to ask me that, do you think?"

Quarles was on his feet. She watched his burly grained oxfords shuttling over the carpet from stand lamp to hall door and back, while his words hammered at her bowed forehead.

"Any right? Why, what about the right of forty-nine come back to an old friend? You said we would always be friends, you may remember." Furiously ironic, the tone he used there. "Isn't that enough? Or say, if you prefer, that it must be more than friendship brings me here. I'd admit that much to Cragg himself—wouldn't hesitate a second. I uppose I'm talking like nineteen years old; but I tell you, Charlotte, there hasn't been any one else since—that time. Oh, here and there, naturally; what man doesn't? But—any right! Let me ask you this: what right have you to play-act to me? There's a real question."

He was talking about himself now, in all conscience. He waited for no answer.

"Oh, everything works for the best, looking at it one way. I've knocked around the world, had an experience or two, unloaded a good many hundred thousand words of print on the public. If things had come out as—I hoped they might, once, why—I'd have settled down in a Courthouse Square law office in Charlottesville and told my brain fevers through the years to you instead of to a typewriter. I'd have been an everyday person, and as happy as most. As it is, I'm a reasonable success in a hard game. But I'm forty-nine—which is the part that matters. I've a little house on the Lynchburg road, out beyond Observatory Mountain. Oh, I won't commit the ancient hokum about the lonely fireside. I have a—an able bootlegger, as you say, up in the Ragged Mountains, and plenty of friends to drop in when those red-clay Albemarle County roads are at all passable."

He drew breath, pounced again on his subject.

"Well, at any rate, Charlotte, here I

". . . it's something just to have lived in a place like that."—Page 642.

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am! Seeing you face to face, I'll admit the motives I left home with seem a bit fantastic. But I think you might at least tell me whether—it's well with you, or not."

The blue fires receded from the surfaces of his eyes, and he sat down again, staring up at the picture-moulding. The blood was churning in Charlotte's throat. She was not old. Years were liars.

"Since you put it so, Swep . . . no. Jim had a good position, for a young man, waiting for him here after he left the University. That was all. With one of the —I always think of them as pirates. They were fighting in those days to control the Butte Hill and the ores underneath. Jim's pirate finally sold out; some say for ten million, though I doubt that. Whatever it was, it was a big sum for that time, and he never tried to come back for more. Jim's position was good, but not good enough to admit him to the—shall we call it the division of the loot in the captain's cabin? The pirate's crew was set adrift."

She drew a cigarette from his proffered case. She seldom used the things, but at this moment she craved their comforting sting in her throat.

"Don't think I'm complaining, or ever did. We were young then, and I've lived in Butte too long now. It was in the game. Buccaneers all! If you won, you won. If you lost, you didn't whimper. The winners didn't crow, you expected no one's pity, and no one insulted you by trying to extend any. That's Butte, Montana, Swep!—or what I've known of it. It's something, after all—the thought never occurred to me before—but it's something just to have lived in a place like that."

She looked over her shoulder, laughing uneasily.

"I can almost feel this old town frowning in at my window," she apologized, "because I'm being weak enough to breathe my troubles to anybody."

"What happened after that?" Quarles prompted.

"Oh, we lived along. People do, you know. That's the truth, that Jim's a good mining man. He's made several stakes, as he calls them, in his time. He always puts them back, though, into another hole in the ground. 'Sometime,' he tells me, 'I'll find the big hole.' He thinks he has it now. But he's thought that so often . . ."

"The half-dozen children?" asked Quarles. "All cowgirls or whatever it was?"

"We've had two. A girl and a boy. He was overseas; rose to a captaincy, and just twenty-two. He passed—he d—oh, why not say it! He was killed, in the last days of the war, just outside Sedan."

"Oh, Charlotte!"

"Yes. Well—the girl. Dorothy Montana Cragg. Jim insisted on the middle name; it was fashionable here, until people realized the cold truth that Montana simply doesn't do as a girl's name. We call her Dorothy. She would study medicine, at Northwestern. Said that was her bent and she had to live her own life. We were able to arrange it; she helped herself considerably after the first year or so. These modern youngsters! Now she's a mayor."

"A what?"

"A mayor. Isn't that too perfectly Western—women governors and the like? She's mayor of Melbane, a little railroad division point over in the prairie part of this State. They elected her to fill out some man or other's term—he died, I believe. We didn't even know she was running. It happened only three or four days ago. She telegraphed us; seldom writes. She's been three years this July on the railroad hospital staff at Melbane."

"Does she ever come home?" Quarles inquired.

"Why, no. It's so far. One scarcely realizes Montana distances. This is the third largest State, you know."

"Ever ask you to come and visit her?"

"Why, she couldn't—entertain us. She could hardly see us. She's so busy."

"Living her own life, eh?"

His tone again was sarcastic. Instinctively she went to Dorothy's defense.

"We're proud of the child, Swep. Please don't think we're not. I—well, I rather wish sometimes that I'd had the common sense to live mine."

She hadn't intended to say that; she knew it meant nothing, really; it had come out of the desire to set Swep right

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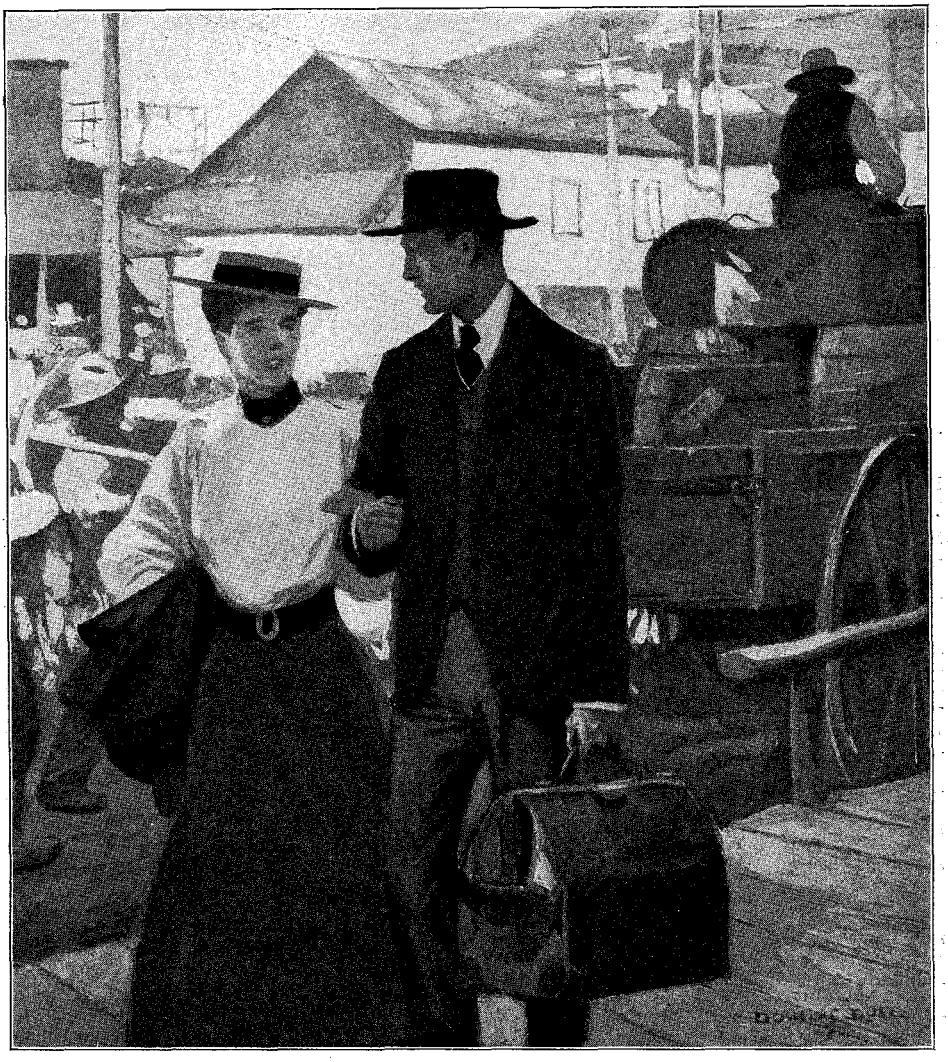

They had simply walked, on wood or in mud, when she was a young married woman.—Page 644.

as to the adored Dorothy. Altogether it was an appalling utterance; the more so because it flung Quarles from his chair once more.

"Life's not over yet!" he said, through teeth set as if they challenged time and eternity. "If you think it is, you're wrong. Twenty-five, thirty years yet, maybe forty. We can't tell. What is there you have to live for out here in this hole, Charlotte?"

She was thinking: there were big oaks and rounded hills down Lynchburg way, kindly, soft-voiced people in old Charlottesville, flowers through all that country. She had always felt herself a misfit in this West. Defeat, the boy's death, disappointments; it couldn't be that she belonged here. The front room's walls were pressing in on her like the walls in that Poe-chamber of hideous memory. She rose in her turn, as though stifled.

"I can't stand it inside this house," she said, thick-voiced. "Take me somewhere, Swep. Where we can talk."

"Anywhere!" he muttered.

When they stepped forth on the porch three minutes later, Charlotte's face was composed. She knew her Butte as a gossipy city for all its nerves of steel. A

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West Side car was screeching into Park Street at the Emmett Street curb, two blocks away.

"The very place!" Charlotte exclaimed. "Columbia Gardens. A sort of park, east of town. This car runs out there."

The high-slung yellow monster, two-thirds a Pullman's length, halted convulsively at the corner of Park and Excelsior. They took a leg-cramping seat near the rear. Talk being impossible in the thunderous interior, Quarles gave himself to scanning the people who got on and off, Charlotte to watching the town stream past the window—her town for twenty-nine years.

People walked on cement, drove on macadam, in Park Street these days. They had simply walked, on wood or in mud, when she was a young married woman. There had been a bridge at the foot of Park Hill, spanning one of the numerous gulches that gashed Butte's landscape. Smoke from sulphide ores roasting in the open on the Flat had lain like a death's blanket over the city through bitter winters. Ore trains had run up and down Montana Street, the High School was just going up, there was no Phœnix Block, no Metals Bank building, there were log houses close to Main on West Broadway.

This afternoon brisk, prosperous-looking Americans bustled on the West Side. They gave way as the car crashed down East Park to crowds of the South Europeans who latterly manned the copper and zinc mines. Charlotte had come here in the era of the Irish miner, three-fifty-a-day, "When Bryan Came to Butte." All those faces outside the car window, though, wore the same expression as formerly the others had worn. All were shrewd, impassive, controlled, yet full of a salty, knowledgeable humor. The mines and the mountains did not change; they ironed their philosophy into the features of whosoever came to their city.

After Gaylord Street and its stomach-stirring nose-dive, the mines for a space lowered on the car on its leftward side. A tangle of gallows-frames, chutes, bins, sheds, and red board fences the mines stepped away up-hill into a sky of aluminum brushed with cotton.

She became conscious of a tenderness for this city. She wished that before leaving she might arrange somehow to put her arms around houses, people, mines, and all, comfortingly. During that ride Charlotte genuinely believed she was about to leave Butte.

The turn at the old Butte-Duluth workings swept the city from view, and the sprawling white dance pavilion stared down at them through a notch in the hills. Behind Columbia Gardens the Main Range gleamed grayly in its patched suit of old snow. Two minutes more and the car stood in the terminal, swaying as if it panted after its climb.

The two people, arm in arm, began to walk aimlessly through the park. Green benches that in summer had held picnicking families were piled along the boardwalk; the nickel arcades were shuttered; the roller-coaster's grind and the hrum of the Ferris wheel were absent from the air. Charlotte had not visited Columbia Gardens since the children were little, but she missed those noises instantly.

Swep pointed to a twenty-foot circular depression in the snow.

"Looks like a fairy ring," he said, "where the Little People have been."

"Why—that's what it is!" Charlotte was thrilled. "They have the merry-go-round there in summer."

They were not talking as much as they had expected; but neither were they greatly excited or depressed. Charlotte thought a good deal, as they walked, of the numberless Children's Days in summers gone—Thursdays, no carfares—when she had brought Bob and Dorothy out here. They had always loved the place; she had enjoyed the crowds and the Canadian poplar-trees. That was all long past. But she was not old. She told herself several times that the years lied.

They gravitated to the conservatory, with its bulging maroon domes and its flashing glass roofs. The old German caretaker was genial, as most men are who work with flowers. He introduced them to the two parrots who lived with him, Polly and Mike. They learned that Polly was seventy years of age, while Mike was over a hundred—on hearing which Mike laughed like a banshee and executed a giant swing around his perch.

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"Up there," the old German told them, pointing with his pipe, "the fish-hatchery is. But in vinta-time of this place that part they down shut."

"Fish-hatchery?" said Swep. "You mean hatch-fishery, don't you, my friend?"

"But no——"

"Both of you are wrong," Charlotte announced primly. "He means fitch-hashery."

They giggled, tear-stung eyes meeting and clinging. Swep pressed her arm tightly to his side, whispering "My dear! My dear!"

Red and purple flowers bloomed in the conservatory, in raised beds, waist-high. The air had a fragrance, a moisture, and a warmth from softly murmuring pipes, which intoxicated the two wanderers among the flowers. One could almost believe the warmth came from the steel-bright sun that glittered above the roofs of glass. They stayed long there, hating to leave. Where the flowers and parrots were was endless false spring.

At last, Charlotte's left arm swept her wrist-watch up before her eyes.

"Gracious! It's a quarter after four, and dinner's at six, and Jim will be

As he talked, Jim Cragg's voice grew more and more hoarse, chesty, he-mannish.—Page 646.

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starved after his trip! We must fly. Have dinner with us, Swep."

The whole thing took place before she realized what she was doing or saying. Dinner had been at six on ten thousand days of her life. Swep made no comment; perhaps he saw then the end of all this.

As they "flew" down the long bridge from the ball park to the dancing-pavilion, Charlotte had glimpses of Butte, two miles away. The city clung to its hill, lapping over into the ancient lake-bed that was the Flat. Blue haze barred with steely sunshine hung above it. The mountains that ringed it were hard like glass, blue like polar ice, white like refined iron. The sun glanced off sundry windows in town and dazzled her eyes. Outwardly Butte was all hard surfaces, harsh lights, smoke, stone.

On the homeward car Charlotte thought again about that city. In its way it was a famous place. Newspapers and fictioneers had tacked catch-phrases to it. "The richest hill on earth" . . . "the city of the copper collar" . . . "perch of the devil" . . . "toughest town in America." . . . What the world knew of Butte, it knew from those tags. And the world's knowledge was about as thorough as that of the cow-county legislator who had once thundered against it in the State capitol as "the Babylon of the Rockies." One had to have lived out long years in Butte to know what the place really was. Charlottesville, of course, was home.

She was still trying to tell herself what Butte was when they reached the brick house in West Park Street a few minutes after five. In the front room they discovered not only Jim Cragg, returned from his two days' questing, but also Dorothy Montana, mayor of Melbane. The two were holding hands and leaning into the warmth from the electric heater.

"Here she is!" bellowed Jim, seeing Charlotte in the doorway. She had to submit to a double smother of kissing and pawing over. You started out across the world, you got as far as Columbia Gardens, you came back to this.

"Real news, girl!" Jim shouted. Then he saw Quarles, standing uncertainly in the hall. "Why—why——"

"Surely, Jim, you remember Swepston Quarles . . . Mr. Quarles, my daughter Dorothy. . . . An old Charlottesville friend of your father's and mine, dear. . . . Just—passing through."

Charlotte carried off the situation deftly, as did Quarles. He managed, even, to throw a convincing warmth into eyes and a voice gone dull.

"Say!" Jim boomed, the amenities barely over with—"I've got to talk. I've worked thirty years or so to be able to."

Her husband's neck, his big, rough-cut face, the scalp under his thinned hair, had all turned a coppery red. Head thrust down between his shoulders, hands planted in corduroy hip pockets, one heavy boot-toe caressing the carpet, he faced the three of them. But his eyes were for his wife, shyly.

"Charlotte, old girl, I've got the Hammerhead people and a Utah crowd started to bidding against each other for that hole in the ground down near Durant. Wasn't telling you about the deal till I could get it somewheres near cinched. But I've been hauling rock-peckers for one outfit or the other out there for the past three months. It'll be a mine now, I guess. Thought I—I'd give you a surprise."

As he talked, Jim Cragg's voice grew more and more hoarse, chesty, he-mannish. In this, Charlotte recognized, he was following one of the ways of the West. When you laid your life's achievement at the feet of a person you worshipped, you must make believe that it was nothing, hell's bells! nothing to it at all. Otherwise you were no true Westerner.

"Oh, wonderful, Jim!" Even that was a little excessive, by Western code. "Now, you two sit down in front of the heater, and we'll get dinner."

In the kitchen the two women tied each other's aprons. Looking at her daughter's splendidly shaped head and the strong, springing curves of her back and shoulders, Charlotte was swept by a sudden wild exultance. She had achieved this. Out of the years she had wrenched this perfection, to make up for anything the years had withheld from her.

The girl must have sensed her mother's inner triumphing, for she swung about the instant the bow-knot tightened against

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her back. She seized Charlotte in a fierce, hungry embrace.

"It's been so long, mother," she whispered. "I've never got over wanting you. But I had to—show I was worthy of you and dad."

Another Western humbuggery, thought Charlotte. You must put your sacredest loves and adorations on strictly moral grounds, that none might accuse you of out-and-out emotion.

She said aloud: "Dear, we're so proud, so proud"—and meant it, this time.

Altogether, Charlotte had a beautiful evening. If Jim wondered at all about Quarles's presence, his face did not show it. By dessert-time he fell to reminiscing of the wild days and times the city had seen. He told of the big explosion of 1895, of the A. P. A. riots, Bryan's visit in '97, the mine shut-down of 1903, the dynamiting of Miners' Union Hall, followed by martial law in '14, the boom days during the war, when Butte claimed to have reached the hundred-thousand mark, Bloody Wednesday on Anaconda Road, the Speculator Mine disaster. Quarles listened with interest, occasionally making rapid notes in a little pad jerked from his vest-pocket. He seemed largely to have cast off the depression that had weighed on him visibly before dinner.

Red episodes all, these of her husband's telling; they appealed to men. But they were no more the real Butte than were the pictures called up by the catch-phrases. They were merely the things that got into the newspapers. What was Butte, then, now that she knew what it was not?

She had grown up in Charlottesville, in the mellow State of Virginia. In this sere mountain mining town, she had ridden the tides of life. She had brought forth her children here, had lost games and won them, had met death and sorrow and learned to defy those as forces that could not conquer short of killing her. Now, at forty-eight, she was seeing her husband's eyes turning to her incessantly as he talked, that shy look in them as of one laying everything he had in the world at her feet. She was seeing her daughter well started in the way she had chosen and thanking her, Charlotte Cragg, for all she had and was. She was remembering the boy; with pain, true, but she had lived after even that frightful wound.

The place where such things came to people, she concluded, was the place that was meant by the word home. Wherever those things came to any one, would be home for that person. It might be London, Cape Town, Peoria, Unalaska, where-not. For her, Butte was home. It must be the same for thousands of other people who were living their lives there, and who never got into the newspapers.

She was deeply gladdened over her discovery. It brought a feeling of knowing at last exactly where she belonged; a very comforting feeling, she found. She began planning useful years in her own city. Life was not over yet.

When Quarles took leave of them about nine o'clock, Charlotte accompanied him to the porch. She shut the door and walked with him to the head of the steps. Even night brought no softness to this city: the darkness stretching away from their feet was the ghost of blued steel, stippled with diamond light-points.

"Do you understand, Swep?" she asked him.

"Yes. I understand," he said. "Well, at forty-nine, a man lives along, no matter what happens. This was a fool's errand I came on—though I don't regret it, Charlotte."

"Shall I see you again?"

"I think not. Spring should be on the way up from Lynchburg. It's warm now, or will be soon, at home—my home. Good-by, Charlotte."

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The Mating Season of Co-Education

BY FRANK R. ARNOLD

DECORATIONS BY MARGARET FREEMAN

IF you happen to be a graduate of a monastic New England college and then spend twenty years teaching in a Western co-educational college your point of view on educating the sexes together does much shunting about. You first endure, then pity, but as a rule do not embrace the ambient ardor for putting young men and women through the same cultural mill. Every spring your attitude even becomes that of despair. You sympathize more than ever with Sisyphus as you fight against the triple foe of the college instructor: spring fever, co-educational calf love, and the classic indifference of the eighty-five per cent who, as Doctor Clarence Little told the Michigan alumni in Boston, attend college for reasons other than those of love of knowledge. You get a co-educational complex far different from that of ordinary citizens.

Their view-point on co-education is mainly traditional, depending largely on whether the ordinary citizen is a man or a woman, on whether he first saw the light on the Atlantic seaboard or in the middle West, and possibly also on whether he is a taxpayer. He does not recognize it as a question that will not down and never can be satisfactorily settled. He usually dismisses co-education as a universal Western college blessing and an occasional Eastern college bane, but it is not so simple as all that. It is a problem as hard to settle, with as much to be said on both sides, as that of the epigeneticists and the preformationists. The taxpayer says that only Ohio can expect taxpayers to support three State universities, that no State can afford to give higher education to men and women separately, that taxpayers want to see results, that the easiest result for a taxpayer to grasp is size, and that mammoth proportions in a State university are impossible without an attendance made up of both sexes. Simple and incontrovertible argument for the Babbitts and the other Main Streeters. Their point of view is worthy of all respect, but the real persons concerned are the students and teachers, and their opinions on the subject are rarely spread abroad. All the same, they are God's own appointed spies on co-education. Most young women students hold the taxpayer's opinion, but from different reasons. According to whether sex blows hot or cold, a girl student becomes an enemy or an advocate of the system. Sex in the case of normal girls is a bigger business, with more insistent demands, a far more alluring game, than careers or intellectual joys, and so there never has been a girl student who, once having tasted the joys of co-education, desires to forego them. Occasionally a girl of the bisexual college system will admit that co-education was all right for her because she knew how to handle herself, but it would never do for her sister, whose life is one constant sequence of innocent love affairs. However, most girl products of the co-educational system probably hold the same opinion as a graduate of the University of Wisconsin who remarked once that a girl couldn't have a good time in college unless she were engaged. She herself had been engaged four times, once each college year, and was an ardent advocate of co-education. She was a good student and on graduating had become a teacher of Latin in an Iowa high school. She kept up the same engaging procedure all through adolescence until she finally

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married a widower with two children. On a European trip a chance acquaintance asked her to wear his diamond, and she wore it all the time on shipboard but gave it back on landing at Liverpool. She didn't care anything about the man, said he was a bore, that when once you had "gone with" a college man you couldn't stand any other kind, and he was the other kind, and yet she would spend hours in his company, "playing the game." She was a girl of the type known to mothers as "thoroughly nice," and nothing in her conduct was open to criticism except possibly the fixed idea that any man's society was more interesting than a woman's. Sex with her was eternally in evidence, though never rampant, eternally calling for mild satisfaction like that of the Western student who went to Harvard to do graduate work and wrote to a chum that he should go crazy if he didn't find pretty soon some nice girl he could kiss.

The male student, however, is less concerned with sex than business. All the time in constant association with young women students, he often feels that co-education is as distracting as spring fever, as an evil conscience or as a haunting melody, and it is thus because it is so productive of what is known in modern college slang as "female trouble." When you say of a boy student that he has female trouble you mean that he is all upset and unable to work because his girl hasn't written him, or because she is walking past the house, or because she has gone to a dance or a movie with a better man than he the night before, or because she simply will not allow him, in the Shakespearian phrase, to press his suit. How prevalent this distracting female trouble is may be seen by answers to a questionnaire conducted by a Western college paper. Students were asked to send in answers to the query as to whether co-education is a blessing or a curse. It was a subject that they were all so familiar with they had never before even thought of discussing it. The girls wisely sent in no answers. Some of the men's answers were flippant but favorable. Co-education made a man shave every day. It kept him from being a brute. It broke up the adamantine monotony of classes. It made it possible to take a girl to the movies without squeamishness, because you could "stand anything" after having sat through a course in sociology with a lot of girls. Most of the answers, however, brought up the distracting side of the question. Co-education turned the college into a matrimonial bureau. No sense in wasting your time with "Janes," but you couldn't help it when you met them at every turn of the road. Ladies were always lying in wait for a student who wanted to study. What was the use of being "Anned" before you were out of college. One married student even said that co-education was a constant reminder that he had married too early. Women take too much of your time both before and after marriage, was the gist of the whole matter.

It was all the paleolithic cry that the woman tempted me and I did eat. Instead of accepting girl students as an integral part of college life, a necessary concomitant for the development of character, like strong drink and sports, to be used without abusing, the students thought they were being subjected to unnecessary and irresistible devourers of time. And though all had been developed fairly successfully under the co-educational régime, the general opinion was that the Amherst or Williams man, with Smith and Mount Holyoke girls within easy reach, but fortunately not within the gates, was far more favorably situated than the middle Western student whose daily fare was flavored with the feminine at every moment of the day.

Thus the student. The professor, on the other hand, can tell you just how distracting in other ways "female trouble" can be. He uses the simple Hamlet device of looking first on this picture and then on that. Two boys, both with high school love affairs on their hands, went to a Western co-educational college. The first two years they worked well and remained faithful to their high school girls. The next year the high school girls graduated and one boy advised his beloved to go to the State university, as he was at the State agricultural college and both realized that if they were to do any college work they would have to live apart. Freed from sex obsessions, with his girl

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one hundred miles away and accessible only now and then, the boy made a record in his junior year that showed him to be a good human being even if he were only an average student as far as books go. He bought a Tuxedo, an act of promotion to social virility for a student. He was elected president of his Greek letter fraternity and also of his journalistic club. He wrote and sold five articles for farm papers. He was associate editor of the college paper. Most marvellous of all for

a modern college student, so preoccupied with sex, movies, and sports, he had time for reading and used it to read such unrequired books as "The Plastic Age," "Martha," "The Sun Field," "Yvette," "Arrowsmith," and "The Recreations of a Psychologist," a list far from classical but a marvellous feat for a college student of to-day, who usually reads only because he has required subjects and rarely for his own pleasure. The other boy could not keep his girl from following him to his college and with her passed a purely sexual year. He dropped his fraternity life, studied only enough to get passing marks, let the French and dramatic clubs, of which he had been elected president, die of inanition, and read nothing except absolute essentials, never a book, not even a newspaper or a magazine. He had no thought in his head beyond flight to his best girl's arms, and by the end of the year he had no plans in life except to find a teaching position that would enable him to get married. The girl, who was simply marking time and was meant by nature only for a breeder, whose conversation was restricted entirely to exclamations such as "How nice!" and "That's lovely!" had no conception of her *métier de femme* that went so far as putting ambition into her future husband or even sharing any that he might have. The two children were helpless in the grip of sex, and co-education was responsible for a year that was wasted by both except as a valuable human experience from which neither had intelligence and will power enough to draw any profit. The young man's case is perhaps exceptional and is due to the opportunities of co-education, to the lack of will power on his side and of brains on the girl's side, but the case will recur constantly as long as colleges find no way of impressing on their students the elementary fact that co-educational colleges exist not as pleasure clubs with sex in the foreground, but as schools for the training of citizens and human beings. Over the doorways of every educational institution should be carved the verse: "There is a spiritual body" or else "You are human beings as well as animals," and from the first day of orientation courses to the commencement address the college should lay emphasis on the derivation and scope of the word "human."

The observing teacher will also note many false standards that spring up in co-educational institutions as upsetting in their way as the distractions of sex. An agricultural college in a far Western state sent one of its graduates to Oxford. After three years he returned to his college town, settled down as a lawyer, and while waiting for clients did much talking about Oxford before clubs of women or students. One of his most damaging statements to the cause of co-education was the fact that at Oxford he had discovered how delightful is the conversation of men.

"We used to study mornings," he said, "and devote our afternoons to outdoor sports until four, when we would gather in various rooms for afternoon tea and talk. It was then I learned for the first time in my life how extremely agreeable is men's conversation. Until then my idea of pleasure had been to take a girl to a dance, to a movie, or to ride in an automobile. All my pleasure had centred about the other sex, and as none of the girls I knew could 'talk,' as I couldn't 'talk' myself, I really discovered that sharpening one's wits against another's

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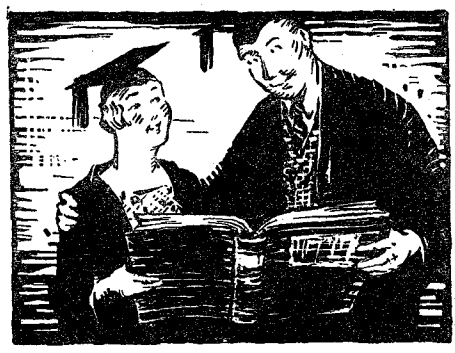
and juggling with ideas is more fun than associating with girls. The French, I understand, consider conversation as a national game, but you'll never get that point of view at a co-educational college. You may have to travel as far as Oxford to understand it in its finest flowering."

Of course co-educational students could not grasp this Oxford message. They just thought the speaker was queer and un-American. Their whole scheme of pleasure was built around sex, with girls for every leisure moment. Such students are, for all practical purposes, married people without first having had the mental explorations and sexless friendships which are so vastly entertaining and valuable in non-co-educational colleges. Married are they also to the point of having the financial responsibilities of matrimony. One of the chief problems that come to a man student in a co-educational college is the price of amusements. Alone he does not mind an elevated seat in the gallery. He enjoys it. The price is within his reach. But he feels he has no right to go to the theatre without taking his "girl." As he cannot afford to take her to the best seats and no others are good enough for a man who would rather fail in every course than run the risk of being thought a "wet one" by a girl, he simply does not go. Besides, he must save his money for dances. He may belong to the dramatic club, he may be studying the drama, he may be a student of sociology or music, but all the same he ignores all major theatrical events such as the coming of Mrs. Fiske, of Jane Cowl, or of the San Carlo opera. He is happy only when second-rate companies come to town and he can "tumesce at four bits," to mingle familiar terms from Havelock Ellis and the West. Once when Olga Petrova wandered into a college town out in the Rockies she was much surprised to play to only half a house and that half all down-stairs. She immediately began to question local reporters and the manager as to the cause. The town was called the Athens of the State, was it not? Where were the Athenians? Why were there no college men and women in the house? Her play was of a sociological type and students ought to see it. Were they not interested in the drama? Was the movie menace responsible? She had hoped to play to a houseful of students. Where were they? When the explanation finally came, she exclaimed: "You say that neither men nor women students go to the theatre alone or in groups? They must pair off like married people? Have they no intellectual courage? Why, they are simply sex automatons! They haven't even the fun of intellectual youth. Long ago I dropped the word 'intolerant' from my vocabulary.



Now, I simply wonder at things. And I must say your college young people drive me to wonder, amazement, awe, disgust. They almost make me intolerant. They are intolerable."

Another false standard is the inherent right which every man feels to show good-fellowship and affection toward college girls in public. It is known in country colleges as "pawing" or to animal-husbandry students by even a more technical name. A Yale student who came to teach in a Rocky Mountain college remarked that the way in which the sexes fondled each other in public was the most remarkable thing about the college. The men were always grabbing the arms or waists of girl students to help them upstairs or down, into chapel or out of lecture rooms. Students never sat demurely side by side but always tipped toward fascinating female curves or strokable necks and arms. And all in a perfectly innocent spirit of playful *camaraderie*, though subconscious sex must have been boiling below. The Yale man asked a student why so much lovemaking was done in public. Hadn't good breeding decreed that love demonstrations should

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lighten dark corners and private homes rather than bright businesslike college halls?

The student looked at him in perplexity. Finally perception seemed to come. "Hell! That ain't love-making. That's just pawing." All the same, the Yale comment seemed to scatter a great awakening light and evolved an editorial in the college weekly from which we quote the following cogent sentences:

"There is a pernicious habit among certain love-stricken youths of our college which can most accurately be described as 'pawing.' We have all seen it; the sane denounce it; too many girls permit it. This method of courtship, while it is no doubt ridiculous, is at the same time pathetic. We have one type of infatuated young man who thinks himself in love and wishes to inform the entire world of it. He meets the feminine object of his affection as she comes through the hallway between classes or elsewhere on the campus, greets her with outstretched arms and lets his hands flutter lightly over her dimpled cheeks, fondles her silken hair, and gazes searchingly into her dark, luminous eyes.

"Another kind of girl-enamored swain proceeds in a somewhat different fashion. He sights his maiden on a walk on the campus, calls loudly for her to halt, strides up with a 'Lo, kid,' twines one of his brawny arms firmly about her neck, pinches her cheek, grabs her hand, and after a slight, noisy struggle appropriates her books or vanity case. Finally the class bell rings and the two separate. The girl goes to her next class thinking herself popular. The fellow, with the spirit of 'conquest' still high, seeks another victim.

"Sex attraction is inborn. It is something we cannot well destroy. However, it can, to a desirable extent, be controlled. This open, unleashed, mauling mode of lifting the safety valve of calf-love is entirely out of date. It is primitive, barbaric, and indecent."

Co-education is certainly distracting and full of false standards for both men and women students, and yet, if college is to be a complete preparation for life, if sex and business must be mingled early in life, there is no better school for mating than that offered by co-education. Most young men and young women are imperfectly polygamous or polyandrous before they settle down to monogamy. The young man enjoys an athletic girl for outdoor companionship, another for dancing, another for mental stimulus, and another still for steady domesticity. He has to learn, preferably before marriage, that no one woman can be all women to him. The young woman student has similar discoveries to make with regard to the young men of her generation. Her life happiness demands that she learn to hold her man with brains as well as sex, to realize that if he should ever murmur to himself with Andrea del Sarto, "Why not a brain?" her goose is cooked. In this respect co-education may be the best training ground for a pre-marital understanding of the opposite sex, but, on the other hand, it holds too constantly alert the mating instinct in woman. The crying need of the world is mental mothers.

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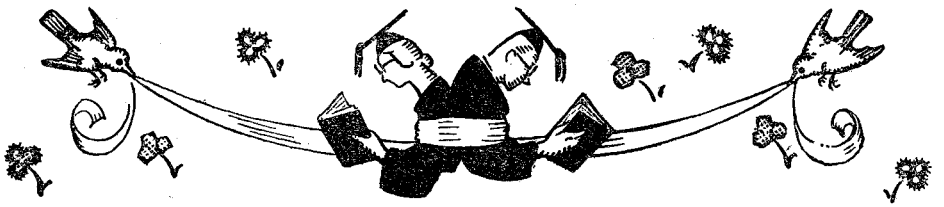
Primitive, physical, passionate mothers we have in abundance. But the mothers we need, the mothers who are to stimulate mentally the town, family, and church are all too rare and are not likely to be produced by the co-educational institutions. Such mothers need years of meditative acquisition, mental brooding as well as physical, and the fault of co-education is that it awakens the mating mother instinct too early. If a woman is to be merely a physical mother, co-education is an admirable preparation. If her main business in life is to be a mentally resourceful human being as well as a mother, then co-education is objectionable for her. Whether you look at it from the point of view of the man or woman, student co-education interferes with the main business of life of the student, which, from eighteen to twenty-two, is preparation for being a good homo rather than stimulation of the mating impulse.

This point of view was admirably brought out by a superintendent of schools in one of the "cow counties" of a far Western State. He had moved to the capital to educate his five children, the oldest a girl of sixteen. For her he demanded a private school for girls and gave the following explanation: "I want my daughter to have some girlhood. Co-education in high school or college won't let her. It eliminates normal girlhood. If I let her go to our country high school she would have to be like other girls, go to dances three times a week and get married when she is seventeen and be a worn-out married woman with four or five children by the time she is twenty-three. I want her to associate with girls whose mothers don't want them to marry until they have had an undistracted opportunity to get an education in high school and college. In our cow county we think an unmarried girl of twenty-three has every chance to be an old maid. I think she is just beginning to have sense enough to venture on marriage. I've known nothing but co-education all my life, and I'd like to try something else for my children."



Nocturne in Erebus

BY WILLIAM GRIFFITH

THREE VOICES

I

Mine be only a place to sleep,
And dream a neglected dream;
Somewhere to see a vanished face
In a moon-moving stream.

II

Only be mine to lose the way
To all save a lost delight;
Forgetting and else forgotten
In a star-trailing night.

III

Be mine only to see the sun
Rise once, and a finger lay
On where to dig into the sky,
Against a dying day.

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Generally Speaking

ARE AMERICANS "GRASPING MATERIALISTS" OR "SLOPPY IDEALISTS"?

BY T. B. SIMPSON

IT was a wise man who said: "No generalizations are true—not even this one." But it *is* probably true, in general, to say that no country in the world is made the subject of so many generalizations as the United States. "America is the apex of modern civilization," "America is fifty years behind Europe in education and morality," "Under Prohibition the United States have attained a standard of prosperity hitherto unknown in history," "The country is going to the dogs with drink and dope," "Americans are grasping materialists," "Americans are sloppy idealists"—these and a thousand other sweeping assertions are made every day, alike by native and alien. But, despite the many contradictions that exist between the dogmatists, there still does persist abroad a set of general ideas in common currency about America and the Americans. It is accordingly a matter of great interest to the inquiring visitor to find that, again speaking generally, they are nearly all wrong.

Of course some of the average European's preconceptions about the United States do, on investigation, prove to be correct. There *does* certainly appear to be a large number of automobiles in daily use, there *is* a high standard of material prosperity, many of the buildings in New York *have* attained surprising vertical dimensions, and American hospitality *is* unique and unforgetable. But until a man has been there he can have no idea what the country and its people are really like, especially if he relies on the typical American of books and anecdotes. A not unfair comparison may be drawn between a visit to the United States and a visit during the war (for business purposes) to the Western Front. During the war we had the most detailed, accurate, and comprehensive descriptions, by picture and letter-press, of all that was happening in the war, and (perhaps better) one had spoken repeatedly with people who had been there. Yet until he went there himself, a man really did not *know* what it was like. The same considerations apply to an American visit; it is only fair to state that the latter is less dangerous, despite what we read in foreign newspapers about New York gunmen.

Where then is it that the popular conceptions of America and its inhabitants go so far astray? First and foremost, we have the impression, gleaned perhaps from the restless flicker of the cinematograph, that the Americans are a nation of hustlers. To be disabused of this one need only enter a big business building in any of the great cities. In the large, impressive entrance-hall, whose pillars are made, as likely as not, of marble brought from Mount Pentelicus, fat goldfishes laze round in a tank beneath an immense mosaic executed in glowing colors. A reverential peace pervades the air, and the worshippers—I beg pardon, the men of business—speak in a hushed whisper if they speak at all. In these Cathedrals of Commerce every one has unlimited leisure. The high priest, or chief manager, instead of being immured in an inner holy of holies into which, in Europe, nothing less than a machine-gun section could force its way, sits in the outer office, beside the front door, and is accessible to everybody. He will talk to the casual visitor for an hour and a half, and nothing is farther from his mind than business. Who does the work remains a mystery, but presumably some is done by somebody.

The same absence of hustle impresses itself on the stranger in the places where he would most expect it—the railway-stations. To stand in one of the big New York stations suggests anything rather

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than the strain and stress of railway travelling. For one thing, there are no trains in them, and that removes a disturbing element. A few languid travellers and redcaps saunter toward the lifts, while fretted vaults above them rise to unfathomable heights. I lost a train once through failure to appreciate the leisurely nature of American travel. Having deposited my bag to await the hour of departure, I asked for it only a quarter of an hour before my train was due to leave, and it did not appear in time. Naturally, the attendants were unused to my European hustle. Once in the train, our transatlantic traveller will find that it does not, with few exceptions, maintain the high average speed of an English express.

The same spacious leisureliness characterizes even the speech of the American. It is sometimes supposed, quite wrongly, that in this he inclines to slang. On the contrary, he has time even to eschew contractions. He talks of "automobiles," while the poor Englishman, flustered by the struggle to earn a living in post-war Europe, has only time for "car." "Elevator" takes the place of "lift," and the humble "tram" is elongated into a "trolley-car." He even clings to the old-fashioned "gotten" for "got," regardless of the fate which overtook his countryman in England who, anxious to spend an evening with his loved one at the theatre, telegraphed that he had "gotten tickets." When she appeared at the rendezvous with eight friends and relations, he must have regretted the employment of an archaic diction, the only meaning of which, to an English telegraph clerk, was that the sender had "got ten tickets" for the entertainment in question. A curious illustration of the ceremonial formality of American modes of speech may be noted in the courts, where the advent of a judge or judges, heralded in brusque and businesslike Britain by a curt "Court," is honored by an official proclaiming "The Honorable the District Court of the United States," or a no less impressive equivalent.

I have used the word "old-fashioned," and that, on mature reflection, is just the word to describe these "hustling moderns," the Americans. In the Eastern States especially does one find the formal courtesy and Old World speech of eighteenth-century England. An arguable case could be made in favor of the view that New England is far more a relic of the past than old England; the latter has been more thoroughly imbued with the modernism of California than the former. In England I have never seen and would never expect to see the following phenomena, all observed in the United States—a high-wheeled bicycle in use, a plough in use, the sole motive power of which was a man, and a motor-bicycle (partially in use), the sole motive power of which was a horse. In England you would never find the "shoppe" which infests the streets of American cities; nor, be it added, the "hotte dogge" which intrepid observers have reported from a State that shall be nameless. In England I have never seen little girls who curtseyed when they met a stranger; in America it is not uncommon. Nor, even in Scotland, would I expect to find what may be witnessed to this day in the State of New Jersey, a wife who invariably addresses her husband as "Mr. Wallace." Consider two American business men addressing each other, gravely prefixing "Mr." to each other's names, although they have been acquainted for a generation; ponder over the current religious controversies of America; look at the club servants of New York; and reflect on the sad circumstance that fifty per cent of American girls are called "sister" by their brothers—can you then find it possible to deny that America is still in that fine flower of early Victorian culture from which the peoples of the Old World have long since degenerated?

All of a piece with this is the American reverence for tradition. A hasty generalization, current on the eastern side of the Atlantic, would have us believe that "this is a young people, without a long history, and therefore without any regard for tradition." Quite the contrary is the case. Nowhere is reverence for antiquities and historical associations greater; it may be seen even in the controversies which rage interminably among New Yorkers as to which Vanderbilt lived where. Tradition is none the less solemn or valuable because it grows quickly; every President who is re-elected for another term demon-

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strates the truth of that assertion. The zeal for the past which finds one outlet in the collection of objects of historic interest (are there not forty-seven hoofs of Napoleon's favorite charger in New York alone?) shows itself in the care bestowed on the country's historic monuments. At Mount Vernon the visitor may behold Washington's home as it was when he lived in it; soon, we hope, he may see Arlington as the home of Robert E. Lee; and the man who could view the manœuvres of America's future officers at West Point in their 1812 uniforms without being profoundly impressed by the national devotion to her historic past must be dull of soul indeed.

A popular delusion about America which takes an unconscionable time a-dying is the belief that it is a democratic country, where all are equal. It is true that there are no hereditary titles, but there is still hereditary wealth, which is an even more powerful creator of a privileged caste. When I was in the States I heard well-educated persons of both sexes use shocking expressions that none in Great Britain would dare employ, except perhaps in a whisper and on a lonely moor. "The lower classes," I heard one lady say, and "common people," while I have heard the member of a highly placed circle refer to his friends and intimates as "born in the purple." In socialistic England this would be simply impossible. In any case a natural deficiency of titles is amply compensated by the vast number of societies which confer the most imposing and high-resounding ranks upon their members. A delightful sense of undemocratic grandeur is imparted by membership of the Elks, Mooses, Maccabees, American Woodmen, Ku Klux Klan, fraternities embellished with all the letters of the (Greek) alphabet, Knights of Jerusalem, Daughters of the Revolution, Pythians, and Masons of every shade and variety. Who would be a mere Sir or Lord when he might be a Most Worshipful Moose, or a Grand Double Eagle with crossed swords? These titles may not actually exist, but they convey the general idea.

Some old-fashioned people still look on the United States as the happy hunting-ground of "big business," of mammoth corporations, of trusts. But of course this conception is curiously astray. It is *par excellence*, again speaking generally, the country of the small enterprise. Concrete instances always carry greater conviction than abstract statements, so in this regard I need only state that in one small country town I discovered no fewer than six banks, all main offices with no other branches. This is one more, broadly speaking, than all England possesses. Despite the fact that big stores seem to figure here and there, America is the country of the small shopkeeper, or, more correctly perhaps, shoppekeeper. There is a nice, homely atmosphere about it all.

The same atmosphere pervades the much-maligned American newspaper. Far from being too sensational, the daily journal has no "kick" at all for the jaded palate of a European reader. The headlines are bigger, it is true, but the reading matter is set before the reader with a restraint that in some respects is positively puritanical. Again to give the concrete instance, I doubt if this could be equalled in any European newspaper: "Battling for her honor and screaming with terror as she felt herself being overpowered, she was rescued by police when they entered just as the burly brute had forced the woman into an illicit liaison." Even in the reports of legal proceedings (so fruitful of scandal in England) a spade sometimes gets another name, as this extract (not a very old one) from a New York paper will show: "Punching and kicking the said plaintiff (a lady) in, on, and about the plaintiff's head, body, arms, and limbs." The only reproach that can be made against the press, if it be a reproach, is a too friendly interest in other people's affairs. One form of what Mr. Weller would have called this "amable weakness" is the publication of the citizen's income-tax returns. But even Britons, notoriously resentful of interest in their private affairs, would be glad to have such returns broadcast if they could be assured that their income tax would be levied on the same delightful scale. Even a century ago this pleasing feature of American life impressed itself on the overseas visitor. That eccentric but keen observer, Charles Waterton, writing of a

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visit in 1824, observed that "in the United States of America all is upon a grand scale, except taxation."

Many other instances of these curious misconceptions could doubtless be collated. It is supposed that Americans are hasty eaters; this is demonstrably absurd, for it is the only country in the world where it is worth while lingering over one's food. It is supposed either that they have prohibition or that its attempted enforcement has turned the country into a gigantic saloon; both these impressions are entirely wrong. But that is another story, and enough has been said to demonstrate, largely by means of generalizations, how hopeless it is to generalize about a country of such endless varieties. Emerson says that "nature resents generalizing, and insults the philosopher in every moment with a million of fresh particulars." America is doing it all the time with about a hundred and twenty million human beings. Of the figure I am not sure; but the fact is, generally speaking, true.

The Senior

BY IRENE H. WILSON

YOU will go out this June from cloistered halls
Of academic wisdom, from quiet walks
Beneath the campus trees, from starlit talks
Of youth and life and God. Your future calls
You into the swirl of cities and of men;
You will not come this way again.

You touch my hand and speak sweet, awkward words
Of thanks and parting. You will remember me
As long as singing birds and stars shall be—
And yet—
You will forget.

I watch you go—
I who have trembled for you, hoped, rejoiced,
And stretched a careful finger forth to guide you.

Your soul is a clean, white book whose pages glow
Scarlet and gold and blue—I shall not know
The ending of the story therein voiced.
Your soul is a fragile moth with pale gold wings,
New-broken from its chrysalis; it clings
Vibrant upon youth's stem; I shall not see
The beauty of your flight, radiant and free.
Your soul is a delicate plant I have watched unfolding
Green leaf by clear green leaf;
But you will flower far from my beholding,
So frail remembrance is, so rare, so brief.
Your soul is a small brown bird whose hesitant flying
I follow anxiously; I cannot shield
You from rough winds and storm. You flutter on,
A gleam of sunlight round you prophesying
Your soaring strength. Across the ripening field
You drift, and lift above the wood—on—on—until
You flash beyond the hill—

And you are gone.

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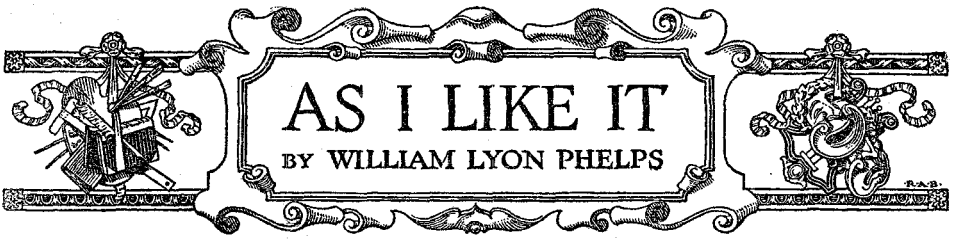

SCHOLARS in general and students of Browning in particular should hold in grateful remembrance the publisher Alfred Hafner, head of the famous firm of G. E. Stechert & Company, New York. It is owing solely to this firm that the Browning Concordance—a long-awaited work—has finally made its appearance. "A Concordance to the Works of Robert Browning. By Leslie N. Broughton, Assistant Professor of English in Cornell University, and Benjamin F. Stelter, Professor of English in Occidental College." The contents of these two huge quartos, containing more than 2,500 pages, with about 500,000 entries, each entry giving one complete line of poetry, had been ready for some years; but it was impossible to find a publisher who would take the risk or a patron who would defray expenses. Then Mr. Alfred Hafner—the firm of G. E. Stechert & Company—offered, *unsolicited*, thirty thousand dollars of real money and published the Concordance. The larger public libraries and every college library should have a copy; the steadily increasing number of teachers and students of Browning should make whatever sacrifice is necessary to own it. I have bought two copies, one for my home in New Haven and one for my home in Michigan. I can't keep house without it.

It should be said that G. E. Stechert & Company did not invest thirty thousand dollars in this undertaking with the idea of getting it back. They knew that if every copy of the edition were sold, they would still lose money. Why did they do it, then? Well, why does any hero perform an act of self-sacrifice? For the same reason that Mr. Alfred Hafner decided to publish the Browning Concordance.

It is interesting to observe how completely Browning's poetry has entered into common written and oral language. Some time ago I asked the undergraduates to act as Browning scouts and bring to me every quotation they found in contemporary novels, magazines, and newspapers. I receive contributions daily. Day by day in every way Browning's fame is growing.

The operatic season now drawing to a close has added much to my permanent store of happiness, for I have heard nine Wagner operas. This is, however, not the era of great singers. Remember the nineties—Jean and Edouard de Reszké, Plançon, Maurel, Eames, Ternina, Sembrich, Nordica, Calvé, Melba, Lehmann; and let us not forget the faithful Bauermeister, who (I am told) knew more rôles than any other singer in the world. Yet I believe that "Tristan und Isolde" as given in the Metropolitan Opera House in March had the best cast anywhere obtainable to-day —Larsen-Todsen, Branzell, Laubenthal, Bohnen, Schorr. I heard this for the second time this season, and of course enjoyed it even more than in January. I was accompanied by my colleague Karl Young, who reminded me of a strange remark by Matthew Arnold, who wrote to his wife from Munich, March 4, 1886: "I walked about a little and then went to the opera to see 'Tristram and Iseult.' I may say that I have managed the story better than Wagner. The second act is interminable, and without any action." Upon which Karl Young comments: "I regard Arnold as the most useful and instructive critic in our language, for literature and morals. But what incredible insensitiveness to music! 'Interminable' second act! You remember how it passed in one brief moment of concentrated, relentless beauty and passion. Our invaluable Arnold seems to have *heard* nothing."

Well, Herbert Spencer wrote some books on philosophy that exerted a wide influence; but his remarks on Raphael's paintings are worse than nothing.

Of all the unpleasant persons in story,

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myth, and music Alberich is certainly one of the most offensive. I cannot make out why Wagner overlooked him in the general slaughter. Nearly everybody in the Ring meets a violent death; Siegfried is stabbed, Brünnhilde is burned, Hagen is drowned. But, so far as I know, Alberich is yet alive. I shall not have an easy moment until I hear of his demise.

The music critics in New York have a more enviable job than the dramatic critics. Of the new plays only about one in five is worth seeing; the others are mostly contemptible. Thus the play critics have to deal with inanities and vulgarities. But the music critics nearly always hear something elevating. Even if one conductor is not quite so good as another, or if one star differs from another star in glory, it is not depressing to hear Beethoven, Bach, Wagner, Mozart, Schubert, Brahms, Händel, Chaikovski, Franck, Strauss.

On the night of Thursday, March 11, in Philadelphia, I saw the billiard match between Mr. Schaefer and Mr. Hagenlocher, for the 18.2 championship of the world. It was a thrilling contest; both men were nervous, missing shots that they would not have missed in exhibition play. Mr. Hagenlocher, a pale, refined, high-strung young man, looked exactly as I used to feel in golf and tennis tournaments; he was within a few points of victory, and simply could not score, because he could not relax. While he was trying to end the match, Mr. Schaefer made about two hundred points, every point a stab in his opponent's heart. It looked as if the tremendous lead obtained by Mr. Hagenlocher might be overcome. But Mr. Schaefer was also cramped with excitement, and finally, in an attempt at a feathery shot, missed the first ball! This left the globes in perfect position, and his opponent easily ran out, the time being after half-past one in the morning. Thus Mr. Hagenlocher became, for the first time in his career, champion of the world.

It was instructive to see these players in a state of nervous torment; for it shows that the professionals cannot attain perfect ease of body and mind when that condition is most to be desired. In other words, they are not efficient machines, but human beings; and suffer from one of the chief curses of humanity. One's ability to do anything decreases in exact proportion to one's desire to do it. As Browning says:

"Ask that particular devil whose task it is
To trip the all-but-at perfection,—slur
The line of the painter just where paint leaves off
And life begins,—puts ice into the ode
O' the poet while he cries 'Next stanza—fire!'
Inscribes all human effort with one word,
Artistry's haunting curse, the Incomplete!"

Speaking of Browning, a tiny book (edition limited to 250 copies) by Percy L. Babington, of Cambridge University, published by John Castle, London, and called "Browning and Calverley, or Poem and Parody," will be of great interest to those who enjoy both "The Ring and the Book" and Calverley's classic parody of it. Mr. Babington has three objects in view: "To suggest that Calverley's own attitude to the poem which he parodied was one of delighted interest and keen admiration. . . . To tempt certain lovers of Browning, who tend to be overserious, to relax for a while in the company of one of the great masters of light verse. . . . To remind myself of the many happy hours which I have spent with 'The Ring and the Book' during the last thirty years."

Calverley's parody, "The Cock and the Bull," appears on the left pages, with the line references to the original on the right pages. It is evident that Calverley knew the epic as few have known it.

Another small book comes out of Cambridge; small, but weighty in thought, and of moment to those seriously interested in religion and willing to read something that demands close attention and mental athletics. This is "Miracle and Its Philosophical Presuppositions," by Doctor F. R. Tennant, fellow and lecturer of Trinity College, Cambridge.

To those who read German let me recommend "J. P. Eckermann. Sein Leben für Goethe," by H. H. Houben. Eckermann's biography is here told in his diaries and letters. Eckermann was not a liter-

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ary genius like Boswell; on the other hand, he talked with a far greater man than Johnson. Let me remind all who are sincerely interested in the life, personality, and works of Goethe that we have at Yale University, thanks to fifty years' labor of Mr. W. A. Speck, the finest Goethe collection anywhere outside of Weimar. Mr. Speck is glad to show the treasures to any intelligent person who wishes to see them.

Doctor Wilfred T. Grenfell, one of the most useful men in the world, has written for the American Library Association a small pamphlet called "Religion in Everyday Life." It is characterized by that combination of spirituality and practical wisdom that we rightly associate with the man himself. It is the twentieth volume in a series published by the American Library Association, called "Reading with a Purpose." Every booklet in the series is written by an authority, and the whole, taken together, offer a liberal education.

Two books, in lighter vein, will give pleasure to every normal mind. Mr. Stoddard King, author of the famous song, "The Long, Long Trail," and now columnist of the Spokane *Spokesman-Review*, has collected his verses in a volume named "What the Queen Said, and Further Facetious Fragments." The engaging humor of the material is matched by the dexterity of the style; and occasionally there are poems of high imagination, like "Notes on a Concert." Do you want a diverting book to read aloud in congenial company? Here it is.

W. Lyon, a publisher of Dublin, who writes "because your name is two-thirds the same as my own," etc., sends me a gay book of parodies called "A Green Jackdaw," by M. J. MacManus. The beloved victims of the author are Chesterton, Yeats, James Stephens, Vachel Lindsay, A. E. Housman, and others. The one on Harold Munro, called "Trees Walking," is a good sample:

"If suddenly a tree should leave the wood
And towards you come and shake you by the hand,
I wonder what would be your attitude
Towards this strange thing you would not understand?
And should this tree, a chestnut, larch, or pine,
Waltz round you to a measure gay and frisky,
What thought would strike you then, I wonder? Mine
Would be to take more soda with my whiskey."

The United States has been fortunate during the past winter in having among its inhabitants Mr. and Mrs. John Galsworthy, who know where to find a good climate. Mr. Galsworthy wrote a brief and charming letter to a New York newspaper. It seems that this journal had stated that he was writing a novel of American life. Mr. Galsworthy delicately suggested that with the trifling exception that it was not a novel but a play, and not on American but on English life, the news item was absolutely accurate. I hope we shall see the play next season in New York.

Examples of bodily stamina: On March 31 C. W. Hart, an Englishman within two weeks of being 62 years old, ran 180 miles in three days, averaging 6½ miles an hour. In May, 1906, the American, E. P. Weston, walked from Philadelphia to New York, 95 miles, in one day. He was 68 years old. On October 18, 1916, Sidney Hatch, in the prime of life, ran from Milwaukee to Chicago, 95 miles, in 14 hours, 50 minutes, 30 seconds.

I wonder how far a man can run in one day? The amazing fact is that in Madison Square Garden, New York, on February 27, 1882, the Englishman Charles Rowell ran in one day (less than 23 hours) 150 miles. So far as I know, this is the longest distance ever run by a human being in one day. But what makes it doubly amazing is the fact that Rowell was not trying for a day's, but a six-day, record. By Wednesday night—three days—he had covered more than 350 miles, but on Thursday he broke down, and had to withdraw. Now if he had tried on Monday for a day's record, he would have gone even farther than he did, and yet, as it was, he established a day's record that has not yet been equalled.

James R. Garvin, of Philadelphia, tells me that not all good headlines are found

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in the newspapers. Incredible as it may seem, he found the following headline in a *church bulletin:*

RUTH, WAS SHE A VICTIM OR A VAMP?

Edwin Mims, Jr., a Yale graduate, son of the distinguished professor at Vanderbilt University, enters the Fano Club, with "Tanti saluti, ricordi, ed auguri di Fano." I have also just received Fano Easter greetings from Professor Mabellini, the resident librarian.

It is surprising how many persons have read every word of the "Faerie Queene." New members of the club are: Mrs. Richard T. Blow, of Pasadena, who read the poem at the age of fourteen; Miss Elizabeth S. Kahn, of Cincinnati, when fifteen; Miss Anna A. Price and George O. Price, of Newark, N. J., in their early youth; John A. Rogers, Charles E. Ward, Aldah L. Womble, of the University of Mississippi. Thaddeus Welles Goodridge, a graduate of Trinity College, Hartford, and now living in Paris, read the poem in Santa Barbara during a succession of breakfasts and post-breakfast tobacco; he is going to read it again. Roger S. Boardman enters his father, who always prided himself on having read the entire work: "I have never had the courage to follow the paternal example, but I would fain rejoice in the reflected glory of an inherited membership. Couldn't you arrange it?" I could, can, and shall. He adds: "Can't you direct your powerful [*sic*] influence against the widely used but pernicious expression *win out* and *lose out?* Win and lose are good, virile Anglo-Saxon terms in themselves. Please do something to knock the *outs* out." Well, they are superfluous and irritating. My powerful influence is against them. I remember how the late William Everett hated the expression "I won't stand *for* it."

I regret to say that Thomas S. Hayes, of Ponce, Porto Rico, nominates for the Ignoble Prize Franklin's Autobiography! It is one of my favorite books. He does not like it, because he has to teach it to five classes every day. I never taught it five times daily, but I taught it to undergraduates for twenty-five years.

James R. Garvin, of Philadelphia, also nominates the expression "Thundered the lawyer," as found in the reports of court cases. "Don't you find more squeaking than thundering, and don't you think a long-suffering public would be thankful if you could abolish this with a blast of editorial lightning?" *If*, said the Laconians.

Stanley V. Miller, of Brooklyn, nominates for the Ignoble Prize "The Star-Spangled Banner," remarking: "I dislike the words and hate the tune." I record this expression of opinion, but it so happens that I regard this national anthem as a happy marriage of poetry and music.

Miss Alice M. Creed (good name), of South Bend, Ind., nominates the abbreviation M. E. for Methodist Episcopal. "Our own members are, perhaps, the greatest offenders in this matter, but cannot you educate your readers to the use of Methodist instead of M. E.? We do not say Pres. or Bapt. or Luth."

If you want to read genuine history commingled with thrills, read "The Overbury Mystery: a Chronicle of Fact and Drama of the Law," by His Honor Judge Edward Abbott Parry. Sir Thomas Overbury is chiefly famous in literature for his "Book of Characters" (1614); but his life, political intrigues, and murder are more exciting than his essays. Here is one of those actual happenings that couldn't have occurred.

In the New York *World* I read a quotation from Samuel Taylor Moore in *The Independent:* "It is difficult to believe that one-half of the population of the nation's greatest metropolis is one hundred per cent moron, but that is indicated by the circulation statistics of such an impartial organization as the Audit Bureau of Circulations."

I find it quite easy to believe this. Look at the list of plays running in the New York theatres. A large number of them are so abominably indecent that they seem to be written of criminals, for criminals, and by criminals; others are so incredibly inane that they seem to be written of imbeciles, for imbeciles, and by imbeciles. The late William Archer, after praising many things in the New York theatres, said that we were leading the world in indecency; and Mr. Cyril Maude told me that a certain play, now drawing

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packed houses in New York, was worse than anything he had ever seen or heard in Paris or London. Neither Mr. Maude nor Mr. Archer could be called squeamish or prudish. Indecency has curious by-products. A play called "Puppy Love" is praised simply because it is a "clean" farce. True enough, but it appears to be written for idiotic infants.

Mrs. W. S. Case, the literary critic of the Hartford *Courant*, writes me that at a performance of "The Master Builder" in New York: "We had behind us a simply *priceless* pair. As they kept still during the action I have no fault to find with them. While the curtain was down the man, who was the really strong mind of the combination—the girl having apparently no least glimmering of any sort of intelligence—the man remarked: 'Eva Le Gallienne, ah, yes; she has a brother, Richard Le Gallienne, in the movies.'"

The critic, James Agate, recently began a criticism of a play by saying that it was the sort of thing that Polonius would like. Polonius would have a wonderful time in New York this year. If you have forgotten the literary taste of Polonius, it will not hurt you to reread "Hamlet." There are several other good things in that play.

Which reminds me that the eminent Shakespearian scholar, Professor Tucker Brooke, has just published a small book called "Shakespeare of Stratford." This contains every known fact about the life of William Shakespeare, with personal remarks by his contemporaries. I do not know where one can find a better collection of authentic material, as distinguished from conjecture. Mr. Brooke's brief comments are illuminating.

I am not competent to discuss the theory of Evolution, but those who are interested might look up an article in *The Atlantic Monthly* for July, 1925, by the distinguished novelist Charles D. Stewart, which puts the shoe of heresy on the other foot. "Evolution at first is a supreme act of faith, under the guise of a 'working hypothesis,' and very soon it has become a sort of theology, disbelieving which you are a heretic."

In the April number of SCRIBNER'S I printed Mr. George H. Tripp's attack on the word "kid" as used for a child. Miss Anna Fessenden hates it with equal fervor, but she reminds me that Jane Welsh Carlyle used the word in that sense in 1842.

In the same number of SCRIBNER'S Mrs. Padraic Colum has one of the most penetrating and thoughtful essays in literary criticism that I have read in a long time. It is called "A Critical Credo," and should be read and reread by every one interested in contemporary literature. She believes that our age, with its absorption in sensational novelties, is becoming insensitive to great literature. Our youth read the smart magazines and the "newest" writers, but they apparently cannot enjoy Shakespeare, Dante, and Goethe. Her remarks on individual authors like Bernard Shaw are challenging. "He has no real power of creating character; there is no Shaw world as there is an Ibsen world or a Shakespeare world; instead of creating human beings he assembles a series of qualities, opinions, and ideas which he attaches to a lay figure." I persuaded my friend Thomas Sergeant Perry, for whose scholarship and judgment I have immense respect, to read Mrs. Colum's article, and he writes: "It reminds me of good talk that I used to hear when there were living people who cared for such subjects. There is a good deal of thought behind what she says and she says many true things, though if spoken in intelligent company they would meet much contradiction and correction. . . . Thus, where one might put in a word, is for example about Dante. I don't think it was the Italian's devotion to women that set the old man going so much as the B. V. in the church. Men for a time were comparatively indifferent to Shakespeare, because what they were working for was a civilized refinement which he did not represent." When it comes to good talk, I know no better conversationist than Mr. Perry himself. No one will agree with everything that Mrs. Colum says; I am sorry to see her treat Sherwood Anderson and James Joyce with intellectual respect. I have never read Joyce, but Doctor Joseph Collins (between the acts of a New York play) gave me a quotation which is more than sufficient.

It is I think unfortunate that many of our youth are more familiar with the Ulysses of James Joyce than they are with the Ulysses of Homer, Dante, Shake-

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speare, Tennyson, or with Ulysses Simpson Grant.

If a foreigner judged America by the "Americana" in *The American Mercury*, he would think we were a nation of blockheads; if he judged America by the "Intelligentsia" in *McNaught's Monthly*, he would think we were maniacs.

Sometimes I feel like Elijah under the juniper-tree—"it is enough." But there are yet seven thousand who have not bowed the knee to Baal.

Mrs. Colum not only knows how to write an essay, she can also write a laconic telegram. When her distinguished husband lectured at Yale, he showed me half an hour before the lecture a telegram he had just received from his wife:

Forgot dress shirt.—Mollie.

Every old bachelor who reads that telegram will be filled with yearning. Turgenev said he would give all his genius if there were one woman in the world who cared whether or not he were late to dinner.

Speaking of bachelors, one charming maiden writes me that she wishes she had a husband merely for the purpose of reading SCRIBNER'S aloud to him. She has a cat—does she know the old story of the virgin who said she had no need of a husband because she had a chimney that smoked, a parrot who swore, and a cat that stayed out all night? Anyhow, she reads SCRIBNER'S to Jimmie, the cat, and he purrs whenever a good phrase strikes his ears. And he signed the letter himself!

It is amazing how many cattists there are. Every day it seems that I receive some tribute to the sacred beast. I add one in prose, one in verse. The Boston *Herald* states that a large tiger cat, Billy Sunday by name, walked or ran 210 miles to reach its former home. "The cat was apparently fatigued." I owe this information to Thomas Dreier, who sends me the following poem, which, I am happy to say, I also received from Miss Mae Trovillion, of Carbondale, Ill., where my friend Lorado Taft and I appeared on the platform in a double bill. The poem particularly impressed me because I once owned a brilliant cat named Ginger, who was eliminated by an automobile. The poem appeared in R. H. L.'s column in the Chicago *Tribune*.

PEDIGREE

"An aunt of mine owns Ginger,
An aristocrat of cats.
He's Persian, golden in the sun,
And pointedly high-hats
My small, mud-colored alley friend
In condescending chats.

Bred in expensive catteries,
The finest to be had,
Were Ginger's hand-picked ancestors.
My kitty says he's glad
That *his* folks were romanticists:
His mother *loved* his dad."

B. D. F.

The Manchester *Guardian* for March 9:

A curiously practical-minded people, these Americans. Last year there was an embargo on the importation of shamrock for St. Patrick's Day, but this year, says Reuter, supplies will be admitted provided the Federal regulations concerning "the danger of the importation of agricultural pests" are strictly observed. Only a naturally poetical mind would have thought of the shamrock as an agricultural pest.

"A shamrock by the river's brim,
A mere boll-weevil was to him,
And banned upon that score."

But it makes one wonder about those *British nightingales* which "Miscellany" recently announced, on private but authenticated information, had been shipped to the order of a Florida "realtor." Nothing has been yet heard of them on the other side; where are they?

Well, in this morning's New York papers I read that Edward W. Bok has imported for his paradise at Mountain Lake, Fla., a consignment of nightingales. They have just arrived and will be rushed through the New York customs and then sent to Mr. Bok's bird sanctuary.

P. G. Wodehouse, the English humorist, writes stories that combine interesting plots with such sidesplitting fun that I become hysterical. If you want to laugh to the edge of tears, read the two books "Sam in the Suburbs" and "He Rather Enjoyed It."

The mystery novelist, J. S. Fletcher, has

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just published a grim novel of English village life, called "The Root of All Evil." The heroine is a money-mad maid, whose career ends in an edifying manner. Archibald Marshall and Horace Vachell have co-operated in a good yarn, "Mote House Mystery." Another English novelist, Victor L. Whitechurch, writes an entertaining novel of cathedral-town life called "The Dean and Jecinora." Jecinora is what I should call a capable woman. Good mystery tales are: "The Golden Beast," by the reliable Oppenheim; "The Dower House Mystery" (ripping), by P. Wentworth; "Inspector French's Greatest Case," by F. W. Crofts; "The Strange Countess," by Edgar Wallace; and "The House of Crimson Shadows," by H. De Vere Stacpoole.

The chief point of interest in Sheila Kaye-Smith's first novel, "Starbrace," just reprinted, lies in the development shown in her later books, which are at least thirty-six times as good as this.

For those who would rather read sound, intelligent, and thoughtful criticism on Shelley than sensational distortions of the truth, I recommend the little book, "Shelley—the Man and the Poet," by the late Mr. Clutton-Brock, who entered into heaven and earthly fame at about the same time.

An extraordinarily interesting book is "The Diary of a Country Parson; the Reverend James Woodforde," edited by John Beresford. These two volumes are extracts from the diary of a country clergyman in England from 1758 to 1803. He was a man of learning and good taste who was content to spend his life in congenial obscurity. After the lapse of more than a century his journal, now published, may well give him immortality. The book is simply invaluable for its picture of life at the university and in an English village. The editor, whose previous publications have admirably fitted him for this task, has written a short introduction full of wit, judgment, and insight into human nature. The diary itself is so fascinating that I recommend it to Scribnerians without qualification.

With reference to the vexed question of programme music, story-telling in notation, etc., Henry Wilson Goodrich, of Philadelphia, sends me the following interesting comment:

> In a book devoted to the æsthetic arts, a learned professor was demonstrating the mental effect of music. Music originated thus, progressed so, and terminated in this manner. "Therefore," the profound conclusion began—"therefore, music cannot tell a story."
>
> The professor evidently never heard "Don Quixote" or he would have admitted the possibility of a tone narrative or tonal description as well as a "tone poem." What musician who ever spent from nine A. M. till three the following A. M. hunting for the ending to the elusive strain would deny that music had the power to express every emotion, every thought that could adorn the printed page? What is a military march, but a short story—a narrative—usually in four sentences? Isn't "1812" overture a story? And so on for hundreds of productions. What think you—can music tell a story?
>
> I have asked two musicians if music could tell a story. One had sat under Sousa. The other now sits under Stokowski. One said, "Yes, of course!" The other thought the professor was right, but reluctantly admitted that it might though "if you knew the story first."

My own feeling is that music can not only express every emotion, every thought that can be expressed in print, but many that are quite beyond the reach of words. The best music is untranslatable.

Of the "first" novels of this season, the best that I have read is "The Hounds of Spring," by Sylvia Thompson. Many a veteran would be glad to have written it. The worst novel I have read is "Dark Laughter."

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THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

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The Wandering Minstrel.
From the water-color by Edwin A. Abbey.

A GOOD part of the pleasure to be had from the study of masterpieces springs from the materials in which they are produced. There is something like inevitability about the great artist's choice of a medium. He gravitates by a kind of predestination to the one whose genius is fitted to the expression of his own. Within the experience of the individual artist a given work will call for a specific medium. The sculptor, for example, will decide upon marble, stone, terra-cotta, bronze, ivory, wood or wax, according to his mood and his theme. By the same token, certain masters are unthinkable save in a certain medium. Cellini is unquestionably at his best in metal. On the other hand, imagination boggles at the idea of what would have happened if Claus Sluter had been ordered to put into bronze his great figures for the Well at Dijon; they simply had to be carved out of stone. In a work of art the material is half the battle. It is a ponderable thing, but it is closely allied with the imponderables.

The student of painting is bound to feel this the moment he begins to retrace the developments of pictorial art. Looking at the Italian Primitives he observes nothing more vividly than the quality of their color, so even, so limpid, so pure. It is a quality singularly decorative, hardly to be characterized as "flat" or "thin," but at the same time absolutely free from rugosities and having its force always delicately tempered, always held in restraint. That quality rests inalienably upon the nature of tempera. It is so beautiful, so exquisitely adapted to the purpose of the colorist, that it would seem as though no change could have been desired. Nevertheless, early in the fifteenth century the change took place,

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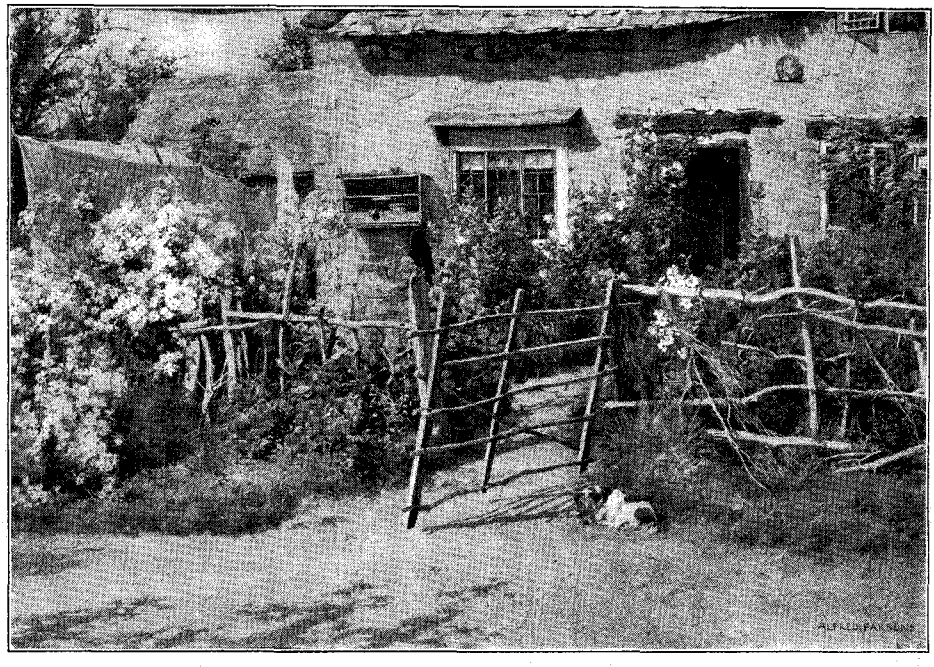
and when the Van Eycks made their experiments in Flanders, substituting linseed oil for the white or the yolk of egg, they not only perfected a new medium but promoted the development of a new art of painting. I love to visualize in imagination the prodigious stir in Italian studios when the news flew about that Antonello da Messina had got back from the Low Countries bringing with him the secret of a novel manipulation of paint. He had gone thither and drunk deep of the Van Eyckish spring, and his return with his lore set the minds of the painters aglow. Vasari is delightful on the subject:

> This manner of painting kindles the pigments and nothing else is needed save diligence and devotion, because the oil in itself softens and sweetens the colors and renders them more delicate and more easily blended than do the other mediums. While the work is wet the colors readily mix and unite one with the other; in short, by this method the artists impart wonderful grace and vivacity and vigor to their figures, so much so that these often seem to us in relief and ready to issue forth from the panel, especially when they are carried out in good drawing, with invention and a beautiful style.

When I read a passage like that I have to smile a little ruefully over the allusions which I have not infrequently made to technique as "only" a means to an end. I have used the word as countless others have used it, justly enough, on occasion. When you are looking, say, at Leonardo's Last Supper it is only as a means to an end that technique appeals to you. But



An English Cottage.
From the water-color by Alfred Parsons.

I see technique, I see the manipulation of paint, in another light, when I am looking at the surfaces of a Velasquez or a Vermeer, when I am savoring the virtuosity of a Rembrandt, a Hals, a Manet, or a Sargent. Then I realize how oil pigment takes on a status of its own, has a genius of its own, in the exploitation of which a master may work a big magic.

IT is so with oil and it is so with water-color. The latter medium in its turn has a genius of its own, one of the most enchanting in the history of art. It is the genius of lightness and spontaneity, of an execution that is fresh, swift, glancing, and brilliant. Fragonard, a master

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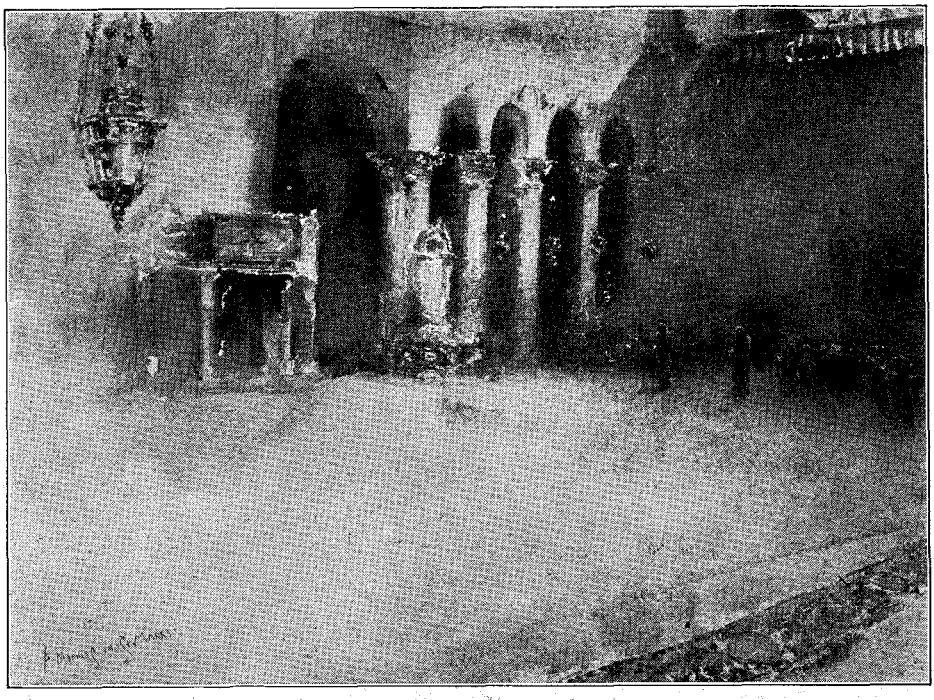

In St. Mark's, Venice.
From the water-color by Robert Blum in the Cincinnati Museum.

of the craft, has been said to serve in his water-colors "a breakfast of sunshine." It is a pretty saying, but water-color has been susceptible of far more than pretty things. The old masters used it with great seriousness in preliminary studies for their works in oil. Claude employed water-color as a vehicle for gestures in the grand style. With a few linear touches and with broad washes he gave to ground and tree forms positive majesty. The fact is that there is nothing really haphazard about your true water-color. Painting in this medium is one of the most thoughtful of the arts. It is amusing to read the old description of the method of Alexander Cozens, a natural son of Peter the Great by an English mother, who went to study art in Italy at the expense of the Czar and came to England about the middle of the eighteenth century to range himself as one of the fathers of British water-color painting. His mode was to "dash out upon several pieces of paper a number of accidental large blots and loose flourishes, from which he selected forms, and sometimes produced very grand ideas." He undertook to show how the trick was done in a brochure on A New Method of Drawing Original Landscapes. Original indeed! For his pains he got himself called "Blotmaster-General to the Town," and when it comes to actual paternity in the British school he has to yield to Paul Sandby. If I were an Englishman I would pause at this point to launch upon eulogy. The British are inordinately proud of their water-colorists, and I notice that when they write about the medium they are wont tacitly if not explicitly to assign a certain primacy to their own men. I would not so much dispute it as accept it with a few reservations. It was diverting, for example, when the big Sargent show was held at Burlington House last winter, to find one malcontent in London comparing our painter with the old Englishmen to his disadvantage. He had gone off to Italy and the Alps when he might have stayed serene in Surrey. You can't reason with fatuity like that. And yet I can understand how the English feel about their

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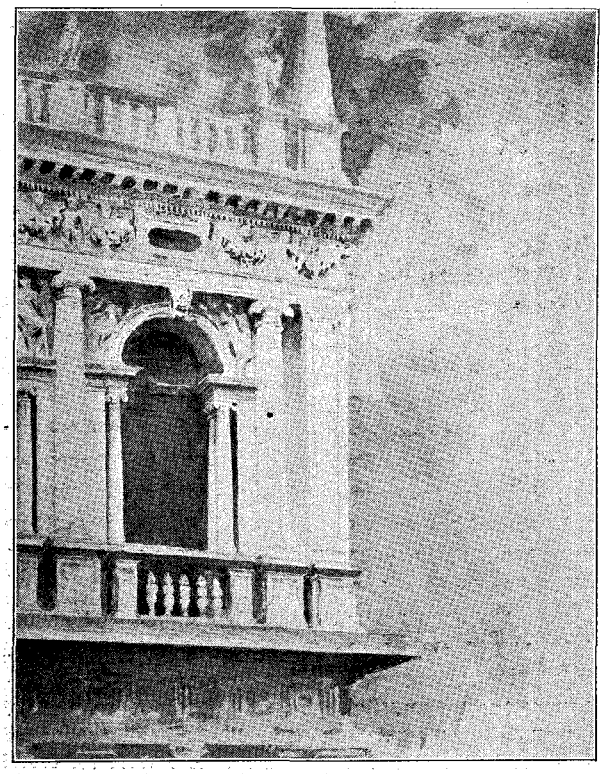
water-colorists. They make a noble line down through Sandby, Girtin, Turner, Constable, Bonington, Cotman, De Wint, Prout, and Cox. Even that fairly voluminous enumeration omits some names hardly less memorable. And they have all played the game with superb fidelity to a sound tradition.

It is a tradition compounded equally of observation and feeling. It pays a profound respect to the integrity and the sentiment of the English countryside. With a few members of the group an impression takes on notable individuality. It is so with Constable and Bonington, whose naturalism has great original force. It is so with Turner, especially in his later Italian period, when Nature served him more as a peg on which to hang chromatic fantasies. But the school as a school from its beginnings in the eighteenth century well into the nineteenth has been pretty carefully topographical, practising a suavely deliberate method, more or less minutely realistic. It has more calm than it has nervous energy. It is generally in a rather low key. Its persistent charm lies in its repose, its tenderness, its dignity, and, above all, its simple truth. Where it palls perhaps upon the foreign observer is in its equable tone, which sometimes comes very near to insipidity. Before a collection of old English water-colors you presently wish that more of the men who made them might have been inclined to let themselves go as Turner and Bonington managed to do. Possibly they couldn't do it, because, after all, they were men of talent rather than men of genius. A traditional type is rarely creative, and the British school is saturated in tradition. In one respect the critic is glad of it, because it happened to mean wonderfully delicate and exact draftsmanship. There is no one like an English water-colorist to interpret the form and character of boughs and leafage. Mr. E. Barnard Lintott, an English practitioner, published the other day an admirable compendium on The Art of Water-Color Painting, a book containing some luminous pages on the technique of the subject. I rejoice to find in it a whole chapter on the importance of drawing, a chapter starting with laudation of the great saying of Ingres: *Le dessin, c'est la probité de l'art.* From another Frenchman, Jean Paul Laurens, he quoted these other eloquent words: "Drawing is painting and painting is drawing. The matter cannot be put more clearly, and the true painter draws with a brush, in full and opulent form, while the draftsman of ability suggests color in his drawing." The British have always taken this axiom to heart. They have drawn like gentlemen, in a clear, firm, expressive manner. I include among my illustrations a water-color by Alfred



The Library, Venice.
From the water-color by John Sargent.

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Chaumont.
From the water-color by Arthur B. Davies.

Parsons, the Englishman whose floral decorations will be remembered from the days when he used to collaborate with Abbey. It is beautifully painted and beautiful in color, but I cite it particularly for its fine drawing, in which it is representative of a whole school. It suggests also the greater freedom which has been developed by the later men. Following the old landscape masters, the Pre-Raphaelites like Rossetti and Burne-Jones adhered to that deliberation to which I have already alluded. But when French influence began to creep in and Whistler came into view English water-color gained in elasticity. The styles of such men as Brangwyn and Sargent also had something to do with it. There is plenty of vivacity in the school to-day, vivacity of the sort that you see in the water-color portraits by Ambrose McEvoy.

♣ ♣ ♣

WATER-COLOR has been widely used of course all over the Continent, ever since its resources were appreciated by men like Dürer, Holbein, and Rembrandt. But, though Claude is a landmark in this field, the moderns in France have hardly revived his magic. Perhaps it is because the light, evanescent intangibility of the medium is but ill adapted to the grim battle for attention that goes on in the Paris Salon. I could cite some good water-colorists in France, but nothing like the school that was developed, for example, in Holland. There was a company of water-colorists to be remembered—Mauve, Bosboom, and the rest! They painted in low tones as they could not help but paint, with their gray skies, dark green landscape, and angry seas. They painted with great simplicity and breadth, and they had the distinction of painting with style, even though it was a style they shared in common. The modern Dutchmen, too, had a virtue linking them to the earlier Englishmen. They had character, the character that an artist draws from painting his own country with sincerity and truth. Seeking elsewhere in

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Europe for anything like the same solidarity and salience in the exploitation of this medium, the inquirer would linger most sympathetically, I think, in Spain. If a genuinely exhaustive survey of the subject is ever made—as it ought to be—the shrewd historian will have some friendly things to say about Fortuny and his circle. That brilliant Spanish artist

The Piano.
From the water-color by Gari Melchers.

was never more brilliant than when he dipped his brush in water-color. Its fluidity and its transparency were exactly suited to his dazzling sleight-of-hand. He did marvellous things with the medium, and he raised up a whole brood of followers in Spain, in Rome, and in Paris. Many of them turned out to be but the ephemeral exhibitors of a specious dexterity, but the true Fortuny legend still has its vitality. It made itself felt over here, as witness its chief American exemplar, the late Robert Blum. It interests me particularly in this brief examination of movements in water-color because it conspicuously illustrates the truth that the sedate solidity of which the British make so much is not the only path to high achievement.

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WHEN our American Water-Color Society was organized, back in the sixties, the parting of the ways was still a long distance off. English precedent endured and the pedestrian habit of the Hudson River School was paramount. The growth of new ideas in the seventies and eighties offers me a tempting subject here, but one too complex to be pursued, and I will touch upon only a single aspect of it. That relates to the earlier disposition of our water-colorists to paint a picture, such a picture as Abbey gave us in The Wandering Minstrel thirty-five years ago. For a long time that type of composition had a rich popularity among artists and with the public. Men like Abbey and Winslow Homer sought to do much more than appeal to the eye; they aspired also to reach the mind and to touch the emotions. As I look back at the water-color exhibitions of that period I recall them as "anecdotic" to a degree that would excite scant sympathy to-day; but I remember also that much good workmanship went with those now outmoded "painted stories." As a matter of fact it is regrettable that the thought-out picture has virtually disappeared. Subject as subject is never obtrusive save when it is badly handled. As it lost its hold upon the American water-colorist and a cool objectivity reigned in its place we fell for a time upon days of doubtful significance. Water-color, if not precisely neglected, still seemed to move few men to really fruitful ambitions. Meanwhile the rank and file kept up a fair average of technique, and this of late has been steadily maintained and improved. The shows given in recent years by the American Water-Color Society and its junior, the New York Water-Color Club, shows in which both these bodies co-operate, have varied in quality but always preserve a certain honorable standard. I miss in them the type of water-color I have signalized above, the water-color that is an organized picture, but I get quantities of good landscape-painting and an abundance of flashing workmanship. The broad impres-

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sion received is one of a kind of Renaissance.

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THE truth is that we deserve to have one, for water-color has been a magnificent instrument in American hands. Some of the veterans used it with extraordinary skill. John La Farge did some of his noblest work in the glowing impressions he brought back from the South Seas. Winslow Homer's blunt naturalism, his intensely American directness, yielded as powerful effects in water-color as in oil, and in the lighter medium he was much more the colorist. Whistler was certain to deviate into the medium and when he did so he was more enchantingly than ever the dainty, elusive butterfly. As for Sargent, he is simply *hors concours*, the great, incomparable water-colorist of his time. I like the tribute paid to him by Mr. Lintott in the book aforementioned. Nurtured in the old British tradition, this sincere craftsman, nevertheless, cannot withhold his admiration from a painter whose splendid bravura is antithetical to everything on which he himself has been trained. "Sargent's mastery of water-color," he says, "is unrivalled among the modern painters of realism; he is alone and apart. The intractable, tricky, subtle medium he tamed to his wishes after years of experience and effort. At first sight the very exuberance of his brushwork makes the drawing appear a miracle, but when it is carefully examined it will be found that everything has been considered, weighed, allowance is made, and there is nothing left to chance." There is food for thought in this fragment, especially for the artist "commencing water-colorist." The lightest of all the mediums, saving pastel, is one requiring the severest discipline, the weightiest of preparations in respect to study and experience. The stroke of the water-colorist needs to be like the stroke of the fabled steam-hammer that comes down upon a watch without breaking the crystal. Sargent had superlative strength, but the force of his stroke was

Black Ducks in Marsh.
From the water-color by Frank W. Benson.

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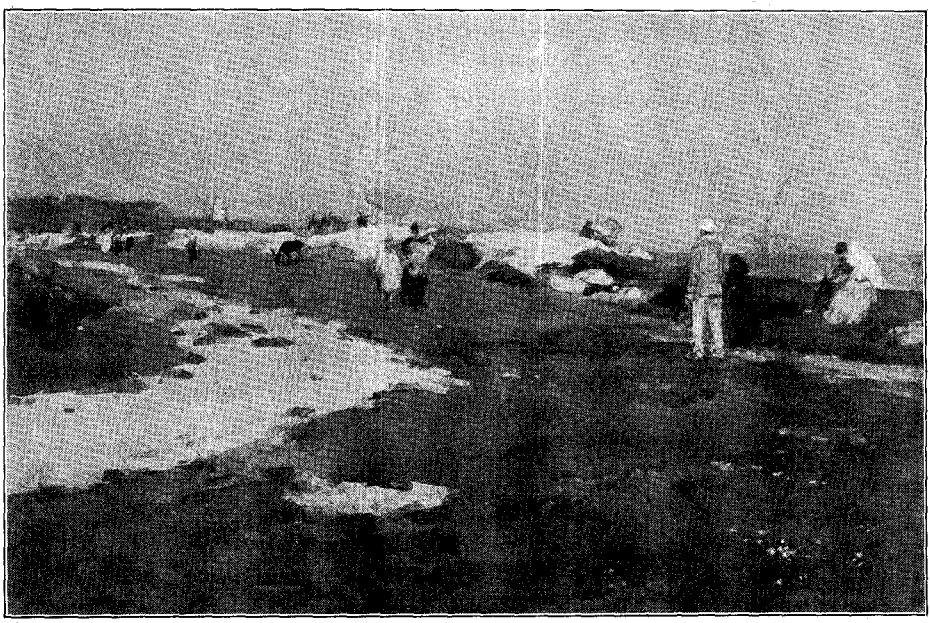
measured to the last fraction of an inch, the last nuance of energy.

Meditating on this theme I naturally draw upon my memories of our water-colorists. I revert to Arthur B. Davies, gathering an amazing sheaf of impressions amongst the châteaux along the Loire. I think of Francis McComas out in the Arizona desert. I think of Dodge MacKnight on a Cape Cod marsh or of Frank Benson going after ducks with a brush instead of a gun. Then there is Childe Hassam unforgettably painting the flowers in a famous garden on the Maine coast long ago and making a myriad of beautiful notes up and down the world in later days. Or there is Gari Melchers painting a woman at the piano, painting the subject in a few splashy stenographic touches, and yet saying what he wants to say. They all fill my mind with a sense of craftsmanship, of technique cunningly exercised, of the genius of a medium sensitively understood and managed with impeccable adroitness. They work in the true spirit of water-color, and so does a company of American artists that is astonishingly large. Our school has little if any traffic with the older English hypothesis. It is all for the dexterity and the élan of Fortuny and Blum and Sargent. In that I cannot but feel that it is on the right track, nearer than along any other route to the innermost heart of water-color. I do not underestimate the beauty or the value of a Turner, say, done in his middle period. As well disparage the elegiac splendor of a Claude. But in virtuosity like Sargent's you get, as it seems to me, the essence of water-color, the peculiar lightness and spontaneity by which it lives. It is a truism that the water-color which simulates the density and force of an oil is a contradiction in terms. By the same process of reasoning we may arrive at the conclusion that the ideal water-color is one exposing with appropriate delicacy and swiftness the slight, fugitive character and beauty of the medium.



On the Chalk Cliffs, Broadstairs.
From the water-color by Childe Hassam.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section.

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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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Behind the Scenes with Scribner's Authors

JOHN GALSWORTHY slipped into town without the beating of tom-toms on November 11 and as quietly slipped out again. Of course he could not escape those eager youths who represent the metropolitan dailies, so all the papers of that evening and the following morning heralded his arrival. We hand the palm to the New York *Times* for the best headline:

GALSWORTHY HERE,
BUT NOT TO LECTURE

Accompanied by Mrs. Galsworthy, the author of "The Silver Spoon" will visit a number of places in the South.

This number contains the second portion of "The Silver Spoon." We strongly advise your procuring a copy of the Christmas number in order to walk into Fleur's house with Francis Wilmot of Naseby, South Carolina, at the beginning of this absorbing tale.

In conclusion, an epitaph. It is one of Humbert Wolfe's "Lampoons" published recently in England:

"Ash to ash, to earth the earthy
was not spoken of Galsworthy.
Like his books, the soul of John
goes marching on, and on, and on."

Young people of varied experience and original turn of mind furnish delightful stories this month. Thomas Boyd is the veteran of the lot as far as fiction goes, and you ought to see how well he carries his twenty-seven years. If you happen to be anywhere around Columbus, Ga., you may, for he and Woodward Boyd, his wife, and their young daughter, are spending the winter there.

The name of Bernice Kenyon is familiar to many of our readers, but they have never seen it on a story before. Miss Kenyon, one of the most promising of our younger poets, has turned to prose for a time. She recently returned from a year abroad. During that time she completed the first draft of a novel and wrote several short stories, of which "A Florentine Face" is the first.

Emerson Low made his debut a few months ago with "The Man Who Had Been Away," which started a storm of controversy. "The Bleeding Cross" may start another. Mr. Low based his story upon an actual incident related in a news despatch. Not long ago he wrote: "We are now fully settled in our apartment. Just below our windows is the cemetery of Montmartre, then all Bohemia—Moulin Rouge, Rat Mort, etc., etc.—then the whole of Paris—and beyond, a range of hills. My workroom above has the same view—with the difference that I have to sit with my back to it!"

With "The Conquest of Mike" Captain John W. Thomason, Jr., leaves the World War and takes his Marines into a hilarious comic-opera revolution in Central America. At this writing the U. S. S. *Rochester*, which took General Pershing to South America for the Tacna-Arica negotiations, has just been ordered home. Captain Thomason, on board, is regretting that they can't hold over the Army-Navy game until it arrives.

When this number appears we'll probably receive a flood of letters from those who are prefectly certain that all magazines are propaganda sheets. "Ah, ha! we've caught you now," they'll say. "We knew you were influenced by the Carnegies all the time. Look at your January number: Frederick P. Keppel, President of the Carnegie Corporation of New York; John C. Merriam, President of the Carnegie Institution of Washington; and George Ellery Hale, Honorary Director of the Mount Wilson Observatory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington—all in one number."

Our snappy retort to these viewers with alarm is: "Try and find three better articles along similar lines." From 1900 until 1918 Doctor Keppel was connected with Columbia University as assistant secretary, secretary, and dean of the College. He then became Third Assistant Secretary of War for a year. After that he directed the foreign operations of the Red Cross for another year. Since that time he has held his present office.

Doctor Merriam is a distinguished paleontologist. From 1894 until 1920 he was a member of the faculty of the University of California, being dean of the faculty in 1920. He was chairman of the National Research Council in 1919 and became president of the Carnegie Institution the following year.

George Ellery Hale is honorary chairman of the National Research Council, and is one of the great astronomers.

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Behind the Scenes with Scribner's Authors

"HER religion taught her how to catch the spirit of science, and I was always certain that science can teach us how to catch the spirit of her religion," says Michael Pupin of his mother.

Michael Pupin himself has done wonders in interpreting this spirit of religion and "The New Reformation" adds another star to his crown.

Once a Serbian herdsboy and now professor of electro-mechanics at Columbia University and president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Michael Pupin has made inventions which are worth many millions of dollars to the American people. He first made long-distance telephonic communication practicable by the "Pupin coil." But many consider that he has done an even greater work by his writing and speeches.

In response to a great demand a popular edition of "From Immigrant to Inventor," Pupin's remarkable biography which won the Pulitzer Prize and received unanimous superlatives from critics of all schools, has recently been printed to sell at two dollars, so that his work may be made accessible to every one. An interesting letter from Professor Augustine Henry, of the College of Science for Ireland, and a comment on the book by AE, leader of Irish letters, are printed in The Observer's Department. The second article on "The New Reformation" will appear in the March number. Doctor Pupin has recently had the great honor bestowed upon him of being selected to give the Lincoln Birthday address at Lincoln's home, Springfield, Ill.

S. Miles Bouton is a member of the excellent foreign staff of the Baltimore *Sun*. "The German Student Changes His Politics" is particularly interesting in view of the large student conference recently held in Princeton on the World Court, and the student federation which was formed as a result of that conference. It shows that students the world over often serve as a sort of balance-wheel, counteracting the more extreme tendencies of the party in power at the time.

Did you ever see a person who loved being laughed at?

George Biddle and Jane Belo did. They have written "a cross-section of Spanish-American civilization" without any of those annoying generalizations in which so many observers write. Since Mr. Biddle is a painter, he has worked with human beings rather than race in the abstract.

Mr. Biddle's drawings and water-colors of Cuba with which he illustrates this article have recently been exhibited at the New Gallery. About them, the New York *Evening Post* says: "Mr. Biddle has painted many exotic scenes, but in none has he given so much feel of the tropics as in the water-colors and drawings here, that have both swift rhythms and sharp color transitions that give them brilliance and animation." Jane Belo is George Biddle's wife. She comes from the Belo family which was a journalistic pioneer in Texas and founder of the Dallas *News*.

Evelyn Schuyler Schaeffer's intimate picture of social life in Albany is, as you may judge from her name and if you read the article, done from full personal experience. In these days of transition and "forward-looking," the mellow quality of the past is likely to be overlooked. When it has passed beyond recall, we indulge in vain regret. Old Albany is here recalled. We are saved from vain regret. Mrs. Schaeffer is the author of "Fortune's Yellow," a novel published last fall, and a number of other works.

Have you ever been subjected to one of these intelligence tests which are now being fired at our children in the public schools and elsewhere? If not, you have no idea what the Judgment Day will be like. Harlan C. Hines is an authority but not a fanatic on mental tests. He'll tell you in this article why the men in the American army averaged the mental age of thirteen years. He takes the "cultish" and highbrow qualities out of the subject and talks about it in plain English. Doctor Hines was a psychological examiner in the U. S. Army during the war and is now professor of education and director of personnel at the University of Cincinnati.

Accused of plagiarizing himself, Brander Matthews defends himself by admitting it. Doctor Matthews quotes a distinguished company who have sinned with him. He might have added others. Recently we attended three Shaw plays within a few days and heard the great Bernard repeat himself at some length. Anatole France does it, too, and defends plagiarizing not only himself but any one else.

William Lyon Phelps awards the Nobel Prize to William Howard Taft for the biggest heart in the world, quotes a letter from him, proclaims himself a missionary to the Unitarians and Yalensians who have to go to chapel under pressure, discusses numerous books and cows' ears. In between "As I Like Its," Doctor Phelps lectures at Town Hall, New York, tells Yale students what shows to see, and keeps up a voluminous correspondence with readers of his department.

Royal Cortissoz gives a most interesting discussion of an Oriental's conception of Botticelli. He

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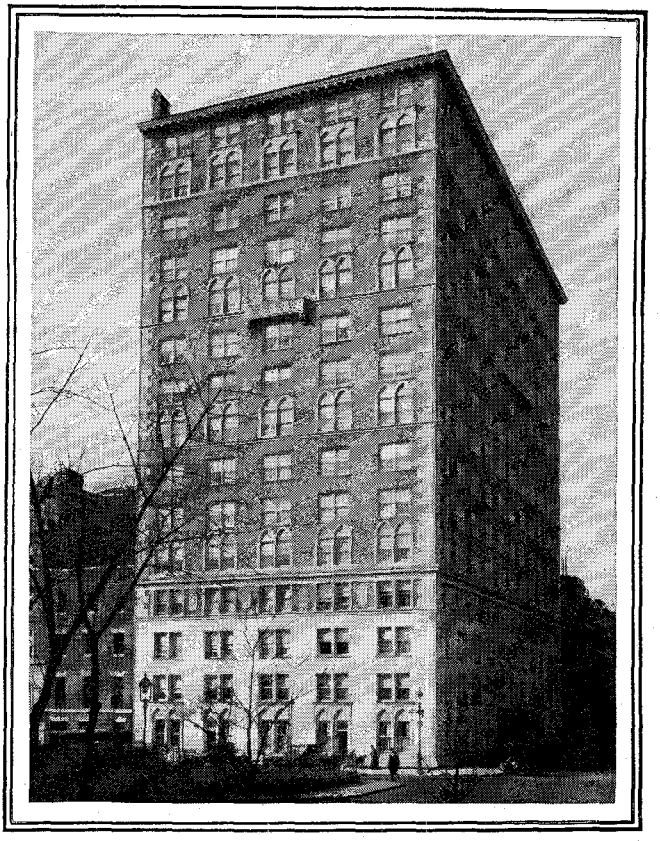

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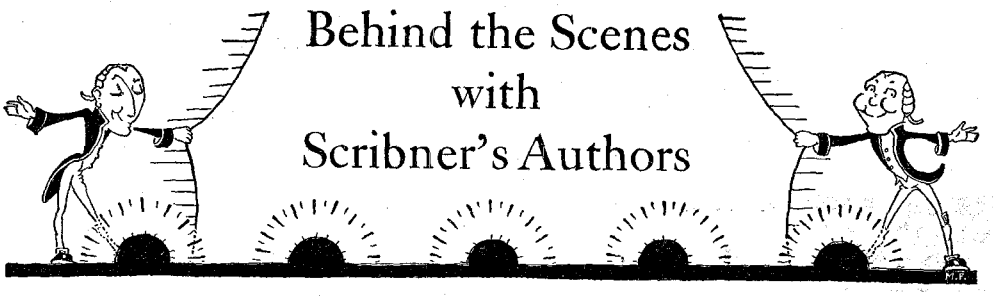

"Sincerily, Will James"

That's the way the author of "Smoky—A One-Man Horse," concludes his letter giving something of the story of his early life. It is the way he autographed a drawing for one of his friends. And, somehow, it is the way one thinks of Will James. His prose style, says Laurence Stallings, "suggests, at times, an anecdote by Will Rogers put into writing by Ring Lardner. . . . He is not writing language, he is writing living speech."

"My dad was a Texas cowboy," writes Mr. James, "and with my mother started north headed for the Canadian prairies, where he figgered to make a home and raise cattle.

"I was born (in 1893) on the way in the overland wagon on a Montana Ridge. A year later my mother died, and three years after that my father followed her across the Great Divide leaving me in the hands of a trapper who finally took me up in the tall and uncut of the Peace River country in north Canada.

"I was fourteen when one day in the spring (we was headed south with one winter's catch) he disappeared, and I think to this day that the Red Deer river is still holding him.

"I took the two saddle horses we had and headed back across into the U S where I went to work for different cow outfits, starting from 'nighthawk' on up. I rode for most of the biggest cow and horse outfits from Canada on down to Mexico, and even during the world war I was kept a horseback at the cantonnement.

"I'd rode my last bucking horse, when it's put into my head that I can draw. That was seven years ago, I was told I should go to art school and I went to The California School of Fine Arts more to do as my friends suggested than with the thought I belonged there. But I wasn't interested in copying the models in front of me and after some weeks of bluffing at it I quit.

"Then to Yale university where I lasted one week and painted one jar. I met Chas. Dana Gibson and McMonnies who both told me to stay out of art schools if I wanted to keep the free originality of my work. I was glad to get out cause I didn't feel that I had the elbow room necessary there to be able to do what I was feeling for. And I felt better when I knew for sure that I was doing the right thing by staying out of them institutions.

"I've never sketched a horse or any animal or country, all is out of what I've seen, felt, and lived and the remembrance of that is what I put down. I can draw my bucking horse just the same setting in a two by four studio in New York or by the corral at the home ranch. I have still all the feeling of them happenings right in my backbone, and when I draw or write they shift to my brain and finger tips."

Will James

Smoky's story will run in three more numbers. "Smoky at Work" appears next month. Will James was in New York for several months this winter, but is at this writing in California. From his photograph you can see that he isn't a stage cowboy with flossy chaps, cavernous holsters, and wicked spurs. He's the genuine article.

Incidentally, the cover for this number is made from the first water-color painting that Will James ever did. It came into the office just a few days ago.

* * *

Is England really in such a parlous state as Michael Mont and Sir James Foggart, in "The Silver Spoon," seem to think? In an article which John Galsworthy wrote for the London *Times*, in answer to one by Sir Philip Gibbs, he shows that he is quite serious about this policy of Foggartism which Michael is supporting in Parliament. "Now, I am a mere novelist," he writes, "unconnected with any party, unversed in practical affairs, but at least an undiluted Englishman with that much stake in my country, which, I believe, with Sir Philip Gibbs, to be in a pretty poor way. This is my excuse for daring to whisper in the ears of the wind what I conceive to be two underlying measures of remedy. They are not what are called practical politics; and yet are as much more practicable than were our output of munitions and our adoption of conscription during the war as the spending of two hundred millions is more practicable than the spending of two thousand millions."

* * *

John Hays Hammond gets to the most exciting part of "The Jameson Raid and the World War" in this, his concluding, article. Mark Twain's visit to the leaders of the revolution in prison, the trial and condemnation to death, and the negotiations for release make a fascinating personal narrative. When Mr. Hammond returned to the United States after his South African adventure he became associated with some of the most important financial groups in

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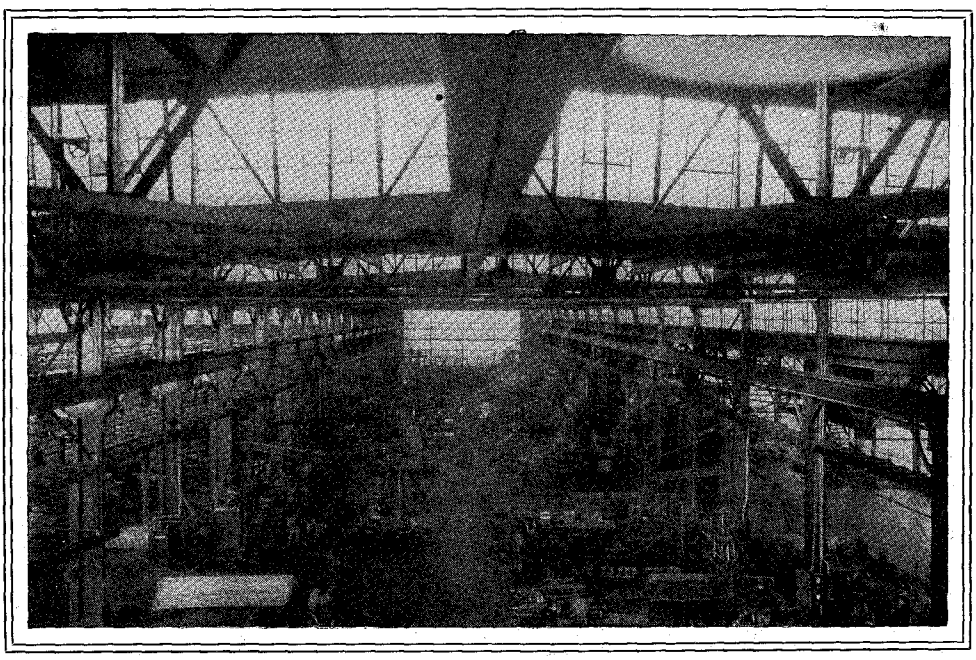

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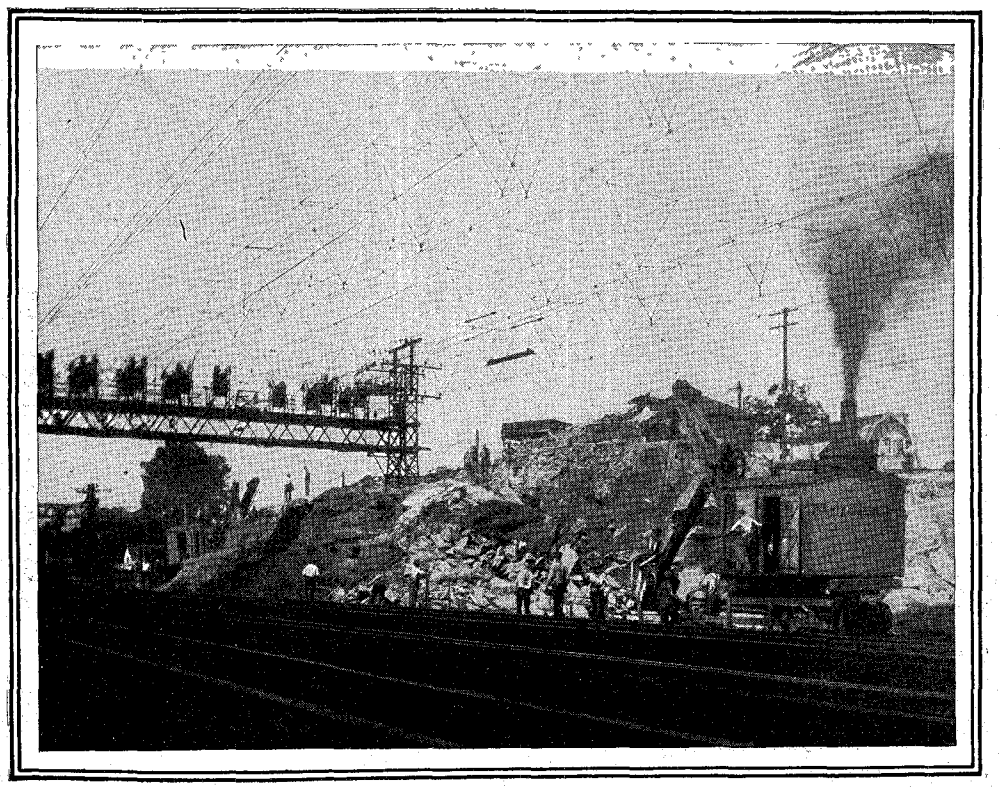

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